







THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

**E**dmund **S**penser

PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS

WITH A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR BY

THE REV. JOHN MITFORD

*WITH PORTRAIT AND TWENTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS*

BY R. WESTALL, R.A.



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*• In Paradisum amissam\* summi poetæ Johannis Miltoni.*

QUI legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia magni  
 Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?  
 Res cunctas, et cunctarum primordia rerum,  
 Et fata, et fines continet iste liber.  
 Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi;  
 Scribitur et toto quicquid in orbe latet;  
 Terræque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum  
 Sulphureumque Erebi flammivomumque specus;  
 Quæque colunt terras, portumque et Tartara cæca,  
 Quæque colunt summi lucida regna poli;  
 Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam,  
 Et sine fine Chaos, et sine fine Deus;  
 Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,  
 In Christò erga homines conciliatus amor.  
 Hæc qui speraret quis crederet esse futurum?  
 Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britannia legit.  
 O quantos in bella duces! quæ protulit arma!  
 Quæ canit, et quanta, prælia dira tuba.  
 Cœlestes acies! atque in certamine cœlum!  
 Et quæ cœlestes pugna deceret agros!  
 Quantus in ætheriis tollit se Lucifer armis,  
 Atque ipso graditur vix Michael minor!  
 Quantis, et quam funestis concurritur iris  
 Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!  
 Dum vulsos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,  
 Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt:  
 Stât dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,  
 Et metuit pugnae non superesse suæ,  
 At simul in cœlis Messia insignia fulgent,  
 Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,  
 Horrendumque rotæ strident, et sæva rotarum  
 Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,  
 Et flammæ vibrant, et vera tonitrua rauco  
 Admixtis flammis insonuere Polo,  
 Excidit attonitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis  
 Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt.

\* Published with the second edition of *Paradise Lost*, in 1674.

Ad pœnas fugiunt, et ceu foret Orcus asylum  
Infernis certant condere se t. nebris.

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii  
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.  
Hæc quicumque leget tantum cecinisse putabit  
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

SAMUEL BARROW, M. D.

### ON PARADISE LOST.

**W**HEN I beheld the poet blind, yet bold,  
In slender book his vast design unfold,  
Messiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,  
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,  
Heav'n, hell, earth, chaos, all; the argument  
Held me awhile misdoubting his intent,  
'That he would ruine (for I saw him strong)  
The sacred truths to Fable and old song  
(So Sampson grop'd the temple's posts in spite)  
'The world o'erwhelm'g to revenge his fight.

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,  
I lik'd his project, the success did fear;  
Through that wide field how he his way should find  
O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind;  
Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain,  
And what was easy he should render vain.

Or if a work so infinite he spann'd,  
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand  
(Such as disquiet always what is well,  
And by ill imitating would excel)  
Might hence presume the whole creation's day  
To change in scenes, and show it in a play.

Pardon me, mighty poet, nor despise  
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.  
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare  
Within thy labours to pretend a share.  
'Thou hast not mis'd one thought that could be fit,  
And all that was improper dost omit:  
So that no room is here for writers left,  
But to detect their ignorance or theft.

That majesty which through thy work doth reign  
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.

And things divine thou treat'st of in such state  
 As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.  
 At once delight and horror on us seize,  
 Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,  
 And above human flight dost soar aloft  
 With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.  
 The bird nam'd from that paradise you sing  
 So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where could'st thou words of such a compass find?  
 Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind?  
 Just heav'n thee like Tiresias to requite  
 Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well mightest thou scorn thy readers to allure  
 With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure;  
 While the town-bayes writes all the while and spells,  
 And like a pack-horse tires without his bells:  
 Their fancies like our bushy points appear,  
 The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.  
 I too transported by the mode offend,  
 And while I meant to praise thee must commend.\*  
 Thy verse created like thy theme sublime,  
 In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

ANDREW MARVEL.

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\* See note in *Life*, p. cvii.

## “THE VERSE.”

“THE measure is English Heroic Verse, without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin ; Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Mecter; grac’t indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to thir own vexation, hindrance, and constraint, to exprefs many things otherwise, and for the most part worfe then else they would have exprest them. Not without cause, therefore, some both Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note, have rejected Rime both in longer and shorter Works, as have also, long since, our best English Tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious eares, triveal and of no true musical delight ; which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawnout f rom one verse into another, not in the jingling found of like endings, a fault avoyded by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime, so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteem’d an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover’d to Heroic Poem from the troublesom and modern bondage of Rimeing.”



# The Life of Milton

By John Mitford.



JOHN MILTON, *magnum et venerabile nomen*, the son of John Milton and Sarah Caston, a woman of incomparable virtue and goodness, and exemplary for her liberality to the poor, was born<sup>1</sup> in London, on the 9th of December, 1608. To use his own words — “Londini sum natus, genere honesto, patre viro integerrimo, matre probatissimâ, et eleemosynis per viciniam potissimum notâ.”<sup>2</sup> His father was an eminent scrivener, and lived at the sign of the Spread Eagle<sup>3</sup> (the armorial

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<sup>1</sup> Baptized the xx Dec. 1608, according to the Register of Allhallows, Bread Street. Named *John*, as his father and grandfather had been before him.

<sup>2</sup> *Defensio Secunda*. His mother died on the 3rd of April, 1637, as is recorded on her monument in Horton Church, Bucks. The house where Milton lived in that village was pulled down a few years since. In the garden of the present house is an old decayed apple-tree said to be of the poet's planting.

<sup>3</sup> “The house wherein he was born, and which strangers used to visit before the fire, was part of his estate as long as it stood.” v. *Toland's Life*, p. 46. On his mother's family, see *Birch's Life of Milton*, p. ii. The family of the Castons originally derived from Wales, as Philips tells us; but Wood asserts that she was of the ancient family of the Bradshaws, and a still later account informs us that she was a Haughton, of Haughton Tower, in Lancashire, as appeared by her own arms, &c. Both Toland and Philips date Milton's birth in 1606, but erroneously, for the inscrip-

ensign of the family) in Bread Street.<sup>4</sup> He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, embraced the doctrines of the reformed church, and in consequence was disinherited by his father, who was a bigoted papist. The profession, however, which he chose was so successful, as to enable him to give his children a liberal education;<sup>5</sup> and to allow him to pass his latter years in the leisure and tranquillity of a country life.

The grandfather of the poet was under-ranger of the royal forest of Shotover, in Oxfordshire, and his family had been long settled at Milton,<sup>6</sup> in that neighbourhood.<sup>7</sup> They took, however, the unfortunate side in the civil wars, their estate was sequestrated, and their rank and opulence consequently destroyed.

Milton's father was a person of a superior and accomplished mind, and was greatly distinguished for his musical talents; indeed, in this science he is said to have been equal

tion under his print in the Logic says that in 1671, he was 63 years of age. Milton's armorial bearings were argent, an eagle displayed with two heads gules, legged and beaked sable. A small silver seal, with these arms, with which he was accustomed to seal his letters, came into the hands of Mr. Thomas Payne, Bookseller, on the death of Foster, the husband of Milton's grand-daughter, which was sold to Mr. Thomas Hollis in 1761, who left his estate at the Hyde, near Ingatestone, in Essex, to Thomas Brand, Esq., who took the name of Hollis; the latter left the same property to the late Dr. Disney, who was the last possessor of the seal.

<sup>4</sup> See *Guillim's Heraldry*, p. 210.

<sup>5</sup> He died about 1647, and was buried in Cripplegate Church. See T. Warton's note on "Carmen ad Patrem," ver. 66, p. 523, second ed. Aubrey says he read without spectacles at 84.

<sup>6</sup> There have been some doubts about the situation of the village of Milton. See *Life by Newton*, p. 1. See *Todd's Life*, p. 2, and the note. *Wood's Fasti Oxon.* vol. i. art. 262.

<sup>7</sup> John and Christopher, sons of John Milton, of Holton, of Christ Church, Oxford, as 'tis said, son of John Milton, of Holton, near to Forshill, ranger or subranger of Shotover; his ancestors lived at Milton, near to Holton. v. *Guillim's Heraldry*.

to the very first musicians of the age.<sup>8</sup> He saw the early promises of genius in his son, and encouraged them by a careful and liberal education. Milton was at first placed under the domestic tuition of Thomas Young, a learned puritan minister, and native of Essex; to whom he was in after life much attached, and to whom his fourth elegy, and the first of his Latin Epistles, are inscribed. A portrait of him, painted in 1618, by Cornelius Jansen,<sup>9</sup> when only ten years old, shows the affection of the parents for their handsome and accomplished child, who even at that early age was forming the first flower of his youthful genius; and whose vernal promise was ripening fast into works of finished and exquisite beauty.

<sup>8</sup> On a work called “*A Sixefold Politician, together with a Sixefold Precept of Policy*, 1609,” attributed to him, (see *Mr. J. P. Collier’s Poetical Decameron*, vol. ii. p. 305,) Philips says, ‘That as I have been told, and I take it by our author himself, that his father composed an *Il Domine* of forty parts, for which he was rewarded with a gold medal and chain by a Polish prince, to whom he presented it; and that some of his songs are to be seen in old *Whitby’s Set of Airs*, besides some compositions of his in *Ravenscroft’s Psalms*,’ v. p. xli. *Milton’s Poetical Works*, ed. Pickering, 1826. Some beautiful lines in Milton’s Poem ‘ad Patrem’ allude to his father’s skill in music.

‘Ipse volens *Phœbus* se dispertire duobus,  
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,  
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.’

See *Burney’s Hist. of Music*, vol. iii. p. 134. In a little book which I possess, *the Psalms*, by *W. Slayter*, 12mo. 1643, one of the tunes is by J. Milton. See also *Todd’s Milton*, vol. i. p. 4, and vi. p. 337, and *Aubrey Letters*, vol. iii. p. 439, and *Hunter on Shakspeare’s Tempest*, p. 56.

<sup>9</sup> This picture was in the possession of T. Hollis, Esq., and is engraven by Cipriani, in 1760, for Hollis’s *Memoirs*; it represents the youthful poet in a richly worked collar, and striped jacket. It was purchased by Mr. Hollis for thirty-one guineas at C. Stanhope’s sale, who had bought it for twenty guineas of the executors of Milton’s widow. The picture of Milton, when about twenty, was in the possession of the Right Honourable Arthur Onslow.



Young<sup>10</sup> quitted England in 1623, and it is probable that in the same year, Milton was admitted into St. Paul's School, under the care of Alexander Gill.<sup>11</sup> His unwearied love of study had already commenced; 'Ab anno,'

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<sup>10</sup> In Mr. Fellowes's translation of Milton's Letters, printed in *Dr. Symmons's edition*, 1806, Why is the direction of Milton's Letters to Young translated to Thomas Jure? For an account of T. Young, see *Todd's Milton*, vol. vi. p. 199, 207. Young returned to England in or before the year 1628; he was afterwards master of Jesus Col. Camb. and Vicar of Stow Market, in Suffolk. Milton, in his fourth Elegy, ver. 83, says to him:

'Te tamen intereâ belli circumsonat horror,  
Vivis et ignoto *solus inopsque* solo.'

<sup>11</sup> See an account of Al. Gill, in *Wood's Ath. Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 22, and *T. Warton's Milton*, p. 419. He died Nov. 17, 1635, and is not to be confused with the son of the same name, who succeeded him in 1635, and was expelled in 1640, having for five years disgraced the school by his cruelty and crimes; he had been usher to his father. "He was," says Gifford, "a bad poet and a worse man." v. *B. Jonson's Works*, vol. vi. p. 123, and *D'Israeli's Comm. on Charles the First*, vol. ii. p. 330. A. Wood says that A. Gill was fined 2000*l.* for drinking *Felton's* health. I possess a copy of *Gill's Parerga, sive Poetici Conatus*, 12mo. 1632, that belonged to Is. Casaubon. A. Gill the younger must have been a decided royalist, for he has several poems addressed to the royal family, and to the bishops. He has an epistle, as Milton has, to his Father, p. 14. There is a line resembling one in Milton's verses to Christina, ('*Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli!*')

'Pene sub arctoi fidere regna poli!'

In Milton's third Elegy, ver. 9, are these lines, which puzzled the commentators till Sir D. Dalrymple explained them to T. Warton:

'Tunc meminî clariqûe ducis, fratrisqûe verendi  
Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis.'

In his *Tillii Epitaphium*, p. 91, Gill mentions who these brothers in arms were:

'Quem nec *Mansfeltus*, quem nec *Brunonius* heros  
Arma nec annorum quem domuere decem;'

i. e. Mansfelt and the Duke of Brunswick. Gill speaks of himself in the Preface; 'Hactenus vitam egi nescio qua siderum inclementiâ, hominum et fortunæ injuriis perpetuo colluctantem.'

he says, ‘ætatis duodecimo vix unquam ante mediam noctem à lucubrationibus cubitum discederem;’ and Aubrey adds, ‘that when Milton went to school, he studied very hard, and sat up very late, commonly till twelve or one o’clock, and his father ordered the maid to sit up for him.’ In a letter to his preceptor, dated March 26, 1625, he says—‘Hæc scripsi Londini inter urbana diverticula, non libris, ut soleo, circumseptus.’

Thus early and deep were laid the foundation of his future fame. His studies were in a great measure poetical. Humphrey Lowndes, the printer, who lived in the same street with Milton’s father, supplied him with Spenser and Sylvester’s translation of Du Bartas: his admiration of the former is known to all; the attention which he paid to the more obscure, and now almost forgotten poet, was pointed out more fully than before, by my late ingenious friend Mr. Charles Dunster, in a little work which he called Milton’s Early Reading, or the *Prima Stamina of Paradise Lost*.<sup>12</sup>

Aubrey says, Milton was a poet when only ten years old. Those who are interested in watching the early dawning of genius as it opens on the youthful mind; and in comparing the different periods in which great talents have displayed both the promise, and the direction of their

<sup>12</sup> That Milton read and borrowed from Sylvester in his *early poems*, no one who reads Mr. Dunster’s book can reasonably doubt. Sylvester had the jewels, and Milton set them beautifully. See what Mr. Campbell says on Milton’s obligations to Sylvester, in his *Specimens of the British Poets*, vol. i. p. 182, &c. Du Bartas’s fame is now in full blossom in Germany, and has received the praise of GOETHE himself. He is considered at Dresden and at Weimar as one of the greatest poets that ever appeared, and so once he was esteemed in England—“Who is there,” says Mr. Wordsworth, “that can now endure to read the *Creation of Du Bartas*, yet all Europe once resounded with his praise; he was caressed by Kings, and when his Poems were translated into our language, the *Fairy Queen* faded before it.”

future power; will not be displeased at my recalling to their memory the passage in that elegant biography of Cowley, which Sprat addressed to their mutual friend Martin Clifford, and in which he mentions the age when Cowley first became inspired by the muse, and the book that excited his youthful imagination. There is a singular coincidence between those two great contemporaries, in the dates assigned by their respective biographers. ‘*Vix dum decennis,*’ says Sprat, ‘*Poeta factus est.*’ We shall be less surprised to hear that Spenser was alike the object of their early admiration, ‘*legendo Spensero nostro, Scriptore sane illustri, et vel adultis difficili.*’ Happy had it been for Cowley’s fame, had he not early wandered away from the instructor of his youth; and left for Epic, and Pindaric flights, that which even now delights, and must for ever please, his moral song, the voice of nature and of truth, the language of the heart.

In 1623 Milton produced his translations of the 114th and 136th Psalms into English verse;<sup>13</sup> and in his seventeenth year<sup>14</sup> he was sent from St. Paul’s school, and admitted a pensioner at Christ’s College, Cambridge, on the 12th

<sup>13</sup> Birch has given the dates of the appearance of Milton’s earliest poems:  
1623. Psalms.

1624. Latin Ode on the Death of the Vice-Chancellor of the University.

1627. The 7th of Latin Elegies.

1628. Printed his Philosophical Verses.

1629. On the Morning of Christ’s Nativity.

1630. On Shakespeare.

The earliest PRINTED writing of Milton, 1632, says Mr. Hunter, are the lines on Shakespeare. See *Notes on Shakespeare*, p. 336. On these lines see *Hurd’s Cowley*, i. 168: “Milton, in his younger days, fell into this delusion, affecting harsh numbers, and uncouth expression. See his Poem on Shakespeare; but the vigour of his genius or perhaps his course of Life enabled him to break through the snare—*exemplar vitiis imitabile.*”

<sup>14</sup> Anthony Wood and Toland assert that he was sent to Cambridge in his fifteenth year, but erroneously. See *Birch’s Life*, p. 3.

of February, 1624-5.<sup>15</sup> He was there early distinguished for the elegance of his versification, and his unusual skill in the Latin tongue. A well-known passage in his first Elegy certainly betrays some displeasure which he felt, or alludes to some indignities which he suffered from the severity of Collegiate discipline: this was probably occasioned by the freedom of his censures on the established system of education,<sup>16</sup> and his reluctance to conform to it. In his Reason of Church Government, he says, ‘their honest and ingenuous natures coming to the Universities to store themselves with good and solid learning, and there unfortunately fed with nothing else but the scragged, and thorny lectures of monkish and miserable sophistry, were sent home again with such a scholastical bur in their throats, as hath stopped and hindered all true and generous philosophy from entering; cracked their voices for ever with metaphysical gargarisms, and hath made them admire a sort of formal outside men prelatically addicted,

<sup>15</sup> He was admitted Pensionarius minor, under Mr. William Chappell, afterwards provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and Dean of Cashel, and at last bishop of Cork and Ross, to whom, among others, the celebrated treatise of the *Whole Duty of Man* has been imputed. See *Birch's Life*, p. 111. Henry More calls Chappell a learned, vigilant, skilful, pious, and prudent Tutor, v. *Biog. Britannica*, note, *Lightfoot*. Milton took his first degree in Jan. 1628-9, and that of Master of Arts, in 1632. See *Simmons's Pref. to Life*, p. 5—7. He was transferred from Mr. Chappell (though contrary to the rules of the college), to Mr. Tovell (Tovey), v. *Aubrey Lett.* iii. p. 445. He was admitted A.M. at Oxford, in 1635, v. *Wood's Fasti*, i. p. 262.

<sup>16</sup> The author of ‘A modest confutation against a slanderous and scurrilous libel’ first charged him with being vomited out of the university, after having spent there an inordinate and riotous youth; and the author of ‘*Regii Sanguinis Clamor*,’ repeated the calumny. ‘*Alunt hominem Cantabrigiensi academia ob flagitia pulsum, dedecus, et patriam fugisse et in Italiam commigrasse.*’ ‘The former tract,’ Milton says in his Apology for Smectymnuus, ‘was reported to be written by the son of Bishop Hall.’

whose unchastened and over wrought minds never yet initiated or subdued under the true lore of religion or moral virtue, which two are the best and greatest points of learning: but either slightly trained up in a kind of hypocritical and hackney course of literature to get their living by, and dazzle the ignorant, or else fondly over studied in useless controversies, except those which they use, with all the spacious and delusive subtlety they are able, to defend their prelatical Sparta.'—And in his Apology for Smectymnuus, he says—'That suburb wherein I dwell shall be in my accounts a more honourable place than his University; which as in the time of her better health, and *mine own younger judgment, I never greatly admired, so now much less;*'<sup>17</sup>—and in his third letter to his friend and tutor Alexander Gill, he expresses the same opinion, concerning the superficial and smattering learning of the University, and of the manner in which the clergy engage with raw and untutored judgments in the study of theology, patching together a sermon with pilfered scraps, without any acquaintance with criticism or philosophy; again, in his Animadversions on the Remonstrant's Defence, he says,—“What should I tell you how the universities that men look should be the fountains of learning and knowledge, have been poisoned and choked under your governance?”

<sup>17</sup> See his tractate on *Education*, where he speaks against the preposterous exaction of composing Themes and Orations, and the ill habit they got of wretched barbarizing against the Greek and Latin idioms,—‘and then having really left grammatical flats and shallows, to be presented with the most intellectual abstractions of logic and metaphysics, to be tossed and turmoiled in the fathomless deeps of controversy, to be deluded with ragged notions and brabblements, to be dragged to an asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles.’—With these opinions, when called upon by the college for Latin themes on logical and metaphysical subjects (see his *Prolusiones*), cannot we easily conceive the rebellion or discontent, the out-breaks and flashes of his fiery mind?

Milton's natural genius, cultivated by the care of those excellent scholars, who had conducted his education, and enriched by his own indefatigable study, had doubtless made great advances in those branches of knowledge at once congenial to his mind, and conducive to its improvement; and he might feel unwilling to be diverted from them, into the barren and unprofitable pursuits, which the old system of collegiate education too often required;<sup>18</sup>

<sup>18</sup> The following passage in Milton's Prologues has been overlooked, which throws some light on the subject of his discussion with the college, and his renewed union. (v. p. 115.) He disliked some parts of their studies, probably their logical and metaphysical Theses (specimens of which may be seen in *Cleaveland's Works*, p. 132), and expressed his opinion too freely, or perhaps did not perform the tasks that were required. I feel convinced that the whole ground of offence, so much disputed, is to be found in this point.

‘Tum nec mediocriter me pellexit, et invitavit ad has partes subeundas vestra, vos qui ejusdem estis mecum Collegii, in me *nuperrime comperta facilitas*, cum enim ante præteritos menses aliquam multos oratorio apud vos munere perfuncturus essem, putaremque lucubrationes meas qualescunque etiam ingratas propemodum futuras, et mitiores habituras judices *Æacum et Minoa*, quam è vobis fere quemlibet, sane præter opinionem meam, præter meam, si quid erat speculæ, non vulgari sicuti ego accepi, imo ipse sensu, *omnium plausu* exceptæ sunt, immo eorum qui in me alias propter studiorum dissidia essent prorsus infenso et inimico animo; generosum utique simultatis exercendæ genus, et regio pectore non indignum; siquidem tum ipsa amicitia plerumque multa inculpate fœda detorquere soleat, tunc profecto acris et infesta inimicitia errata forsitan multa, et baud pauca sine dubio indiferte dicta, leniter et clementius quam meum erat meritum interpretari non gravabatur. Jam semel unico hoc exemplo vel ipsa demens ira mentis compos fuisse videbatur, et hoc facto furoris infamiam abluisse. At vero summopere oblector, et mirum in modum voluptate perfundor, cum videam *tantâ doctissimorum hominum frequentiam circumfusum me, et undique stipatum*,’ &c. Consult also on this subject *Glanville's Ne plus ultra*, p. 119, and *Aristotle*, p. 78, and *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum*, p. 108, ed. 1757, and the scholastic studies then in vogue, and the subtleries of the Dialectic Art, *Knox's Life by Macrie*, p. 7. Even so late as the time of Swift, it is said in his Life, that he passed his time in reading books of history and poetry,



that which he disliked or despised, his love of freedom on all subjects, and in every situation forbade him to conceal. It is probable that he underwent a temporary rustication.

instead of *Keckerman*, and other old treatises on logic, a branch of learning then in high estimation, and held essentially necessary for taking a degree. See also Prof. Powell's remarks on this subject in his *Natural Philosophy*, p. 108; on the strictures passed on the Universities of Europe in early times, and which were not much better in later; but he adds, in regard to Oxford, the *scholastic* forms were in a great measure broken up under the reign of Cromwell, but the old system was re-established with the return of the Stuarts, p. 264.

It is curious that more than a century subsequent, we find another eminent scholar, almost repeating the same complaints on the continued existence of the same system, keeping so far behind the advanced spirit of the age.

“Sir W. Jones's active imagination had anticipated the forms and regulations of the *University* rather incorrectly; and the facilities provided them for learning did not coincide with his first hasty expectations. He had calculated on a Sumner or an Askew in every Master of Arts, and on an order of literature in the students generally equal to his own. But his disappointment was not entirely owing to extravagant expectations. The Public Lectures were really below the standard of his attainments, and in fact were considered as merely formal. He *complained*, that instead of having his understanding interested by a systematic exhibition of the principles of elegant arts and useful knowledge, he was compelled to hear dull comment on *artificial Ethics and Logic*, expressed in such barbarous Latin, that he professed to recognise in it no more meaning than in Arabic, of which he had but just touched the surface. ‘The only logic then in fashion was that of the schools. An anecdote is preserved in one of Jones's Memorandums of a Fellow of a College, who, while he assisted to read *Locke* with his pupils, carefully suppressed every passage in which that great metaphysician derides the scholastic logic.” v. *Life prefixed to Poems*, p. 27. On the subject, “That from the Universities and the Church in any country, no improvement in philosophy can be expected,” see *Hallam's Hist. of Literature*, vol. iii. p. 138. In the Memoir of Barrow, prefixed to *Hughes's edition*, is a sketch of studies pursued at Cantab. from the 12th to the 17th century. No alteration in the statutes as far as related to *study* was made after the time of Henry the Eighth or Edward the Sixth. See do. vol. iv. p. 110.

This however is certain,—that all misunderstanding was removed, and that he soon acquired the kindness and respect of the society with which he lived: he says,—“It hath given me an apt occasion to acknowledge publicly with all grateful mind that more than ordinary favour and respect, which I found above any of my equals at the hands of these courteous and learned men, the fellows of the college wherein I spent some years; who, at my parting, after I had taken two degrees, as the manner is signified many ways, how much better it would content them, if I would stay, as by many letters full of kindness, and loving respect, both before that time and long after, I was assured of their singular good affection towards me:”—and in another place he speaks of himself as

‘*Procul omni flagitio, bonis omnibus probatus.*’

In 1628 he wrote some lines on the subject, ‘*Naturam non pati senium,*’ as an Academical exercise, to oblige one of the fellows of the college; and T. Warton says of it, ‘that it is replete with fanciful and ingenious allusions, it has also a vigour of expression, a dignity of sentiment, and elevation of thought rarely found in very young writers.’ This praise is just: but its Latinity is not so flowing, or elegant, as that of his later poems. To this account, as the subject is of much interest, I now add the result of a fuller inquiry which I subsequently gave to it:—

“The first point in Milton’s life, which has been the subject of debate, is his supposed quarrel with the authorities of his college at Cambridge, and the ignominious consequences conjectured to have resulted from it. I think, however, that the conclusions which Johnson first invidiously advanced, have been rejected; and that the truth has been gradually brought to light. To any offences against College discipline, connected with laxity



of moral conduct, it would be unjust, indeed absurd, to look; and it would show a total ignorance of Milton's character—in all that respects purity of life, consistent from youth to age.<sup>19</sup> Certainly he entered the academic bowers, rich in every youthful and virtuous accomplishment, nursed by his parents and preceptors in all pure and lofty contemplations; and filled with the most honourable ambition. He had been educated under two persons, both of sound and elegant literature, and one of them of poetical talent; from them he had imbibed an early and correct taste for the beauties of ancient literature; and his progress in such studies had already marked the constancy of his application, and the congeniality of his mind. Aubrey says he studied very hard in school; and his taste and knowledge were at that time more than usually perfected. When he entered at Cambridge, he found a very different system of education pursued. The old scholastic studies of the Church were still in vogue; the antiquated logic and barren metaphysics of the schoolmen, employed the attention of the students; and Milton, no doubt either neglected to perform such ungrateful tasks, or added such expostulation to his refusal, as was resented by his superiors. Of this I feel quite certain, that this was the point of his offence, and this was all; for in a very short time he not only regained the favour of his tutors, but stood high in their estimation. In one passage quoted

<sup>19</sup> See *Coleridge's Literary Remains*, vol. i. p. 168, Lecture x. "There are some persons (observes a divine, a contemporary of Milton) of whom the grace of God takes early hold, and the good spirit inhabiting them carries them on in an even constancy through innocence into virtue, &c. Their Christianity bearing equal date with their manhood, and reason and religion, like warp and woof, running together, make up one web of a wise and exemplary life," &c. This beautiful passage, Mr. Coleridge justly applies to Milton.

in the *Aldine Edition of Milton*, he directly mentions the cause of his disgrace, and of its removal—‘*Omnium plausu exceptæ sunt inimicorum qui in me alias propter studiorum dissidia, essent prorsus infenso et inimico animo.*’ This is surely, in the absence of any evidence of irregular conduct, or of any other cause, conclusive as to the point; but as some of our readers may be so fortunate as not to be familiar with those ‘brabblements,’ and have never mumbled the ‘fowthistles’ which grew in the fields of Cam; it will be as well to inform them of what kind they were in the days of our Bard, which occupied the thoughts of the students,<sup>20</sup> who now imbibe, from the same fountain, then so tainted and dry, the pure and living streams of sound knowledge, whether filled with the philosophy of Whewell, the eloquence of Sedgwick, or the learning of Thirlwall.

“Some few years subsequent to Milton’s residence, the biographer of a brother poet, who had been appointed tutor of Peterhouse about 1640, writes thus: ‘Though he found himself tied down by the practice of the schools, to the drudgery of teaching his pupils *the tedious and heavy system of Duns Scotus, and Averroes*, and the rest of the subtle philosophers of that date, yet by the pertinent reflections he used, and the art of disentangling their minds from the perplexities of that metaphysical jargon, and leading them to the substantial knowledge of the duties of religion, humanity,’ &c.<sup>21</sup> Now, some of these College

<sup>20</sup> It is curious to find, more than a century after, the sister University attacked for presenting these same dry bones of an exhausted logic to the students, in the place of wholesome nutriment; so slow do great bodies move in the march of improvement. See *Amburst’s Terræ Filius*, p. 5 et passim.

<sup>21</sup> See *Life of Dr. Joseph Beaumont*, p. xi. 4to., the author of *Psyche*, &c. *Cleveland’s Works*, p. 132. See also *Burigny, Vie d’Erasmus*, vol. i. p. 14, and the Preface to *Du Cange’s Glossarium*, and the Dis-

disputations, 'these frivolous subtleties and barren disputations,' are before us, and while we contemplate their grim and hungry aspects, we cannot wonder at Milton's reluctance to leave his delightful pursuits, and quit the poetry and philosophy of Greece for such dry and uninviting disquisitions. At this time he was composing some of the most beautiful and finished of his Latin poems: he had written in his native language with elegance, and the *Allegro* and *Penferoso* appeared shortly after. Here they are! the favourite themes of the tutors of Corpus and Christ's. 'Angeli cognoscunt Singularia. Ignorato motu, tollitur cognitio Materiæ. Intellectus est nobilior Voluntate. Visio fit per receptionem Specierum.' Such are some of the titles. The themes themselves are too long to give, and but little amusement they would afford to those not breeding up for *Seraphic* doctors; but thus one began: 'En in fronte difficultatem! quo ruo nescius? Egone ut Alexandrum huic nodo me præbeam? Nihil minus, sed quod faciunt Pueruli nempe irritis magis an ridiculis dicam conatibus, tortilem virgulam in obturantem ferunt molem, ut in quicquid est duriusculi, quod pedes turbat,' &c. We may fairly presume, knowing as we now do the original cause of dispute, and the subsequent and speedy reconciliation, that these uncongenial and useless exercises were not rigidly required of the youthful poet; that his talents and acquirements were respected; for H. More says, that Milton's tutor was

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sertation prefixed to *Rob. Stephens's Latin Thesaurus*, for an account of the barbarous authors, and method of education, which then prevailed. Milton's own system of education bears great similarity to that of Erasmus, as given in his *Traëtatus de Educatione Puerorum*, and might have been formed from it; and both are, under necessary modifications, the foundation of the present system, and the commencement of it in the schools of Europe.

learned, vigilant, skilful, pious, and prudent. Milton says, ‘that the fellows of his college wished him to remain among them, and that he was “*procul omni flagitio, bonis omnibus probatus.*”’ There is a poem of Milton’s which will throw light on this subject. He had to perform a *vacation exercise*; it was, as usual, a metaphysical one—Ens is represented as father of the Predicaments, his Ten Sons, whereof the eldest stood for *Substance* with his Canons, which Ens thus speaking explains. *Quantity* and *Quality* spake in prose, then *Relation* was called by his name.—Now from these dry bones what unwonted fires sprang up! Must not the tutors of his college have been gratified, in witnessing their now obedient pupil, not only performing his allotted though ungrateful task, but creating a soul under the ribs of Death; and over this chopped logic, sprinkling the fairest waters of the Pierian spring.<sup>22</sup> Such an exercise as this, thus performed, must have charmed away all previous misunderstanding; and often as ‘*Relation* had been called by his name’—in the schools, we may be assured he never before answered in such a noble invocation, and such strains of majestic eloquence, as

Rivers arise!—whether thou be the son  
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulphie Don,  
Or Trent, who like some earthborn giant spreads  
His thirty arms along the indented meads, &c.

“A youth of nineteen, who could write such lines as

‘How he before the Thunderous throne doth lie,  
Listning to what unshorn Apollo sings  
To th’ touch of golden wires,’

<sup>22</sup> “It were to be desired, that in our Universities, Aristotle’s *Analytics*, *Topics*, *Physicks* and *Metaphysics*, be suppressed, not only as vain, but disposing to Contention and Discord.” See *Roger Coke’s Detection*, p. 665. See also p. 22, which passages show the prevailing studies of the time.

could not but be in the highest estimation in the Muse's feat.

“ This is the view of the subject which the editor of the former Aldine edition first took, which Sir Egerton Brydges supports, and from which Mr. St. John does not dissent. Whether to use Mistress Powell's expression, Milton's *choleric temper* expressed itself thus early ; or whether he brought to the precincts of the parent church any partial prejudices imbibed from his tutor ‘ Young,’ and expressed them with his usual energy and warmth ; certainly the verses in which he alludes to the subject, appear to point rather to his *studies* than to his conduct, as the cause of offence—‘ *Ceteraque ingenio non fubeunda meo.*’ ”

As a removal of all doubt on this subject is important, meeting us as the charge does on the authority of a great name, I shall here transcribe some further notice of it made by me, subsequent to the publication of the life of Milton, prefixed to the first Aldine edition of his poems.

Milton was designed by his parents for the profession of the church ; but during his residence at the University, he changed his intention.<sup>23</sup> Dr. Newton considers that he had conceived early prejudices against the doctrine and discipline of the church ; but Johnson seems to think that his objections lay not so much against subscription to the articles, but related to canonical obedience. His own account is as follows:<sup>24</sup> “ By the intentions of my parents and friends I was destin'd of a child, and in mine own resolutions, to the service of the church, till coming to

<sup>23</sup> See his *Letter to a Friend* in *Birch's Life*, p. vi., printed from Trinity MSS.

<sup>24</sup> See *Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy. Prose Works*, vol. i. p. 150.

some maturity of yeers, and perceaving what tyranny had invaded the church, that he who would take orders must subscribe Slave, and take an oath withall, which, unlesse he took with a conscience that would retch, he must either strait perjure, or split his faith: I thought it better to preferre a blamelesse silence before the sacred office of speaking bought and begun with servitude and forswearing.”<sup>25</sup>

In whatever line his objections lay, his youthful decisions seem to have been but little controlled by the exercise of parental authority; for in the beautiful lines which he addresses to his father, in the Latin language, he says,

‘—— Neque enim, Pater, ire jubebas  
Qua via lata patet, qua pronior area lucri,  
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi :  
Nec rapis ad leges, male custoditaque gentis  
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.  
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,  
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis  
Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,  
Phœbæo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.’

In 1632 he left the University, and retired to his father’s house at Horton,<sup>26</sup> in Buckinghamshire, making

<sup>25</sup> On his intention of going into the *Law*. See *Hunter on Shakespeare*, p. 337.

<sup>26</sup> This house at Horton was pulled down about fourteen years ago. See *Simmons’s Life*, p. 93, Ed. 1810. Milton’s father had some country house besides this, nearer to London, of which we have had no notice. Milton’s letter to a A. Gill is dated ‘E nostro Suburbano,’ Dec. 4, 1634. And see his *Elegy* i. ver. 50,

‘Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ confitus ulmo  
Atque suburbanis nobilis umbra loci;’

and in *Prolusiones* (p. 136) he says, ‘Testor ipse lucos, et flumina, et dilectas villarum ulmos, sub quibus æstate proxime præteritâ (si Dearum arcana eloqui liceat), summam cum Musis gratiam habuisse me jucundâ



occasional visits to London to meet his friends, to buy books, or to learn something new in mathematics or music. Here he resided five years, passing his time in regular and severe study ; for he is said to have read over all the Greek and Latin writers : Johnson says, ‘ that this account must be received with limitations ;’ but five years well employed would leave few of the ancient authors unperused. I think Wyttenbach has mentioned his having read through Athenæus in fourteen days ; and Joseph Scaliger has left on record the short time in which he finished both the Homeric Poems. What then might not Milton’s enthusiastic pursuit of knowledge, and his unwearied industry perform ? He says of himself at this time,

‘ Et totum rapiunt, me, mea vita, libri.’

In this studious retirement, and under the shelter of his paternal roof, it is believed that he wrote his *Arcades*, *Comus*, *L’Allegro*,<sup>27</sup> *Il Penseroso*, and *Lycidas*.<sup>28</sup> In the neighbourhood of Horton the Countess Dowager of Derby resided, and the *Arcades* was performed by her grandchildren at their seat, called Harefield Place.<sup>29</sup> Was ever

*memoriâ recolo ; ubi et ego inter rura et semotos saltus velut occulto ævo crescere mihi potuisse visus sum.*’

<sup>27</sup> Dr. Ireland remarks “ a similarity between the cadences, as well as in the measure and solemnity of thoughts, of the *Penseroso*, and the speech of Paulo, in *Massinger’s Maid of Honor*.” See Gifford’s ed. vol. iii. p. 107.

<sup>28</sup> ‘ Milton was a *courtier*, when he wrote the *Masque* at Ludlow Castle, and still more a *courtier* when he wrote the *Arcades*.’ See *C. Lamb’s Elia*, vol. ii. p. 138.

<sup>29</sup> Milton was not the only great poet who has celebrated the Countess Dowager of Derby. She was also the patroness of *Spenser*. The Prayer Book of this Countess is the poetry of her times. See *Brydges’ Life of Milton*, p. 62. For this celebrated Lady, says Mr. Gifford, also appears greatly to have delighted in that elegant and splendid exhibition. Milton wrote his *Arcades*, the songs of which are a mere cento from our author’s *Masques*, of which, certainly, it is a very humble imitation. v. *Johnson’s*

lady on her return to the hall of her ancestors, crowned with such poetic garlands, or greeted by a welcome so elegant as this? Some of his letters to Charles Deodati give us interesting particulars of his studies and habits of life.—‘You well know (he says) that I am naturally slow in writing, and averse to write. It is also in my favour, that your method of study is such as to admit of frequent interruptions, in which you visit your friends, write letters, or go abroad, but it is my way to suffer no impediment, no love of ease, no avocation whatever, to chill the ardor, to break the continuity, or divert the completion of my literary pursuits.’ In a subsequent letter, the honourable ambition of his youthful mind opens itself without reserve to his familiar friend.—‘Hear me,’ he writes, ‘my Deodati, and suffer me, for a moment, to speak without blushing in a more lofty strain. Do you ask what I am meditating? by the help of heaven, an immortality of fame, but what am I doing? *πτεροφύω*. I am letting my wings grow and preparing to fly, but my Pegasus has not yet feathers enough to soar aloft in the fields of air. . . . . You shall likewise have some information respecting my studies. I went through the perusal of the Greek authors to the time when they ceased to be Greeks. I was long employed in unravelling the obscure history of the Italians under the Lombards, the Franks, and Germans, to the time when they received their liberty from Rodolphus, King of Germany.’

To B. Bonmatthaei he writes of his proficiency in the richest and most melodious of modern tongues. ‘I who certainly have not merely wetted the tip of my lips in the

*Works*, v. vii. p. 18. See also p. 78 and p. 89. “The *Arcades*, with the exception of three trifling songs, is made up of the speech of the genius” (in the *Barriers*.) “Milton is indebted for something more than a hero (*Favonius*) to this beautiful speech,” (in the *Vision of Delight*), p. 306.





is said to have been founded on a circumstance that took place in the family of the Earl not long before; and Milton wrote his Masque at the request of Henry Lawes, the celebrated musician.<sup>33</sup> Dr. Johnson observes that the fiction is derived from Homer's Circe, but later investigations have discovered a closer resemblance in the Comus of Erycius Puteanus, and the Old Wives' Tale of George Peele.<sup>34</sup> It is one of the most beautiful and, with the exception of a few passages, one of the most finished poems in our language.<sup>35</sup> It has the sweetness of Fletcher, with a richer structure of versification, more foreign idioms, more learned allusions, and a higher reach of fancy. It does not rise into all the wildness of the romantic fable, only because it is guarded and subdued by a chaste and elegant judgment. Sir Henry Wotton was

<sup>33</sup> "We are reminded of the brotherly love between Milton and H. Lawes, so celebrated in the beautiful *Lycidas*." See *Mr. Ward's De Clifford*, v. i. p. 17.

<sup>34</sup> See *G. Peele's Works* by the Rev. A. Dyce, vol. i. p. 204. ed. 1829. If Reed first directed attention to this play, then almost unknown. For extracts from Puteanus, see *Todd's* ed. of *Comus*, p. 57. 62. The *Comus of Puteanus* was republished at Oxford in 1634, the year in which Milton's *Comus* was written. There is a curious reading in the first edition of *Comus* not noticed by the Commentators. Line 214 stands thus in the common editions:—

‘Thou *hovering* Angel girt with golden wings.’

In the first ed. ‘Thou *sitting* Angel,’ &c.

<sup>35</sup> It is to the credit of Milton's taste that he has borrowed largely from this entertainment (*The Pirates*): his obligations to Jonson are indeed incessant. v. *Gifford's Jonson*, vol. vi. p. 491. “The Commentators on Milton, after spending twenty or thirty pages in conjectures on the origin of Milton's *Comus*, without the slightest reference to Jonson, condescend in the course of their subsequent annotations, to observe that *Jonson's Masque of Pleasure* might perhaps afford some hint to Milton. Perhaps it might, and so I suspect might some others.” *Ibid.* vol. vii. p. 314.

peculiarly delighted in the lyrical parts, with what he quaintly, but not incorrectly, calls—‘ a certain doric delicacy in the songs and odes.’ And Warburton speaks of the bright vein of its poetry, intermixed with a softness of description.<sup>36 37</sup> T. Warton observes “that *Comus* is a suite of speeches not interesting by discrimination of character, not conveying variety of incidents, nor gradually exciting curiosity; but perpetually attracting attention by sublime sentiment, and fanciful imagery of the richest vein, by an exuberance of picturesque description, poetical allusion, and ornamental expression.”<sup>38</sup> It is indeed a beautiful Pageant of Fancy.

<sup>36</sup> On the system of ‘ orthography ’ adopted by Milton in this and his other poems, consult *Capel Lofft’s Preface to Par. Lost*, 4to. 1792, and *Todd’s Preface to Comus*, p. viii. and *Richardson’s Life*, p. cxxx.

<sup>37</sup> “Musical Echoes prevailed upon the Italian stage at this period; this was probably not unknown to Milton, although he had not then visited Italy; and hence it may be presumed, the *Song of Sweet Echo* in *Comus*.” See *Walker’s Memoir of Tassoni*, p. 229.

<sup>38</sup> It has been asked where an illustration must be sought for the expression. ver. 250,

‘ At every fall, smoothing the raven dounge  
Of darknes till it smil’d : ’

and the entire silence of the commentators has been remarked. I shall therefore point out the following passage in *Heywood’s Love’s Mistress*, Act. iii. sc. 1. But this play of Heywood’s was printed subsequently to *Comus*.

#### PSYCHE.

‘ Time’s eldest daughter, Night, mother of Ease,  
Thou gentle nurse, that with sweet lullabies  
Care-waking hearts to gentle slumber charm’st!  
Thou *smooth* check’d negro, Night, the black eyed Queen,  
That rid’st about the world on the *soft backs*  
*Of downy Ravens sleeke and sable plumes,*  
And from thy chariot *silent darknesse* flings,  
In which, man, beast and bird enveloped,  
Takes their repose and rest.’

In November, 1637, he wrote *Lycidas*, an elegy occasioned by the death of a young and very accomplished person, Mr. King, who was the friend of Milton, and a great favourite at Cambridge. Milton's Poem was published at the end of a small volume of Elegies, with which the University honoured the memory of their student. Some of the songs of *LYCIDAS* I have read, for

‘ He knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme ! ’

They are, for the most part, complimentary effusions on the birth of the children of Charles the First ; but I have discovered nothing that I could extract with advantage.<sup>39</sup> The beautiful monody of *Lycidas* shows an intimate acquaintance with the Italian metres, and to one poem, the *Alcon*<sup>40</sup> of Balth. Castiglione, it is more peculiarly indebted for some of its imagery. It discovers also Milton's familiarity with our elder poets : and supported by the authority of Mantuan in his *Bucolics*, and his ‘ *Master Spenser*,’<sup>41</sup> in similar allusions, it has mixed up with

<sup>39</sup> Edward King, of Christ's Coll. Camb. son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland in the time of Elizabeth, James, and Charles. He was drowned on the passage from Chester to Ireland. See *Birch's Life*, p. xvi. for an account of the collection in which Milton's Poems were published. The names of T. Farnaby, H. More, J. Beaumont, Cleveland, W. Hall, and J. Pearson are in the list of contributors. The shipwreck of Mr. King took place on the 10th of Aug. 1637 ; it appears that he might have escaped with some others in the boat ; for an account of his poetry, see *Warton's Milton*, p. 39, second ed.

<sup>40</sup> See *Class. Journal*, No. lxiii. p. 356, by G. N. Ogle. Translated into English Verse in the ed. of Castiglione by Boyer, 4to. 1727.

<sup>41</sup> There is among Spenser's Poems a Pastoral Æglogue on Sir P. Sydney's death, by L. B. which Milton had read when he wrote *Lycidas*. v. *Todd's Spenser*, vol. viii. p. 76. Mr. Herbert remarks—“ Many blank lines occur in his Works (Guidi), as in the *Lycidas* of Milton.” v. *Mr. W. Herbert's Works*, vol. ii. p. 10. “ The *Lycidas* and *S. Agonistes* of Milton has rhyme in a scattered irregular manner,

its pastoral beauties a stern, and early avowal of his hostility to the church.<sup>42</sup> The short, but exquisitely beautiful poem called 'the Arcades,' was, as I have previously said, composed about this time; Milton wrote only the poetical part, the remainder probably consisted of prose and machinery.

• Having completed his circle of study in the retirement

which is a very pleasing structure for a poem of length; it gives a connexion of parts, with the context artificial return of the stanza or couplet." v. *Jackson's Four Ages*, p. 312.

<sup>42</sup> Mr. Peck thinks that the manner in which Milton has dispersed his rhymes in *Lycidas*, is an attempt, *though secretly*, to give a poetical image or draught of the mathematical canon of music: he informs us how to make this out, 'by drawing a bow line from rhyme to rhyme,' he considers the whole poem as a lesson of music consisting of such a number of bars. The rhymes are the several chords in the bar: the odd dispersion of the rhymes may be compared to the beautiful way of sprinkling the keys of an organ. He says, Dryden imagined the rhymes fell so, because Mister Milton could not help it. I think they lie so, because Mr. Milton designed it. v. *New Memoirs*, 4to. p. 32. Mr. Peck has favoured us with stage directions for *Paradise Lost*, as—Enter Adam, with his arms across. Adam pauses. Thunder and lightning. Eve approaches him. *Adam kicks at her*. Eve embraces his legs. Eve is ready to faint, &c. He considers *Paradise Lost* as partly formed out of *Gusman d'Alfarache*, the *Spanish Rogue*. He says Mr. Fenton was a good judge *when he took time to consider things*, p. 83; he has composed an epitaph for Mr. Milton, out of *Val. Maximus*, p. 101. He says, 'His tip, and whiskers (an essay towards a beard), were of a thick, lightish colour,' p. 103; that his eyes were black at twenty-six, but blue at sixty. He is satisfied that Milton could take an organ to pieces, and clean it, and put it together without help, p. 111; this he deduces from *Par. Lost*, l. 709; he thinks 'ducks and nods' in *Comus* a sneer at the country people. He mentions Eve's instituting a religious order of young women, who were to continue virgins, 196; he speaks of Milton's great intimacy with Mrs. Thomson, p. 274. He considers King Charles the First a *very proper person* for Milton to present a poem to, by order of the House of Commons, p. 284. The Biography of Milton reads very differently through the medium of the laborious Mr. Todd, and the lepid Mister Peck.

of the country, Milton became anxious to enjoy the learned society and the refined amusements of town. ‘Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa Theatri.’ He writes to Deodati, ‘I will tell you seriously what I design.—To take chambers in one of the inns of court, where I may have the benefit of a pleasant and shady walk, and where, with a few associates I may enjoy more comfort, when I choose to stay at home, and have a more elegant society when I choose to go abroad : in my present situation you know in what obscurity I am buried, and to what inconveniences I am exposed.’ His seventh Elegy discovers that these shady<sup>43</sup> and suburban walks were enlivened by forms that made no light impression even on a scholar’s heart.

Et modo qua nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,  
Et modo villarum proxima rura placent ;  
Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba dearum  
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.  
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,  
Impetus et quo me fert juvenilis agor.  
Unam forte aliis supereminuisse notabam,  
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.  
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,  
Sic regina deum conspicienda fuit.  
Interea misero, quæ jam mihi sola placebat  
Ablata est, oculis non reditura meis.  
Ast ego progredior tacite querebundus, et excors,  
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.

<sup>43</sup> In the time of Milton’s youth, the fashionable places of walking in London were Hyde Park, and Gray’s Inn Walks. See *Warton’s Quotations from Sir A. Cockaine’s Poems*, p. 470. In his *Prolusiones*, p. 113, he mentions the pleasures of *London* ; ‘Cum ex eâ Urbe quæ caput urbium est, huc nuper me reciperem, Academici, deliciarum omnium, quibus is locus supra modum affluit, usque ad saginam, prope dixerim, satur, sperabam mihi iterum aliquando otium illud Literarium, quo ego vitæ genere etiam cœlestes animas gaudere opinor ; eratque penitus in animo jam tandem abdere me in Literas, et jucundissimæ Philosophiæ



These plans of life were suddenly changed by his mother's death in 1637,<sup>44</sup> (she was buried in Horton Church,) and he then obtained his father's permission to go abroad. He left England in 1638, having previously obtained some directions for his travels from Sir Henry Wotton;<sup>45</sup> and as a presiding maxim of prudence, and means of safety, amid civil broils, and spiritual dissensions, he was desired to recollect the following sentence, which that experienced statesman had himself received from old Alberti Scipione at Sienna, a Roman courtier, who lived in times of danger, and had also impressed on other travellers—'I pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto.'<sup>46</sup>

On his arrival at Paris, by the favour of Lord Scudamore, he was presented to Grotius, then residing at the French court, as ambassador from the celebrated queen of Sweden. Philips says, 'that Grotius took the visit kindly, and gave him entertainment suitable to his worth, and the high commendations he had heard of him.' After a residence of a few days, he proceeded directly to Nice, and embarked for Genoa,<sup>47</sup> from thence he passed

perdius et pernox assidere, ita semper affolet Laboris et Voluptatis vicissitudo amovere fatietatis tedium,' &c.

<sup>44</sup> Mr. Godwin says, 'There is great confusion among all the biographers of Milton, respecting the period of his travels, and this confusion originates with Milton himself.' See his *Life by Philips*, p. 357.

<sup>45</sup> See *Wotton's Remains*, p. 342.

<sup>46</sup> 'Boccha chiusa, occhi aperti.' The wisest of men, says, &c. v. *J. Hall's Essays*, p. 93. 12mo. 1646. •

<sup>47</sup> SONNET.

Rise, Genoa, rise in beauty from the sea,  
 Old Doria's blood is flowing in thy veins!  
 Rise, peerless in thy beauty! what remains  
 Of thy old glory is enough for me.  
 Flow then, ye emerald waters, bright and free!  
 And breathe, ye orange groves, along her plains;

through Leghorn and Pisa in his way to Florence. Milton had studied the language and literature of Italy with peculiar diligence and success; and at Florence he found himself honourably received by the most enlightened persons,<sup>48</sup> as well as by the learned academicians. He formed a friendship with Gaddi, Carlo Dati,<sup>49</sup> Frescobaldi, Clementillo, and other ingenious scholars, whose names are well known in the literary history of the times. Dati presented him with an encomiastic inscription in Latin, and Francini with an Italian ode. A manuscript entitled, 'La Tina,' by Antonio Malatesti,<sup>50</sup> was also de-

Ye fountains, sparkle through her marble fanes:  
And hang aloft, thou rich and purple sky,  
Hang up thy gorgeous canopy: thou Sun!  
Shine on her marble palaces that gleam  
Like silver in thy never-dying beam:  
Think of the years of glory she has won;  
She must not sink before her race is run,  
Nor her long age of conquest seem a dream.

Genoa, April, 1622.

J. M.

<sup>48</sup> See his verses to his friend, Giov. Salsilli, ver. 9.

Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,  
: Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum  
• Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,  
• Visum superbâ cognitas urbes. famâ  
• Viroſque doctæque indolem juventutis.

See also his Epit. Damonis, ver. 136.

Quin c nostra suos docuerunt nomina fagos  
Et Dati, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo  
Et Iudis notj, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

<sup>49</sup> On Carlo Dati see Walker's *Memirs of Italian Poetry*, p. 200, 4to. Fabroni has written the life of C. Dati in the xvi. vol. of *Vita Italorum*, p. 15—36; where he mentions, among others, Milton's testimony to Dati's character.

<sup>50</sup> The full title of this work is 'La Tina, Equivoci Rusticali, di Antonio Malatesti, cōposti nella sua Villa di Triano, il Settembre dell' anno 1637. Sonnetti Cinquanta, dedicati all' Ill<sup>o</sup> Signore e Padrone oss<sup>mo</sup> il



dedicated to him while he was at Florence, by its author. His visit to the great and injured Galileo must not pass unnoticed. Most of the biographers of Milton have asserted that our poet visited the philosopher in prison; but the superior information of Mr. Walker has proved that Galileo was never a prisoner in the inquisition at Florence, but was confined at Rome, and at Sienna.<sup>51</sup> After his liberation he went to his villa at Arcetri, where it is probable that Milton saw him.

From Florence he passed to Sienna, and then to Rome, where he resided two months, experiencing the civilities, and partaking the hospitality of the learned and the great. L. Holstenius, a laborious and eminent scholar, was at that time keeper of the Vatican Library; he introduced Milton to Cardinal Barberini,<sup>52</sup> who was 'the

Signore Giovanni Milton nobil' Inghilese' This manuscript was discovered by Mr. Brand on a book-stall, it was sent as a present to the Academia della Crusca, but came back to England, and was sold by Evans the auctioneer, in Pall Mall. See *Todd's Life*, p. 34. Mr. Hollis searched unsuccessfully the Laurentian Library for six Italian sonnets of Milton, addressed to his friend Clementine, and other Italian and Latin compositions, and for a marble bust, said to be of Florence. v. *Warton's Milton*, p. 333. *Hollis's Memoirs*, p. 100.

<sup>51</sup> See *Walker's Memoir of Tassoni*, p. 200. After quoting a letter from Galileo to his friend Vincenzo Renieri, he says, "I shall offer no apology for the length of this interesting epistle, as it seems to settle a long disputed point in regard to the imprisonment of Galileo. It shews that he was *only confined under an arrest* beneath the hospitable roofs of his friends in Florence, Rome, and Sienna, but *never thrown into any of the prisons belonging to the Inquisition*." Yet it has been thought that he was *prisoned* in the damp and gloom of a dungeon, when Milton visited him in prison, and Holstenius asserts that he was *mis en prison*. It is probable that Milton found him in his villa at Arcetri; he was then thin, and borne down, as Gronovius describes him, with age, persecutions, and infirmities, but he was perfectly free from all personal restrictions." See *Prof. Powell on Natural Philosophy*, p. 176: "He was not consigned to a dungeon, but lodged in the apartments of some of its officers."

<sup>52</sup> 'Cardinal Barberini;' but see *Walker's Memoir of Italian Tra-*

peculiar guardian or patron of the English; and who, at a musical entertainment, waited for our youthful poet at the door, and presented him with respect to the company.<sup>53</sup> Milton speaks of the Cardinal as one 'Cujus magnæ virtutes, rectique studium ad provocandas item omnes artes liberales egregie comparatum, semper mihi ob oculos versatur.' Salfilli and Selvaggi<sup>54</sup> praised him in some common-place verses, (yet the best, I suppose, which they could give); and wherever he went, admiration and esteem accompanied him.

From Rome he passed on to Naples, in company with a hermit, to whom he owed his introduction to Manso, Marquis of Villa, a nobleman of distinguished rank and fortune (who had supported a military character with high reputation,) of unblemished morals, a polite scholar, and known to posterity as the friend, the patron, and

*gedy*, p. 144. Barberini was elected Pope in 1623. "The cardinal to whom Milton was introduced was probably Francisco Barberini, one of the nephews of Urban, who was not only a lover of music, but like his uncle, an admirer and patron of literary merit, and therefore likely to feel the attractions of such talents as Milton was endowed with. As Doni, Testi, and Bracciolini were retainers of the Barberini family, when Milton was at Rome, they were probably personally known to him. Had he therefore kept a detailed account of his travels, it might be expected to throw much light on a brilliant period in the literary history of modern Italy."

<sup>53</sup> It was at the concerts of Barberini, that Milton heard Leonora Baroni sing: who with her mother, Adriana of Mantua, was esteemed the first singer in the world. Milton has celebrated her in three Latin epigrams. It was the fashion for all ingenious strangers who visited Rome to leave some verses in her praise. Pietro della Valle who wrote in 1640, on the Muses of his Time, speaks of the fanciful and masterly style in which Leonora touched the Arch lute to her own accompaniments, v. *Warton's Milton*, p. 479.

<sup>54</sup> Malone thinks that Dryden's lines under Milton's picture were an enlargement of Selvaggi's distich. See *Stear's Dryden*, vol. xi. p. 160.

the biographer of Tasso.<sup>55</sup> To him Milton addressed a beautiful Latin poem, in which he expresses a hope, if he could find such a friend and patron as Manso, of celebrating in verse the exploits of King Arthur and his knights.

Siquando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,  
*Arturumque* etiam sub terris bella moveritem ;  
 Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ,  
 Magnanimos heroas, et (O modo spiritus adsit)  
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.

Dr. Johnson very justly says, that this poem must have raised a high opinion of English elegance and literature among the scholars of Italy.

From Naples he intended to visit Sicily and Greece ; but he now heard of the commencement of the quarrel between the king and the parliament : and he thought it his duty to hasten home where his countrymen were contending for their rights, rather than to pursue the enjoyments of more extended travel. ‘ *Turpe enim existimbam, dum mei cives de libertate dimicarent, me animi causâ otiose peregrinari.*’ He returned by way of Rome, though some merchants had informed him of the enmity of the Jesuits on account of his freedom of conversation ; and Manso was withheld from showing him some favours by the opinions which Milton had too openly expressed

<sup>55</sup> Tasso mentions Manso in the twentieth book of his *Gierusal. Liberata*, among other princes of Italy :—

‘ *Fra Cavalieri Magnanimi e cortese  
 Resplende il Manso.*’——

He addressed to him five sonnets. Manso was also the patron of Marino ; and was the biographer of both these illustrious poets. Mr. Walker, when at Naples, endeavoured to discover the villa where Manso received the visits of Milton and Tasso. See *Hist. Mem.* 1799. App. p. xxvi. xxxi.

on religious questions. Sir Henry Wotton's advice (a "Delphian Oracle, for so I have found it") though neglected, was now seen to be prudent and wise; but we may conceive, that in those times it was difficult to withhold opinions on subjects so much agitated, affecting the temporal interests of some, and awakening the spiritual alarm of others. The schism between the churches was comparatively fresh; the Church of Rome reluctantly beheld a great and growing kingdom rescued from her avarice and power.<sup>56</sup> In the freedom of opinion, and by the discussion of rights, she saw her safety endangered, or her splendour diminished. She had fostered for her protection a body of men the most politic, and deep in worldly wisdom, whose existence depended on her prosperity: we shall not therefore be surprised if a young and zealous Protestant, who could not well endure the ecclesiastical establishment of his own country, simple and moderate as it was, should give offence when expressing his feelings in the inmost bosom of the Papal Church, in the verge of the Vatican, and under the very chair of St. Peter himself. He says, speaking of his conduct whilst in Italy,<sup>57</sup> 'I laid it down as a rule for myself, never to begin a conversation on religion in these parts, but if interrogated concerning my faith, whatever might be the consequence, to dissemble nothing. If any one attacked me, I defended in the most open manner, as before, the orthodox faith for nearly two months more, in the city even of the sovereign Pontiff.'<sup>58</sup>

<sup>56</sup> Dum Cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex  
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,  
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura *Britanni*.'

*Miltoni Sylv. Quint. Nov. v. 94.*

<sup>57</sup> See *Second Defence of the People*, p. 384, ed. Burnet.

<sup>58</sup> In the *Horæ Subsecivæ*, 1620, of Lord Chandos, (or of the Earl of Devonshire's eldest son), remarks are made on this subject, p. 206, on

In an album of a Neapolitan nobleman, Camillo Cerdogni, residing at Genoa from 1608 to 1640, among other inscriptions of Englishmen as well as foreigners, is the following of Milton, written in his own strong clear hand:—

“If virtue feeble were,  
Heaven itself would stoope to her.”

Cælum non animum muto dum trans mare curro.

Jan. 10, 1639. Joannes Miltonius, Anglus.

Presuming that the distich from Comus, as well as the Latin verse from Horace, applies to himself, and that they bear reference to the same subject, we may suppose that subject to be his *religion* which he here affirms to be unalterable, and that if it were attacked, Heaven would lend its support to those who defended it. This autograph is not only an interesting memorial of the Poet, but a confirmation of his decision and resolution in matters connected with the religion of the reformed Church, if we have rightly interpreted the intent of the lines. In the same volume is the autograph of Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Lord Strafford, both then in the brilliant morning of their lives: both pursuing in youthful emula-

a Discourse of *Rome*. “I do not thinke it unnecessary to say something of the safety and *danger* for an *Englishman* to travell thither. . . . It is true that for some Persons there can be no place in the world so dangerous for them to come in as this; and they are such, as have been noted either to have been Persecutors of them, violently addicted against them, or *such as have opposed* them by public disputation, or writing in manner of controversie; for that it is certain, if they be found, they shall be either brought into the Inquisition or forced to be reconciled to their Church; and yet I do not think it is impossible for any of this sort to make a voyage thither, and never be surprised. But then they must neither publish their purpose nor time, &c.” “—— If a man in his going thither, converse with Italians and discuss or dispute his religion, he is sure, unless he fly, to be complained on, and brought within the Inquisition,” &c.

tion the arts of peace ; both wandering in the enchanted Land of Song, enriching their minds with all the ancient or modern muse could bestow ; one as yet guiltless of trampling on the liberties of his afflicted country, and one who had not then earned the noble pre-eminence of standing forth as the unbought champion of her injured rights. Perhaps the following passage may be considered as a just commentary on the Poetry :—" In all the places in which vice meets with so little discouragement, and is protected with so little shame, I never once turned from the path of integrity and virtue, and perpetually reflected that though my conduct might escape the notice of men, it could not elude the inspection of God."

Milton stayed about two months at Rome, and pursued his journey without molestation to Florence. He then visited Lucca, and spent a month at Venice. There he shipped for England the collection of books and music<sup>59</sup> which he had formed, and travelled to Geneva, which, Johnson observes, " he probably considered as the metropolis of orthodoxy."

At Geneva he became acquainted with John Deodati,<sup>60</sup> and Frederic Spanheim, the father of the eminently

<sup>59</sup> As regards Milton's attention to painting, Mr. Walker says, " Several of the immortal works of Guido, Raffaele, and M. Angelo, may be traced in the *Paradise Lost*, and he instances 708-719 of the third book, taken from Raffaele in the Vatican, called *La Biblia de Raffaele*." v. *Mem. of Italian Tragedy*, p. 166. But Mr. Coleridge says, on the other hand, " It is very remarkable, that in no part of his writings does Milton take any notice of the great painters of Italy, nor indeed of painting as an art, while every other page breathes his love and taste for music. Yet in one passage in *P. Lost* he has certainly copied the *fresco* of the Creation in the Sistine Chapel at Rome." v. *P. L.* vii. 263. v. *Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 83.

<sup>60</sup> See some account of this Giov. Deodati, of his preaching at Venice in a trooper's dress, and converting a Venetian courtesan, in *Warton's Milton*, p. 548. He was uncle of 'Charles,' mentioned below.



learned scholar and antiquary, whom Milton subsequently knew. He now passed through France, and returned home after an absence of fifteen months. Of his habitual purity of morals, and sanctity of character, when abroad, he has himself informed us in the words I lately quoted. ‘Deum hic rursus testem in vocem, me his omnibus in locis ubi tum multa licent, ab omni flagitio ac Probro, integrum atque intactum vixisse, illud perpetuo cogitantem, si hominum latere oculos possem, Dei certe non posse.’

On his return he heard of the death of Charles Deodati,<sup>61</sup> and he has recorded the affection which he felt for his friend, in the *Epitaphium Damonis*.

Nec dum aderat *Thyrsis*, pastorem scilicet illum  
Dulcis amor musæ *Thuscæ* retinebat in urbe,  
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ  
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,  
Tum vero amissum, tum denique sentit amicum.<sup>62</sup>

Some passages in this poem are borrowed from the *Aminta* of Tasso ; a few more lines, alluding to his recent travels, I shall quote.

Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras  
Ire per æreas rupes, *Alpemque* nivosa !  
Ecquid erat tanti *Romam* vidisse sepultam ?  
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,  
Tityrus ipse suas, et oves et rura reliquit ;)

<sup>61</sup> C. Deodati was a native of England, but of an Italian family, which came originally from Lucca ; but in its last generation established at Geneva. His father, Theodore, came early in life to England, married a lady of family and fortune, and practised as a physician. The son was bred to the same profession, and settled in Cheshire. See some further account in *Todd's Milton*, vol. vi. p. 173. 360. The two Greek letters of Deodati, possessed by Toland, are now in the British Museum, (MS. Add. No. 5017. f. 71,) and will be found in the Appendix to this Memoir.

<sup>62</sup> v. *Ep. Damonis*, ver. 12.



Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale  
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,  
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes.  
 Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,  
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,  
 Et dixisse “vale, nostri memor, ibis ad astra.”

\* \* \* \* \*

O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad *Arni*  
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quàm mollior herba,  
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,  
 Et potui *Lycidæ* certantem audire *Menalcam*!

In these verses<sup>63</sup> he repeats his design of writing an epic poem on some part of the ancient British history. Dr. Johnson has observed that this ‘poem is written with the common but childish imitation of pastoral life.’<sup>64</sup> As it is not however intended deeply to move the sources of our sympathy, or to come across a strong and recent sorrow,<sup>65</sup> but to express, as in *Lycidas*, in a pleasing and gentle manner, the poet’s affection and regret; the pastoral veil, in imitation of ancient poetry, and of later Italian models, is not inelegantly assumed. Besides, as Warton observes, ‘the common topics are recommended by a novelty of elegant expression; some passages wander far beyond the bounds of bucolic song, and are in his own original style of the more sublime poetry.’ He might speak of its purpose as he does in his *Prolusions* (p. 91) of *the Province of History*; ‘Nunc inquietos animi tumultus sedat et componit, nunc delibutum gaudio reddit, mox

<sup>63</sup> See ver. 161—167.\*

<sup>64</sup> As regards the imitation of *Pastoral Life*, numerous are the high authorities that Milton could give, as *Buchanani Sylvæ*, *Desid. Tortæ*, *Desid. Luitiæ*, *Danheusii Thyrsis*, *Bucolica in Obitum Scaligeri Thuani*, &c.

<sup>65</sup> ‘Methinks, said Sancho, *the thoughts that give way to verses are not very troublesome. Therefore versify as much as you list, and I’ll sleep as much as I can.*’ *Don Quixote*, vol. iv. pp. 212. (Shelton’s Transl.)

evocat lachrymas, sed mites eas et pacatas, et quæ mœstæ nescio quid voluptatis secum afferant.'

Milton's return to England took place about the time of Charles's second expedition against the Scots, in which his forces were defeated by General Lesly, in the month of August, 1639, and therefore not long before the meeting of the long parliament. In a Bible, once in the possession of Mr. Blackburn, and which is supposed to have been the companion of Milton's travels, are some manuscript remarks, dated Canterbury, 1639, among which is a quotation from 1 Maccabees xiv. 16: 'Now when it was heard at Rome, and as far as Sparta, that Jonathan was dead, they were very sorry.'

When that day of death shall come,  
Then shall nightly shades prevail;  
Soon shall love and musick fail;  
Soone the fresh turfe's tender blade  
Shall flourish on my sleeping shade.

Of the authenticity of these remarks, and of the book having been the property of Milton, reasonable doubts have been entertained; but I consider it my duty not to pass over in silence a circumstance which has been recorded and credited by the most industrious and inquisitive among the biographers of the Poet.<sup>66 67</sup>

He now hired a lodging in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet-street, at the house of one Ruffell, a tailor, and undertook the education of his two nephews, John and Edward Philips.<sup>68</sup> Finding his rooms inconvenient, and

<sup>66</sup> See *Todd's Life* (first edit.) p. 39, *Gent. Mag.* July, Sept. Oct. 1792, Feb. 1790, March, 1803, p. 190, and Hawkins's Note in *Newton's Life*, p. ciii.

<sup>67</sup> In this Bible are two little drawings of a profile, with Milton's name annexed, and one of them inscribed—Myself, 1640.

<sup>68</sup> Their mother had married again, therefore Milton might feel it his duty to take these boys under his care. They lived with him about five

not large enough for his books, he soon removed into a handsome garden-house in Aldersgate-street, free from the noise and disturbance of passengers,<sup>69</sup> and received some of his friends' sons to be instructed and educated by him. His father was still living, the allowance which he received was small, and he supplied its deficiencies by a respectable employment. The expense of his travels, to which he has alluded in one of his tracts, probably rendered it necessary for him to abstain from pressing more deeply on the limited resources of his father. 'My life,' he says, 'has not been unexpensive, in learning and voyaging about.' The *Aubrey Letters* mention that Milton went to the university at his own charges only, but in his Latin Epistle to his father, ver. 77, he says :

*Tuo pater optime sumptu  
Cum mihi Romulæ patuit facundia linguæ,  
Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant,*

or six years. Mr. Godwin thinks *John Philips's Scarronides* (1664) was written in an excessive spirit of spite and malignity against Milton, v. *Life of Philips*, p. 148. As long as he lived he never relaxed in his unnatural animosity against his uncle, p. 157. Mr. Godwin calls him a shameless unfeeling buffoon, p. 161. Milton made his nephews songsters, and sing from the time they were with him. v. *Aubrey Let.* 3. 446. In *John Philips's Don Quixote*, p. 361, there is this passage, not previously noticed :—"As for the modern Poets he allows very few of them to be worth a straw ; among the rest he has a particular peek against *Du Bartas* and *Paradise Lost*, which he says has neither rhyme nor reason," &c.

<sup>69</sup> Philips says, 'He made no long stay in his lodgings in St. Bride's Churchyard, necessity of having a place to dispose his books in, and other goods fit for the furnishing of a good handsome house, hastening him to take one ;' and accordingly a pretty garden-house he took in Aldersgate-St. at the end of an entry, and therefore the fitter for his turn, by the reason of the privacy, besides that *there were few streets in London more free from noise than that.*' v. p. lii. Al. Gill, his old tutor, being driven from St. Paul's, set up a private school in the same street. *Wood's Atb. Ox.* ii. 22

*Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,  
Addere suasisi quos jactat Gallia flores.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit, &c.*

The system of education which he adopted was deep and comprehensive, it promised to teach science with language ; or rather to make the study of languages subservient to the acquisition of scientific knowledge. Dr. Johnson has severely censured this method of instruction, but with arguments that might not unsuccessfully be met. The plan recommended by the authority of Milton seems to be chiefly liable to objection, from being too extensive ; and while it makes authors of all ages contribute to the development of science ; it must reject that careful selection, which can alone secure the proper cultivation of the taste. We may also reply to Johnson, that although all men are not designed to be astronomers, or geometers : a knowledge of the principles on which the sciences are built, and the reasonings by which they are conducted, not only forms the most exact discipline which the mind can undergo, giving to it comprehension and vigour ; but is the only solid basis on which an investigation of the laws of nature can be conducted, or those arts improved that tend to the advantage of society, and the happiness of mankind. Johnson says, we are not placed here to watch the growth of plants, or the motion of the stars, but to do good. But good is done in various ways, according to opportunities offered, and abilities conferred ; a man whose natural disposition, or the circumstances of whose education lead him to pursue astronomical discoveries, or the sublime speculations of geometry, is emphatically doing 'good to others, as he is extending the boundaries of knowledge, and to himself, as he is directing the energies of his mind to subjects of the most exalted contemplation.

But if the word ' good ' is restricted to the performance

of charitable actions, or the fulfilment of moral duties, we may ask, what opposition is there between the practice of virtue and the pursuit of science? Every man is bound by the laws of God, and the design of his creation to do good, for this purpose was he placed here; but are men of science therefore unfitted for the performance of their civil and religious duties, are they on account of their enlargement of mind or their sublime speculations less virtuous, less self-denying, or less benevolent than others? Is not their occupation itself almost a school of virtue: lessons of civil wisdom, and maxims of prudential conduct will be learnt by all, and is not a man eminently doing good, who is subduing the wild powers of nature under the dominion of skill, diminishing the extent of human suffering, or dissipating ignorance; like Franklin disarming the lightning of its fires, or like Watt binding an element of tremendous power into a safe and commodious form; whose future effects on the social system of the world, even the eye of 'trembling Hope' dares not follow. The philosopher whose discoveries in science can facilitate the communication between distant nations, and carry the arts of civilized life into the bosom of the desert, may well be called the benefactor of mankind; and what fatal delusions may have been expelled by him, who could first calculate with precision the regularity of the comet's return? The most abstract and exalted departments of science are the foundation of those inventions, that are of practical benefit and vulgar use.<sup>70</sup>

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<sup>70</sup> *Johnson's Life of Milton* is written with his usual vigour of thought and clearness of expression; it abounds with many just and striking observations; but it is deeply coloured with prejudice, and the reasoning is sometimes sophistical and incorrect. I am supported in this opinion by Mr. Hawkins; see Pref. to *Newton's Milton*, p. 25. ed. 1824. Yet I do not approve of the spirit or manner of Archd. Blackburne's observations.

To a knowledge of the Greek and Latin writers,<sup>71</sup> Milton added a cultivation of the eastern languages, the Chaldee, Syriack, and Hebrew: he made his pupils “go through the Pentateuch and gain an entrance into the Targum:” ‘Nor were the best Italian and French authors forgotten. One part of his method, says Johnson, deserves general imitation, he was careful to instruct his scholars in religion. Every Sunday was spent upon theology, of which he dictated a short scheme gathered from the writers that were then fashionable in the Dutch universities.’ The *Medulla Theologiæ* of William Ames,<sup>72</sup> a Puritan, and the *Compendium Theologiæ* of Wollebius, were the books used. Pearce has observed, that Fagius was Milton’s favourite annotator on the Bible.

Once in three or four weeks he relaxed from his spare diet and hard study, and passed a day of indulgence with some young sparks of his acquaintance, the chief of whom, his nephew says, ‘were Mr. Alphry and Mr. Miller, the beaux of those times, but nothing near so bad as those now-a-days; with these gentlemen he made so far free with his body, as now and then to keep a gaudy day.’

I am now to pass to that period of Milton’s life, in which he first engaged in the controversies of the times; and published a Treatise on Reformation, in 1641, in two books, against the Bishops<sup>73</sup> and Established Church;

<sup>71</sup> For the Greek and Latin writers read and admired by Milton, see *Birch’s Life of Milton*, p. xxiii.

<sup>72</sup> Ames’s *Medulla* was a book much read, as was also *Tileni Syntagma*. See Life of Dr. Harris in *S. Clarke’s Lives*, p. 314. 1662. 4to.

<sup>73</sup> Dr. Symmons considers Milton as the leader of the attack against the prelates; his tutor Young had been one of the victims of the primate’s intolerance; and Milton entered in his career, with the blended feeling of private and public wrong, v. *Life*, p. 226. The fact was, the Puritans were probably not equal to such men as Usher, Hall, Bramhall, and others of the established religion in theological learning and knowledge of Ecclesiastical history, as may be seen by reading the controversy;



‘being willing,’ he says, ‘to help the Puritans who were inferior to the Prelates in learning;’ in this, his earliest publication in prose, he throws out a hint at something like his great poem, that might hereafter be expected from him.<sup>74</sup> ‘Then amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of Saints, *some one* may perhaps be heard offering at high strains, in new and lofty measures to sing, and celebrate thy divine mercies, and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages.’

In 1641, Hall, Bishop of Norwich, a learned, witty, and eloquent writer, at the request of Laud, published *An Humble Remonstrance in Favour of Episcopacy*, and the King expressed himself much gratified with this work. Five ministers, under the title of Smectymnuus<sup>75</sup> (a word formed from the first letters of their names), wrote an answer, of which the learned and venerable Archbishop

and they were glad even of Milton’s eloquence; for that was all he brought them: and all the young scholar could be expected to bring. ‘Nec adhuc maturus Achilles.’

<sup>74</sup> Dr. Johnson (says Mr. Gifford, quoting a passage in the *Treatise on Reformation* against the Bishops,) uses the language of forbearance, when rising from the peril of this fiendlike cursing, he merely observed, — “Such was Milton’s controversial malignity, that hell grew blacker at his frown.” v. *B. Jonson’s Works*, vol. vi. p. 260.

<sup>75</sup> Stephen Marshall, Edward Calamy, Thomas Young, Mathew Newcome, and William Spurstow. In the Church Reg. of Great Hampden, Bucks, is the following entry:—Wm. Spurstow succeeded to the Rectory of Great Hampden in 1637. He was one of those heroes who wrote against the Church Establishment. They were five in number, viz., Stephen Marshall, Edward Calamy, Thos. Young, Matthew Newcome, and the above-mentioned Wm. Spurstow. The initial letters of their names formed the cant word Smectymnus (uus), as celebrated by Hudibras. This worthy continued till 1642, when, according to the phraseology of the times, “God gave him a call to a far greater living.” This entry was obligingly furnished to the writer by the Rector of the Parish, Rev. Charles Lloyd. See on this subject *Bowles’s Life of Bishop Ken*, vol. i. p. 62-66.



Usher<sup>76</sup> published a confutation, called *The Apostolical Institution of Episcopacy*; to this confutation Milton replied in his *Treatise of Prelatical Episcopacy*. The point at issue was the divine or human origin of episcopacy, as a peculiar order in the church, invested with spiritual rights and powers, distinct in kind, and pre-eminent in degree. He added to this reply another performance, called *The Reason of Church Government<sup>77</sup> urged against Prelacy*. Bishop Hall published a defence of the *Humble Remonstrance*, well written and closely argued; and Milton wrote animadversions upon it. These treatises were published in the year 1641.<sup>78</sup> It was in his *Reason of Church Government* that he discovered, as Johnson observes, his high opinion of his own powers, and promised to undertake something that may be of service and honour to his country. This (he said) is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs; till which in some measure be compassed, I refuse not to sustain this expectation. 'From a promise like this,' says his biographer, 'at once fervid, pious, and rational, might be expected the *Paradise Lost*.'

In 1642 he closed the controversy which I have mentioned, by an *Apology for Smetlynnus*, in answer to the confutation of his animadversions, written, as he supposed,

<sup>76</sup> Usher, Gataker, and Reynolds, were the three Protestant divines in England, who had the greatest reputation on the continent for their learning; see *Calomies' Mel. Curieux*, p. 834. Their three rivals abroad, among the Protestants, for erudition, were Blondel, Petrus, and Bochart.

<sup>77</sup> See *Symmons's Life*, p. 234.

<sup>78</sup> See *Hall's Works*, ed. Pratt, vol. ix. p. 641.

by Bishop Hall or his son. His friendship for Young<sup>79</sup> probably led him into the field of controversy ; for he owns that he ‘ was not disposed to this manner of writing, wherein knowing myself inferior to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, I have the use, as I may account it, but of my left hand.’ ‘ Weapons,’ says one of his biographers, ‘ more effectual than pens were now drawn against the church, and exposed by the injudicious conduct of some of its prelates, it fell under the assault. If argument and reason could have prevailed, the result would probably have been different. The learning of Usher, and the wit of Hall, certainly preponderated in the contest, and they seem to have been felt not only by the *Smettymnuan* divines, but by Milton himself. If the church at this crisis could have been upheld by the ability of her sons, it would have been supported by those admirable prelates, but numbers, exasperation, and enthusiasm were against them.’<sup>80</sup>

The main purpose which Milton had in view in these different publications, was to alter the Episcopal form of the church and to assimilate it to the simpler, and, as he deemed, the apostolical model of the reformed churches in other countries ; to join with them in exactness of discipline, as we do in purity of doctrine. But as in these churches, the Presbyterian discipline was united to a republican form of government, he therefore attempts to prove that the existence of the hierarchy adds nothing to the security or the proper splendour of the throne ; that the fall of Prelacy could not shake the least fringe that

<sup>79</sup> Toland says of his *Reason for Church Government*, ‘ the eloquence is masculine, the method is natural, the sentiments are free, and the whole (God knows) appears to have a very different force from what the non-conformist divines wrote in those days, or since that time, on the same subject.’ v. *Life*, p. 12.

<sup>80</sup> See *Symmons’s Life of Milton*, p. 240.

borders the royal canopy. He denies the apostolical institution of bishops, and, as he argues for the greatest degree of honest liberty in religion, as in other institutions, he urges that prelacy is the natural agent and minister of tyranny. He advocates the sweetest and mildest manner of paternal discipline, the independent ministry of each congregation; and he wishes the Angel of the Gospel to ride on his way, doing his proper business, conquering the high thoughts and proud reasonings of the flesh. As long as the church (he says), in true imitation of Christ, can be content to ride upon an ass, carrying herself and her government along in a mean and simple guise, she may be, as she is, a lion of the tribe of Judah, and in her humility all men will, with loud hosannahs, confess her greatness.' When his opponents urged the learning of the University and the clergy, he said, 'that God will not suffer true learning to be wanting, when true grace and obedience to him abounds; for if he give us to know him aright, and to practise this our knowledge in right established discipline, how much more will he replenish us with all abilities in tongues and arts, that may conduce to his glory and our good. He can stir up rich fathers to bestow exquisite education on their children, and to dedicate them to the service of the Gospel. He can make the sons of nobles his ministers, and princes to be his Nazarites.'

That Milton engaged in the heat and dust of these great controversial questions, from motives of conscience, and with intentions upright and pure, no one can reasonably doubt, but they were alien from his elegant and learned pursuits;<sup>81</sup> they were scarcely congenial to his age; and himself, as well as his brethren whom he de-

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<sup>81</sup> 'It will be matter of hearty regret to the republic of letters, that the greatest of these, I mean *John Milton*, had the misfortune to be born in an age when the study of scholastic theology was deemed an essential part of intellectual discipline.' *Beattie's Essays*, 4to. p. 261.

fended, were inferior to Bishop Hall in theological learning, and in controversial skill ; that learned Prelate's victory over *Smeſtymnuus* was complete.<sup>82</sup>

Milton's father came now to reside in his son's house.<sup>83</sup> Philips says of him: 'the old gentleman lived wholly retired to his rest and devotion, without the least trouble imaginable. At Whitsuntide, in 1643, in his thirty-fifth year, Milton married Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Powell, of Forest Hill, a justice of the peace in Oxfordshire.<sup>84</sup> After an absence of little more than a month, he brought his bride to town with him, and hoped, as Johnson observes, to enjoy the advantages of a conjugal life ; but spare diet, and hard study, and a house full of pupils, did not suit the young and gay daughter of a Cavalier.<sup>85</sup> She had been brought up in very different society ; so having lived for a month a philosophic life, after having been used at home to a great house,<sup>86</sup> and much

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<sup>82</sup> " Our historian had said just before that there were few among the *Puritan Divines* of sound education. He had better have stuck to his word—' To make amends for want of *acquired* knowledge, they abounded in *inspired*.' " See *Warburton's Works*, vol. xii. p. 398.

<sup>83</sup> Till the taking of Reading, in April, 1643, by the Earl of Essex, he had lived there, in the house of his son Christopher.

<sup>84</sup> See Memoranda relating to the family of Powell, of Forest Hill, in *Sir Eg. Brydges's Life of Milton*, p. 279, appendix, who has corrected some great mistakes made by Mr. Todd, in his account of the Powell family, from the representations of Mr. Holbrooke.

<sup>85</sup> Toland gives four conjectures on this subject. 1. Whether it was that this young woman, accustomed to a large and jovial family, could not live in a philosophical retirement. 2. Or that she was not satisfied with the person of her husband ; 3. or, lastly, that because her relations were all addicted to the Royal interest, his democratical principles were disagreeable to her humour ; 4. nor is it impossible that the father repented of this match, upon the prospect of some success on the King's side, who then had his head-quarters at Oxford. See *Life*, p. 52. Newton has followed Toland, v. *Life*, p. xxvii.

<sup>86</sup> T. Warren had a MS. inventory of Mr. Powell's goods ; and he says, ' by the number, order, and furniture of the rooms, he appears to

company and joviality, her friends, possibly by her own desire, made earnest suit to have her company the remaining part of the summer, which was granted upon a promise of her return at Michaelmas. When Michaelmas came, the lady had no inclination to quit the hospitality and delights of her father's mansion for the austere habits and seclusion of the Poet's study. Surrounded with powerful friends, in the company of the gay and fascinating cavaliers, and protected by the paternal roof, she showed her dislike of the dulness and restraint of a scholar's wife, by proclaiming her unwillingness to return. Aubrey says, 'no company came to her, and she often heard her nephew cry and be beaten;' Milton sent repeated letters to her, which were all unanswered; and a messenger, who was dispatched to urge her return, was dismissed with contempt.<sup>87</sup> A resistance so pertinacious

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have lived as a country gentleman, in a very extensive and liberal style of house keeping.' v. *Todd's Life*, p. 170.

<sup>87</sup> In a letter of Marvell to his constituents at Hull, he says, "There is yet brought in an act, in which of all others your Corporation is the least concerned—that is, when wives shall *refuse to cohabit with their husbands*, that in such case the husband shall not be obliged to pay any debts she shall run into, for clothing, diet, lodging, or other expenses. This shows," says the Editor of it, "how much the bonds of domestic duty were relaxed by civil anarchy. It is highly probable that separation of the nature alluded to, frequently arose from religious and political dissensions between husband and wife. The revolt of Milton's first consort is a well known but not a solitary instance." v. *Coleridge's Biog. Borealis*, p. 13. We may give in this place Hacket's remarkable diatribe against Milton:—"What a venomous spirit is in that serpent Milton; that black-mouthed *Zoilus*, that blows his viper's breath upon those immortal Devotions from beginning to the end. This is he, that wrote with all irreverence against the Fathers of our Church, *and showed as little duty to his father who begat him*. The same that wrote for, the Pharisees, that it was *lawful for man to put away his wife for every cause, and against Christ for not allowing divorces*. The same, O horrid! that defended the lawfulness of the greatest crime that ever was committed, to put our thrice-excellent King to death; a petty schoolboy scribbler that

and illegal as this, must have rested on some grounds that were at least imagined favourable to the conduct of the wife. We must, therefore, refer to the unsettled situation of the kingdom, by which the authority of the laws was weakened, and obedience imperfectly enforced; and we must recollect, that at the time when she refused to return to her husband's roof, the King, with all his forces, was quartered in the neighbouring city of Oxford; that her family was of course associating with the gay and licentious adherents of the monarch; that 'living in the camp of the enemy,' she must have been in the daily habit of hearing hatred, scorn, and contempt, uttered against the party whose sentiments were so strongly adopted by her husband; that a prospect of success now dawned upon the fortunes of the King; and, looking at the apparent interests of the family, considering her wavering or alienated affections, and interpreting fairly the language of Philips, we may presume that had the side of the royalists been victorious, the marriage with the Puritan husband would have been cancelled or concealed.

Milton, whose mind was never given to half-measures, resolved immediately to repudiate her on the ground of disobedience; and to support the propriety and lawfulness of his conduct, he published, at first anonymously, in 1644, *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce; The*

durst grapple in such a cause with the Prince of the learned men of his age, *Salmasius*, φιλοσοφίας πάσης ἀφροδίτη καὶ λύρα, as Eurapius says of Ammonius, Plutarch's scholar in Egypt, the delight, the musick of all knowledge, who would have scorned to drop a penful of ink against so base an adversary, but to maintain the honour of so good a King. Get thee behind me, Milton! Thou favourest not the things that be of truth and loyalty, but of pride, bitterness, and falsehood. There will be a time, though such a Shimei, a dead dog, in Abishai's phrase, escape for a while. It is no marvel that this canker-worm Milton is more lavish in his writings than any man to justify the beheading of Strafford," &c. v. *Life of Archb. Williams*, ii. p. 161.



*Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce*,<sup>88</sup> and the next year he printed his *Tetrachordon*, or expositions on the four chief places of scripture, which treat on marriage. His last tract *Colasterion* was an answer to a pamphlet recommended by Mr. Joseph Caryl,<sup>89</sup> the author of a *Commentary on Job*, and a presbyterian divine; the author was anonymous, but Milton calls him 'a serving-man both by nature and function, an idiot by breeding, and a solicitor by presumption.'

In this treatise, Dr. Symmons thinks that Milton has made out a strong case, and fights with arguments not easily to be repelled;<sup>90</sup> and Mr. Godwin says, 'that the books on divorce are written with the most entire knowledge of the subject, and with a clearness and strength of argument, that it would be difficult to excel; and it must be remembered that Selden wrote his *Uxor Hebraica* on the same side of the question. Without entering into the intricacies of so great an argument, I shall content myself with saying, that all the ingenuity of Milton, and the learning of Selden, are of no avail against the acknowledged experience of society, which seems to have silently consented to the wisdom of the established law. Tempers once deemed incompatible, may gradually assimilate. The interests of children, the advancement of fortune, the

<sup>88</sup> See *Newton's Life of Milton*, p. xxix.

<sup>89</sup> Of Mr. Caryl, Toland says (p. 60), 'in his voluminous and senseless commentaries, he did more injury to the memory of Job, than the Devil and the Sabeans could inflict torments on him in his life time.'

<sup>90</sup> Dr. John Echard, in the Preface to his work, p. 11, says, "I am not, I will assure you, any of those occasional writers, that missing preferment in the University, can presently write you the *new way of education*, or being a little tormented with an ill-chosen wife, put forth the doctrine of Divorce to be truly evangelical. &c.," alluding to two of Milton's writings. See also *Fell's Life of Hammond*, p. 200. Oxf. ed. on the Love of Novelty, in defending Polygamy, Divorce, &c.



respect of society, moral principle, religious feeling, the force of habit, the remembrance of past friendship, and the obligations of a common interest, are all assisting the reconciliation of wedded discontent. Incompatibility of temper cannot be submitted to legal proof, or determined by any unerring standard; will it not therefore be often advanced to cover the wishes of inconstancy, or the desires of impurity? does not legal separation allow all that is necessary in *extreme* cases of insufferable evil? is an incompatible temper to be advanced as the cause of *one* divorce, or may it release from a succession of imprudent engagements? Milton's courtship was apparently sudden and short; and no one can be much surprised at the disagreements that followed: but it appears that he lived in happiness with his wife after their romantic reconciliation; hence the divorce, at one time so much desired, would probably have destroyed, if granted, the future happiness of both parties; and it is doubtful whether that of the husband, after he had shaken off his conjugal fetters, would have been increased; for he may have escaped a remorse which at some future time, and in some considerate moments, he might have felt, when he considered that in his *choleric frenzy* he had visited too heavily the foolish levity of a young, gay, and inexperienced woman, perhaps misled or overruled; that he had offended the feelings of society, and he might not perhaps have felt *quite* satisfied in his cooler moments of the unanswerable cogency of his arguments.

There is one passage in this treatise, in which Milton clearly points to himself, and to the presumed causes of his unhappiness. 'The soberest, and best governed men,' he says, 'are least practised in these affairs; and who knows not that the *bashful muteness of a virgin* may oftentimes hide all the *unliveliness and natural sloth* which is really

*unfit for conversation*, nor is there that freedom of access granted or presumed, as may suffice to a perfect discerning till too late ; and when any indisposition is suspected, what more usual than the persuasion of friends, that acquaintance as it increases, will amend all ; and lastly, is it not strange that many who have *spent their youth chastely, are in some things not so quick sighted, while they haste too eagerly to light the nuptial torch?* Nor is it therefore for a modest error, that a man should forfeit so great a happiness, and no charitable means to relieve him. Since they who have lived most loosely, by reason of their bold accustoming, prove most successful in their matches, because their wild affections unsettling at will, have been as so many divorces to teach them experience. Whereas the sober man honouring the appearance of modesty, and hoping well of every social virtue under that veil, may easily chance to meet if *not with a body impenetrable, yet often with a mind to all other due conversation inaccessible, and to all the more estimable and superior purposes of matrimony useless, and almost lifeless*, and what a solace, what a fit help such a consort would be through the whole life of a man, is less pain to conjecture, than to have experience.' We may, I think, without the imputation of an unjust severity, consider that to her husband at least, she was a dull uninviting companion, without mental powers or attractive affection, without conversation and without love. For he speaks again 'of a *mute, and spiritless mate ;*' and again, 'if he shall find *himself bound fast to an image of earth and phlegm*, with whom he looked to be the *co-partner of a sweet and glad some society :*' these observations will, I think, put us in possession of his wife's 'fair defects,' and the causes of the separation ; and we may reasonably conclude that Milton was suffering, to use an

expression of Sterne's, from the poetic indiscretion of his own passions.<sup>92</sup>

Whoever differs from Milton in the inferences which he draws, and the doctrine which he advocates, must yet allow that these Treatises on Divorce are written with the command of scriptural learning, with many ingenious explanations of the intent of the divine laws, and human institutions; and with a force of argument sometimes difficult to resist. The whole is composed with uncommon zeal and earnestness, and conveys the sentiments of one who feels his own important interests are at issue; the causes of dislike in this little month of wedlock, must have struck deep root, for he alludes much to rash, sudden, and mistaken choices, he urges the justice of divorce in cases where '*a violent hatred in matrimony has arisen, yet not sinful, irksome, grievous, obstinately hateful, and injurious even to hostility*;' he speaks of *invincible antipathies*, when the work of sorrow lasts, till death unharnesses them; and upon the ground, that such matches in this misery are insufferable, unalterable, and without hope, or prospect of termination, he claims the power of releases from his unequal yoke. That his whole argument hinges on his own case, no one who reads these tracts can reasonably doubt: and that his sorrows were seen through an exag-

<sup>92</sup> No doubt some cause of disagreement between the Poet and his Bride may have existed in the incompatibility of their *political creed*. Such subjects were better avoided in the domestic *tête-à-tête* at that momentous time, and could hardly be canvassed without offence to either party. Such is, I presume, the allusion in his Poem,

—— Or his happiest choice too late  
Shall meet, alreadie linkt and wedlock-bound  
*To a fell adversarie, his hate or shame. Par. L. x. 904.*

Yet Mr. Coleridge truly observes that "Milton's soul was susceptible of domestic enjoyments, notwithstanding the discomforts that actually resulted from an apparently unhappy marriage."

gerating medium, seems hardly less clear. His own experience is the best refutation of his work; his marriage, though clouded over in its rise, and portending storms and sorrows, and strife, ended, as we believe, in the smiles of renewed affection, in conjugal endearments, and continued love: and we must also recollect that Milton had lived but one short month\* with his wife, when this *eternal aversion*, this *perpetuity of hatred*, this radical discord of nature were declared.<sup>93 94</sup>

That this doctrine was received with neglect or ridicule is evident from a passage in *Howell's Letters*. Herbert Palmer denounced it in a Sermon preached before the Lords and Commons on a day of Humiliation. "When the Romans," says Gibbon, "appointed a peculiar goddess to hear the complaints of married life, her name *Viriplaca*, clearly indicates on which side interference was required."<sup>95</sup> In Walpole's *Noble Authors* I find this

<sup>93</sup> See *P. Knight's Civil Society*, p. 55. 'Let me not be supposed to mean a condemnation of marriage, from which I have derived all the blessings and benefits of civil society, but merely of its indissolubility. There are many causes which ought to justify divorce, as well as that of adultery on the part of the woman, and I think it probable, that if other causes were admitted, this would be less frequent. Divorce is, I believe, as often the object, as the consequence of adultery.'

<sup>94</sup> The reader by reference on this subject to *Sir J. Mackintosh's History of England*, vol. ii. p. 275; *Hallam's Constitutional History*, vol. i. p. 140; to *Warburton's Works*, vol. x. p. 88, on Divorce for *Temper*; to *Gibbon's Roman History*, vol. iv. p. 378, 4to.; to *Harington's Oceana*, p. 337, 4to.; to a Note on Divorce in Erasmus's Note on the N. T. v. *Jortin's Life of Erasmus*, T. ii. p. 214, and *C. Middleton's Life of Cicero*, T. ii. p. 171. See also *Analys. d. Bayle*, vol. v. p. 217, on Bossuet's Opinion of Divorce and Want of Temper. See the Opinions of Erasmus on Divorce, and in controversy with the Dominican Hostiate, in *Burigny's Vie d'Erasme*, vol. ii. p. 521. He considers that the Fathers of the Church, Ambrose, Tertullian, and Origen are with him, and his opinions are expressed with his usual moderation and good sense.

<sup>95</sup> See *Gibbon's Roman History*, vol. iv. p. 378, 4to.

notice, "George Booth Earl of Warrington. 'Considerations on Marriage and Divorce, 1739.' It is an argument for Divorce on *Disagreement of Temper.*" There are, however, in all societies some to whom every paradox is acceptable, and who rejoice in believing themselves superior to the settled opinions of mankind. By them it was greedily adopted, and they were named divorcers or Miltonists.<sup>96</sup> The Presbyterian clergy, then holding their assembly in Westminster, were much offended, and procured the author to be summoned before the House of Lords; 'but the house,' says Wood, 'whether approving the doctrine, or not favoring his accusers, did soon dismiss him.' The Lords probably considered the doctrines advanced as too wild and speculative to produce any practical mischief. Milton wished he had not written the work in English. 'Vellem hoc tantum sermone vernaculo me non scripsisse, non enim in *vernas* lectores incidissem, quibus solemne est sua bona ignorare, aliorum mala irridere:' on this confession it is plain that the work was viewed as an apology and defence of himself. In Bishop Hall's *Cases of Conscience* I have met with an allusion to this Work of Milton's, not noticed by his Biographers.<sup>97</sup> "I have heard too much of and once saw a licentious pamphlet thrown abroad in

<sup>96</sup> A passage in the *Electra* of *Sophocles*, by C. W. at the Hague, 1649, 8vo. proves that Milton's doctrine on divorce was not unnoticed.

'While like the froward *Miltonist*  
We our nuptiall knot untwist.'

See also a passage in *Echard*, quoted by Todd, p. 56, and in *Britain's Triumph*, p. 15, by G. S. What, Milton! are you come to see the fight? v. *Todd's Life*, p. 54. And see also his eleventh and twelfth Sonnets, in themselves a sufficient proof of the detraction and ridicule attending his doctrine.

<sup>97</sup> See also *Fell's Life of Hammond*, p. 200.

these lawless times in the defence and encouragement of Divorces (not to be sued out, that solemnity needed not, but) to be arbitrarily given by the disliking husband to his displeasing and unquiet wife ; upon this ground principally, that marriage was instituted for the help and comfort of man : where therefore the match proves such as that the wife doth but pull down by her aside, and innate peevishness, and either sullen, or pettish and proud disposition, brings rather discomfort to her husband, the end of marriage being hereby frustrate, why should it not, saith he, be in the husband's power (after some unprevailing means of reclamation attempted) to procure his own peace by casting off this clog : and to provide for his own peace and contentment in a fitter match ? I must seriously profess that when I first did cast my eyes upon the front of the book, I supposed some great wit meant to try his skill in the maintenance of this so wild and improbable a paradox, but ere I could have run over some of *those too well penned pages*, I found the author was in earnest, and meant seriously to contribute this piece of good counsel in way of reformation to the wise and reasonable care of superiors. I cannot but blush for our age, wherein so bold a motion hath been amongst others admitted to the light. What will all the Christian Churches through the world, to whose notice those lines shall come, think of our woful degeneration in these deplored times, that so uncouth a design should be set on foot amongst us ?" &c.<sup>98</sup>

The golden reins of discipline and government in the church being now let loose, Milton proceeded to put in practice the doctrine which he had advocated, and seriously paid his addresses to a very accomplished and beautiful

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<sup>98</sup> Consult *Bishop Burnet's Observations* in his *Life of the Earl of Rochester*, in *Dr. Wordsworth's Christ. Institutes*, vol. iv. p. 624, or the Index to that work under the head *Divorce*.



young lady, the daughter of Doctor Davis;<sup>99</sup> the lady, however, hesitated, and was not easily to be persuaded into the lawfulness of the proposal; which fortunately terminated in effecting a happy reconciliation with the offending and discarded wife.

He went sometimes to visit a relation, one Blackborough, who lived in the lane of St. Martin's-le-grand, and at one of these visits he was surprised to see his wife come from an inner room, throw herself on her knees before him, and implore forgiveness. Fenton has elegantly conjectured that Milton had this interview in his mind when in the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*, he describes that penitent supplication of Eve, and the reconciliation and forgiveness of Adam. It may be so; for the incident was too affecting and important ever to be forgotten; and it possessed something in its singular and romantic character that might easily pass in a mind like his into a transcript of poetical beauty. It is said that he was for some time inexorable; but partly, says his nephew, 'his own generous nature, more inclinable to reconciliation than to perseverance in anger or revenge, and partly the strong intercession of friends on both sides, soon brought him to an act of oblivion, and a firm league of peace.' It was the forgiveness of a good and generous mind, for he behaved ever after to her with affection, and received all her family into his house,<sup>1</sup> when their seat was seized by

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<sup>99</sup> During the desertion of his wife, Milton frequented the society of the Lady Margaret Leigh, a person of distinction and accomplishment. To Lady Ranelagh, the favourite sister of the illustrious Boyle, in his later years he was gratefully attached. He says of her to her son, who had been his pupil, "Nam et mihi omnium necessitudinum loco fuit." The reader will be referred with pleasure, on the mention of this illustrious lady, to *Mr. Crossley's* learned and interesting *Diary of Dr. Worthington*, p. 124. &c. v. Index.

<sup>1</sup> The family of the Powells continued to reside in Milton's house till after the death of his father in 1647. See *Todd's Life*, p. 88.



the rebels, and they were obliged, at a ruinous expense, to compound for their estate.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Powell is said to have lost by the wars, above three thousand pounds, and to have died above fifteen hundred pounds in debt, leaving a widow and nine children. The dowry of a thousand pounds promised to Milton with his wife remained unpaid at his death. On Mrs. Anne Powell's petition<sup>3</sup> to the commissioners for her thirds, the following observations were made. 'Mr. Milton is a harsh and choleric man, and married Mr. Powell's daughter, who would be undone if any such course were taken against him by Mrs. Powell; he having turned away his wife heretofore for a long space, upon some other occasion (var. a small occasion).'<sup>4</sup> Milton, it appears, having discharged the fine upon Mr. Powell's estate, had succeeded to the possession of it; and his mother-in-law,

<sup>2</sup> See the transcript of the original documents of Mr. Powell's compounding in *Todd's Life*, (second ed.) p. 69, 70; and *Milton's Petition*, p. 81.

<sup>3</sup> This passage may throw some additional light on the subject of the desertion of Milton by his wife. Aubrey says, she was a zealous royalist, and went *without* her husband's consent to her mother in the king's quarters. (Letter iii. p. 441.) The truth, then, as far as we can command it, seems to be, that she found her bridal home cheerless and dull: her husband's temper unsuitable to hers, and his opinions different; that disagreements arose and discontent on either side; and when the king and his army and court arrived in the neighbourhood of her father's house, she gladly availed herself of the opportunity of joining them, with her family. Their support secured her against the power of enforcing her return; and had the king's party been victorious, she probably would never have returned, nor acknowledged her marriage. The battle of Naseby, and the beauty of Miss Davis, brought her to her senses. One of Milton's antagonists (G. S. 1660) accuses him; 'You throw aside your wife, because your *waspish spirit* could not agree with her qualities, and your *crooked phantasy* could not be brought to take delight in her.'

<sup>4</sup> See *Todd's Life*, p. 90 (second ed.).

by petition, was anxious to recover her thirds, which she was afraid to press for by suit.

In 1644, at the request of his friend Hartlib, he published his *Treatate on Education*, and in the same year, he addressed to the Parliament his *Areopagitica, or a Speech for the Liberty of unlicensed Printing*.<sup>5</sup> The plan developed in the former tract must, I am afraid, be considered as little less than a splendid dream; a noble outline of a theory too magnificent to be realized. What is promised in the time allowed, could not possibly be performed. While Milton is projecting the mastery of every science, the attainment of so many languages, acquaintance with such various authors; is moving over the extensive circle of his studies, and piling up his structure of education even to its turrets and pinnacles; the humbler plan which experience has approved, is content with laying deep its foundations during the years of youth, in acquiring habits of accurate reasoning, in cultivating correct taste, and in learning those sound principles of philosophy which may hereafter be developed and directed into various channels. What Milton professes to complete in a few years, the old system is contented to commence; one is only planting the tree and fertilizing the soil, the other is already reposing under its shade, and feeding on its fruits.<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>5</sup> Sextus the Fourth, who died in 1484, was the first who placed the press under the control of a licenser. In 1649 Gilbert Mabbot resigned the office of licenser, and urged the reasoning of Milton's work as his defence. See *Birch's Life*, p. xxix. and *Hollis's Memoirs*, p. 257, who calls him S. Mabbot, or rather Mabbold, for so he is called in *Whitelock's Index*.

<sup>6</sup> See *Hurd's Cowley*, vol. i. p. 49. "Ingenious men," says the Editor, "delight in dreams of reformation. In comparing this *Proposition* of Cowley, with that of *Milton*, addressed to Mr. Hartlib, we find that those great Poets had amused themselves with some exalted and in the main congenial fancies on the subject of Education. That, of the two

The *Areopagitica* is, on the whole, one of the finest productions in prose from Milton's pen. For vigour and eloquence of style, unconquerable force of argument, majesty, and richness of language, it is not to be surpassed. 'Milton was the first defender, let it be remembered, in Europe, of a free press and an unfettered conscience.' Doctor Johnson considers the argument which it discusses to be of very difficult solution. I shall content myself with observing, that the liberty of the press is the basis of all other,<sup>7</sup> and that when a nation becomes sufficiently enlightened to demand the removal of the restrictions, which have been imposed when governments were arbitrary, and the people ignorant, the correction of the evils attendant on its liberty must be found, not in the punishment of the offenders, but in the good sense and moral feeling of the community. 'Any attempt, (says a learned Prelate, in one of his charges to the Clergy) to suppress, or even to check the spirit of inquiry which is abroad in the world, would not only be a vain and fruitless attempt, but a violation of the indefeasible liberty of the human mind, and an interference with its natural constitution, to impart

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plans proposed, that of Mr. Cowley was better digested, and is the less painful, if a preference in this respect can be given to either, when both are manifestly Utopian: and that our Universities in their present form, are well enough calculated to answer all reasonable ends of such institutions, provided we allow for the considerable defects of them, when drawn out into practice."

<sup>7</sup> 'The Liberty of the Press and the Trial by Jury are the great securities for all our other liberties!' Sir J. Mackintosh's Speech at Bristol, 1822. 'The press and its enemy,' says Burke, 'are nearly coeval.' See Works, vol. x. p. 115. "We read the noble apology of Milton for the Liberty of the Press, with admiration; but it had but little influence on the Parliament to whom it was addressed." *Hallam's Const. History*, iii. p. 4. "It should be further remarked, that in the days of their supremacy, the Presbyterians resisted even the eloquence of Milton when it pleaded for the freedom of unlicensed Printing." *Lebas' Life of Laud*, p. 249.

to that spirit a right devotion, to sanctify it with holy motives, to temper it to righteous purposes, to shape it to ends which lie beyond the limits of this beginning of our existence, will be the endeavour of those who desire to make the cultivation of intellect conduce to moral improvement, and to establish the Kingdom of Christ at once in the understandings and affections of mankind.' It is in this way that virtue is stronger than vice, that truth triumphs over falsehood, and law is superior to offence. Johnson's observation that 'if every sceptic in theology may teach his follies, there can be no religion,'<sup>8</sup> falls to the ground, when it is remembered that *our* religion was born amid disbelief and doubt, and has grown up and increased among every variety of heresy, and form of scepticism that the ingenuity of man could devise. Hume's famous argument that was to be the touchstone of truth, has only served to establish the force of testimony, and to confirm the credibility of miracles. 'The Christian Church,' says a late pious and enlightened author, 'has never been in so great danger, as when it has continued for any time in a state of unruffled prosperity. The exertion of sects, &c. are naturally inseparable from the nature of imperfect intelligence, but of benefit to religion itself; and while the Bible continues to be the authorized standard of Faith, they can be of no material prejudice. If it be of man it will come to nought, but if it be of God he cannot overthrow it, nor need we fear evil from it. I respect even the errors of the conscientious Christian, and feel the im-

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<sup>8</sup> The moderation and justice of Toland's sentiments on this subject may excite surprise (v. p. 79.) 'The wishes of all good men are, that the national church, being secur'd in her worship and emoluments, may not be allowed to force others to her communion; and that all dissenters from it, being secur'd in their liberty of conscience, may not be permitted to meddle with the riches or power of the national church.' May a sentiment so philosophically just prove historically true!

possibility of a perfect unison of sentiment in rational beings who think for themselves.' <sup>9</sup>

In 1645 Milton collected his early poems, Latin and English, for the press; in which the *Allegro*<sup>10</sup> and *Penferoso* appeared for the first time. Of the picturesque imagery, the musical versification, and the brilliant language of these poems, praise too high cannot be heard. They have all the pastoral beauties, and sweet descriptions of our elder poets, embellished and heightened by a richer style, and a more refined combination. It has been more than once observed, that these poems, short as they are, have collected in one splendid view all that can be said on their respective subjects.<sup>11</sup>

Moseley the publisher says in his preface, 'that the poems of Spenser, in these English ones are as nearly imitated, as sweetly excelled.' It is to this edition that the portrait by Marshall is prefixed, which so much displeased Milton; and which has transformed the youthful bard into a puritanical gentleman of fifty; it is the first published portrait of the Poet.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>9</sup> See *Sir Thomas Bernard's Comforts of Old Age*, p. 106. See also John Hale's Sermon, *Peace of the Church*. *Works*, vol. iii. p. 11.

<sup>10</sup> Mr. Peck's manner of giving the titles of these poems is ludicrously quaint. He calls them 'His Homo L'Allegro, or the lætans; and his Homo Il Penferoso, or the cogitans.' v. *New Memoirs*, p. 26. *Comus* had been printed in 1637, and *Lycidas* in 1638. Before *Cartwright's Poems*, 1651, is a copy of verses by J. Leigh, enumerating the various Poets whose works had been published by *Moseley*, but omitting the name of *Milton*.

<sup>11</sup> "This is *Mab*, the Mistress Fairy." On this line of Jonson, Gifford says, "This Faery Mythology which has been copied by Milton, and which has sufficient beauty to make it familiar to every reader of Poetry, is quoted by Mr. Brand from a scarce book in his possession. This is also the case with many other passages in Jonson, which are given with all due mystery at the hundredth hand from some rare treatise in the author's collection." v. *Works*, vol. vi. p. 471.

<sup>12</sup> Salmasius considered this print as presenting not an unfavourable

In 1647, as the relations of his wife had gradually left him, he removed into a smaller house in Holborn, which opened backward into Lincoln's Inn Fields, and continued the instruction of a few scholars, chiefly the sons of gentlemen his friends. That there ever was a design of making him an adjutant general in the army of Sir William Waller may be doubted; for Phillips has expressed his belief doubtfully, and Waller was considered at that time the leader of the Presbyterians, between whom and our Poet no amity could now exist.

His next publication in 1648-9, was the *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*.<sup>13</sup> This was occasioned by the outcry of the Presbyterians against the death of Charles;<sup>14</sup> whereas Milton proves that they who so much condemned deposing were the men themselves that deposed the king: and cannot, with all their shifting and relapsing, wash the guiltiness off their own hands. For they themselves, by their late doings have made it guiltiness, and turned their own warrantable actions into rebellion. He then pushes on his arguments against them till he shows that they not only deposed, but how much they did toward the killing the king. 'Have they not levied all these warrs against him whether offensive or defensive (for defence in warr equally offends, and most prudently before hand) and giv'n commission to slay where they knew his person

portrait of Milton. The pastoral view in the back ground is worthy of Ostade; but 'neat handed Phyllis' is, methinks, a little too free. She should have recollected that in a dance 'Junctæque nymphis *Gratiæ* decentes.'

<sup>13</sup> This tract first published February 1648-9, republished with additions in 1650.

<sup>14</sup> See *Swift's Miscellanies*, vol. ix. p. 95. *The Presbyterians' Plea*. See also *Hall's Downfall of Maygames*, 4to. p. 39. "Who were they who petitioned in print for the Life of the King? Were they not the Presbyterian Ministers in London, one of them losing his head not long after on a Royal account," &c.



could not be exempt from danger? and if chance or flight had not sav'd him, how oft'n had they kill'd him, directing thir artillery without blame or prohibition to the very place where they saw him stand? Have they not sequester'd him, judg'd or unjudgd, and converted his renew to other uses, detaining from him as a grand delinquent, all meanes of livelyhood, so that for them long since he might have perisht, or have starv'd? Have they not hunted and pursu'd him round about the kingdom with sword and fire? Have they not formerly deny'd to treat with him, and thir now recanting ministers preach'd against him, as a reprobate incurable, an enemy to God and his Church markt for destruction, and therefore not to be treated with? Have they not besieg'd him, and to thir power forbidd him water and fire, save what they shot against him to the hazard of his life? Yet while they thus assaulted and endangerd it with hostile deeds, they swore in words to defend it with his crown and dignity,' &c. Not long after he wrote his *Observations on the Articles of Peace* between the Earl of Ormond and the Irish rebels.

But though Milton in his writings discuss'd those measures which he considered important to the public welfare, his life was strictly private, passed with his scholars, and among his studies; and his *History of England* was just commenced; when, without any solicitation, he was invited<sup>15</sup> by the council of the state to be their secretary for foreign tongues. They had resolved to employ the Latin language in their correspondence with other nations: and no man more eminently skilled in the knowledge of it,

<sup>15</sup> See the original orders of council appointing a committee to invite him to accept the office, first printed in *Todd's Life* (second ed.) p. 107. He succeeded in this office Mr. Weckherleyn, whose only daughter was mother of Sir W. Trumball, the friend of Pope.



than Milton, could at that time probably have been found.

Bishop Newton wishes this example had been followed; but I must express my doubts whether diplomatic correspondence could be carried on through the medium of the Latin tongue, with the facility or the precision that would be now required. • It surely is better that every nation should express itself in its own idioms, than to attempt to make an ancient language convey new varieties of opinion, and new modifications of thought. Modern languages are constantly borrowing from each other to supply those minute shades of meaning, and to express those refined and subtle ideas that have arisen in the progress of knowledge, and that have been brought from more advanced habits, and more complicated structures of society. To effect this with a language that has long been removed from use, is surely to encumber oneself with unnecessary difficulties, and to prefer the less commodious vehicle of reasoning.<sup>16</sup>

In 1649-50 it was ordered by the council, that Mr. Milton do prepare something in answer to the book of Salmasius, and when he hath done it bring it to the council. Previously however, to this, he had written

<sup>16</sup> See *Mackintosh's Life of Sir T. More*, p. 25, for observations on this subject. "Erasmus, who is the master and model of this system of composition, admirably shews how much he has gained by *loosing the fetters of a dead speech*, and acquiring in its stead the nature, cause, variety, and vivacity of a spoken and living tongue," &c. See also *Schlegel's History of Literature*, vol. i. p. 277. There was something beyond measure barbarous and ruinous, in the custom of trusting all matters connected with science, learning, *legislative and state policy* to a dead and foreign language, &c. vol. ii. 57. "The use of a foreign dialect in diplomacy can never fail to produce injurious effects upon the vernacular idiom," &c. See also *Voltaire's Mélanges Littéraires*, vol. i. p. 30, on writing *dans une langue morte*, and *D'Alembert's Mélanges de Littérature*,

his answer<sup>17</sup> to the *Icon Basilike*, it is supposed by a verbal command: for no written order of the council to that effect has been found. The grievous charge of having, in conjunction with Bradshaw, interpolated the book of the king,<sup>18</sup> with a prayer taken from *Sydney's Arcadia*, and then of imputing the use of the prayer to the monarch, as a heavy crime, has been clearly and completely refuted.

It appears that the private prayers of the king were delivered by him to Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, immediately before his death, and on the scaffold; that they were added to some of the earlier impressions of the *Icon*; that the prayer was adopted by the king from the *Arcadia*, a book that he delighted to read,<sup>19</sup> and that Juxon would not have been silent, had the prayer been inserted by the enemies of his lamented monarch, to calumniate his memory.

We must now pass on to the celebrated controversy with Salmasius;<sup>20</sup> Charles the Second employed that great

T. 5. p. 545. See some curious instances of the impossibility of using the meaning of modern terms in Latin, in *Leibnitz's Miscellanies*, p. 153.

<sup>17</sup> Milton's Answer was printed in London in 1649, 4to. again in 1650. Of the *Icon Basilike*, forty-seven editions were circulated in England alone, and 48,500 copies sold. Toland says, Milton was rewarded by the parliament for his performance with the present of a thousand pounds. v. *Life*, p. 32. The real fact is not ascertained.

<sup>18</sup> See *Newton's Life of Milton*, p. xxxviii.

<sup>19</sup> The books which Charles delighted to read, and which show his knowledge and taste, are given in *Sir Thomas Herbert's Memoirs*, p. 61, viz. *Bp. Andrews' Sermons*, *Hooker's Eccl. Polity*, *Hammond's Works*, *Sandys's Psalms*, *Herbert's Poems*, *Fairfax's Tasso*, *Harington's Ariosto*, *Spenser's Fairy Queen*, &c. The prayer from the *Arcadia* is a mere transcript, with the necessary alteration of a few words.

<sup>20</sup> "Un Anglais nommé Jean Milton a répondu à M. de Saumaïse, pro Populo Anglicano; je pense que M. de Saumaïse lu répondra." *L'Esprit de Guy Patin*, p. 171. Reimar in the *Catalog. Biblioth. suæ*, vol. iii. p. 593 gives high praise to an article by Boecler in his *Museum* 1672 de

scholar to write a Defence of his Monarchy, and to vindicate his father's memory; to stimulate his industry, it is said,<sup>21</sup> a hundred Jacobuses were given to him. Since the death of the illustrious younger Scaliger, no scholar had acquired the reputation of Salmasius; partly, as Johnson asserted, for his skill in emendatory criticism, in which however he was equalled by some of his contemporaries, but especially for his great knowledge of antiquity, the multiplicity of his attainments, and his immense research in ancient languages.<sup>22</sup> His Commentary on Solinus, and

Miltono, p. 34-41, de Salmasio, p. 41-48, as written with a beauty of style, acuteness of perception, and weight of reasoning that would have done honour to Tacitus. On Salmasius's arguments see *Perizonii Disputationes*, p. 643-648. A German writer of a life of Salmasius, acknowledges that Milton had the better in the conflict in these words—Hans, Jack, von, Milton—not to be compared in learning and genius with the incomparable Salmasius, *yet a shrewd and cunning lawyer,*" &c.

<sup>21</sup> Wood asserts that Salmasius had no reward for his book. He says, 'the king sent Dr. Morley, then at Leyden, to the apologist with his thanks, but not with a purse of gold, as John Milton the *impudent liar* reported.' *Wood's Ath.* Ox. ii. p. 770. See also *Salmon's Lives of the English Bishops* (Dr. Morley), p. 344. See *Voltaire's* opinion of this Controversy in *Siècle de Louis XIV.* Tom. i. p. 135, 234; vol. xxii. ed. 1785.

<sup>22</sup> Toland says, 'What's worse than all the rest, he (Salmasius) appear'd on this occasion such an absolute stranger and bungler in his own province, as to open a large field for Milton to divert himself with his barbarous phrases and solecisms,' vol. i. p. 31. The fact is, Salmasius, with all his vast erudition, from a hasty impetuosity of mind, committed occasionally great mistakes. I have a work of his, in which he makes our *Saviour born at Jerusalem*. 'Autant de livres de sa façon, autant d'impromptu,' (says Vigneul de Marville,) 'mais il ne digéroit assez bien les matières qu'il traitoit. Ce qu'il donnoit au public, il donnoit tout crû, avec dédain, et comme tout en colère. Il sembloit jeter son Grec, son Latin, et toute sa science à la tête des gens. Grotius au contraire considère tout, digère tout, l'ordonne, et le range sagement. Il respecte et ménage son lecteur. Son érudition est comme un grand fleuve qui se répand largement, fait du bien à tout le monde. Crescit cum ampli-

his Treatise de Re Hellenistica are imperishable monuments of his fame. Grotius alone could compete with him ; and if Grotius were at all inferior, which I know not, in the

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tudine rerum, vis ingenii.'—i. p. 9. D'autres ne peuvent écrire qu'à la hâte, et ne sauroient repasser sur leurs ouvrages. M. de Saumaïse étoit de ce caractère.' Gronovius (de Sestertiis, p. 46,) says of him, 'Habebat hoc vir ille incomparabilis ut uberrimo ingenio nulla sufficeret manus, et ubi instituerat scribere, nec rerum, nec verborum modum nosset. Sic factum esset, ut multa illi exciderent, quæ norat ipse melius et rectius alio die tradiderat, tradebatque quæ, si paululum attendisset animum, facile vitasset.' What the great Scaliger thought of Salmasius, then young, may be gathered from the beginning of one of his letters to him (Ep. ccxlviii.) 'nunquam ab epistolis tuis discedo nisi doctior : '—a delightful character of Salmasius is given by the learned Huet, in his *Commentar. de Rebus ad Eum (Se) pertin.* p. 125—130, who says, 'Si quis certe animum ejus atque mores ex scriptis æstimare velit, arrogans fuisse videatur, contumax, sibi que presidens ; at in usu, et consuetudine vitæ, nihil placidius, nihil mitius, comis ad hæc, urbanus, et officii plenus, verum benignitati ejus ac quieti multum officiebat uxor imperiosa Anna Mercera,' and then he proceeds to give an account how Salmasius's wife insisted, when he was presented at the court of Christina, in *dressing him in scarlet breeches and gloves, with a black cap and white feather.* Salmasius told him he was very ill with the gout the whole time he was in Sweden ; that Christina used to come to his bed ; and one morning found him reading 'Libellum Subturpiculum,' which the affrighted professor hid under the bedclothes ; but Christina searched for it and got it ; and, being delighted with it, called in a young and beautiful lady of the name of 'Sparra,' whom she made to read aloud the passages that pleased her : and while the girl blushed at her task, the Queen and her attendants were convulsed with laughter. Huet saw at Salmasius' house the girl 'Pontia,' and says she was 'satis elegans.' His account of the amour of Morus with this girl is not so unfavourable as Milton's ; in fact, he made Morus sign a paper to marry her, but the passion and intemperance of Salmasius' wife rendered all interference unsuccessful. Morus was ill in Salmasius' house, and Pontia nursed him, which was the beginning of the acquaintance. An epitaph on Salmasius is given in V. Paravicini Sing. de Viris Erud. (1713) p. 201, in the bombastic style of the time.

Ingens exigua jacet hâc sub mole sepultus  
 Assertor Regum, numinis atque pugil  
 Finivit Spadæ vitam Salmasius hospes

extent of his information, he far excelled Salmasius in the correctness of his judgment, the distribution of his knowledge, and the more luminous arrangement of his erudition. Grotius was an elegant poet and an enlightened philosopher, as well as a profound scholar; and the names of these two illustrious men were in commendation not often disjoined. Selden speaks of Grotius, 'as the greatest, the chief of men,' and of Salmasius as 'most admirable;' to whom he wished much more to be like than to be the most eminent person for riches and honour in the world; and Cardinal Richelieu declared, that Bignonius, Grotius, and Salmasius were the only persons of that age whom he looked upon as arrived at the highest pitch of learning. The learned Gataker considered him worthy of the appellation bestowed on Picus Mirandula, 'The miracle of the age he lived in.'<sup>23</sup> Such was the antagonist whom Milton had been commanded to meet. The work which the exiled monarch required from the critic was probably somewhat beyond the circle of his studies; he wrote also on the unpopular side; and some among his friends neither admired the motive, nor anticipated the success of his undertaking,<sup>24</sup> for Salmasius was himself a

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Trajectum cineres ossaque triste tenet.

Quod mortali fuit perit, pars altera cœlis

Reddita, fit major, doctior esse nequit.

For Letters from Christina to Salmasius in the Ottoboni Palace at Rome, see *Keysser's Travels*, vol. iii. p. 147. For his alleged intrigues and conduct in Sweden, see *Jugleri's Bibl. Histor.* T. i. p. 351, and see also *Recueil de quelques Pièces curieuses de la Reine Christine*, p. 295, printed at Cologne among the *Recueil des Histoires Galantes*, 12mo.

<sup>23</sup> See *Answer to Lilie*, p. 85. 4to.

<sup>24</sup> See *Sarravii Epistolæ*, p. 224, his love and admiration of Salmasius evince qualities in that great man that commanded esteem. 'De Salmasio quid dicam? ad eum quippe me vocas. Præcipiti Octobri ejus in amplexus ivi. Cum eo vivere amem et obeam libens. Vis plura? Si per impossibile cuiquam mortalium erigantur unquam altaria, mihi Deus,

presbyterian, and had written against episcopacy. Hobbes says, 'he is unable to decide whose language is best, or whose argument worst,' and certainly the question is too

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Deus ille, suavissime Fabrici. De omnigena doctrina; moribusque humanissimis tibi comperta narrare nihil attinet,' p. 32. See also his 51st *Epistle to Al. More*. In his 140th, speaking of the death of Grotius, he says, 'Utri vestrum, Te Grotiumque intelligo, debetur hujus sæculi principatus literarius; decernet ventura ætas.' In the 198th Letter Sarravius first mentions the subject of Salmasius's defence, which he applauds. 'Laudo tamen animi tui generosum propositum, quo nefandum scelus aperte damnare sustines.' Then he mentions that *Bochart* intended 'eandem Spartam ornare,' but had been dissuaded. In the 208th, 'De tuo pro infelice Rege Apologetico solens facis, qui facis quod libet, et amicorum consilia spernis.' In the 214th he has seen his work, 'Omni-no magnus est iste tuus labor, et istam materiam profunde meditatus es.' In the 216th he says, 'Tuam defensionem quod spectat, dolendum esset in ipsis nascendi primordiis interire.' In the 222nd he speaks of the *first* edition of Salmasius's work: in the 223rd he complains that a copy had not been sent to Charles's widow. 'Quamvis enim, inquiebat, sit in re minime lauta, tamen potuisse solvere pretium tabellarii, qui illud attulisset.' The 228th is the letter so often quoted, beginning 'Te ergo habemus reum satentem.' Sarravius differed from him in his defence of Episcopacy. July 1648 he tells him 'vos amis le plaignent, que vous ne faites rien de ce dont ils vous prient, et que vos ennemis au contraire ont l'avantage de vous faire écrire de ce qu'il leur plaît:' from a careful perusal of the correspondence connected with this subject, I am convinced that the effect said to be produced by Milton's defence on Salmasius, and on his reputation has been *prodigiously overrated*. Salmasius seems at that time to have been as much interested about other works which he had in hand, and especially about conducting safely and commodiously his journey to Sweden, and preserving his health in that cold climate. It must also be observed that whatever More's moral character was, he stood in high esteem and reputation in the learned world, and that Milton's attack therefore affected him deeply. See *Tan. Fabri. Epistol.* lxvi. lib. i. ed. 1674, p. 219. A full and impartial account of him may be read in *Bayle's Dict.* Art. 'Morus.' Arch. Blackburne calls More the *Atterbury*, or rather the *Dodd* of his age. v. *Mem. of Hollis*, p. 522. On A. More, see *Alberti Oratio de Poesi Theologis utili*, p. 404. 'Quis Bezam,' &c. v. *Opuscula de Ratione Studiorum*, 8vo. See a Note by Prof. Wytttenbach on A. More, and in *Plutarch's Moralia*. T. i. p. 415.



often lost sight of in discussing the niceties of verbal construction,<sup>25</sup> or in personal altercation ; nor is the argument disposed with the calm and comprehensive views of the statesman and philosopher. That Milton's fame, however, was widely and honourably extended by this performance, no doubt can be entertained, it was

In Liberty's defence, a noble task,  
Of which all Europe rang from side to side ;

but that Salmasius suffered disgrace at the court of Christina ; that he was dismissed with contempt, or considered as defeated with dishonour, rests upon no valid authority.<sup>26</sup> Milton in his Second Defence expressly allowed, that the queen, attentive to the dignity of her station, let the stranger experience no diminution of her former kindness or munificence. The health of that illustrious scholar had long been languishing under his unremitted labours. He was afflicted with gout if not with stone, and he went to seek relief from the mineral waters of Spa (which he was supposed to have drunk improperly), where he died. The queen had offered him large appointments<sup>27</sup> to remain in

<sup>25</sup> On Milton's Latinity, see *Morbof's Polyhist.* T. i. p. 301-2. It was said that Salmasius stole from *Schickard's Jus. Hebr. Reg.* See *Morbof*, vol. ii. p. 562. See *Jugleri* in his *Bibliotheca Historica*, vol. i. p. 632, who intended to give an historical and literary criticism on this controversy. 'Salmasio,' says *Morbof*, 'nonnunquam σόλοια excuderunt.' See vol. i. p. 280 and 828.

<sup>26</sup> Other scholars were attracted to the court of Sweden by the promises held out by Christina, and by her character, but few could bear the severity of the climate. Descartes died from its effects. G. Naudé also went, but returned from the same cause. See *Œuvres de Boileau*, vol. iii. p. 417, note. Grotius also was in Sweden. Frenshemius was attracted to Stockholm. See *Jugleri's B. Hist.* vol. iii. p. 2058. Meibomius also was there. See *Chamfort's Œuvres*, vol. ii. p. 238, on Christina's caprices shown to Descartes. See *Mad. Motteville's Mémoires*, vol. i. p. 378.

<sup>27</sup> He had a pension of 40,000 livres from Sweden. It may astonish some of my readers to know that Salmasius was a *republican*, 'Placebat

Sweden, and greatly regretted his departure; but the coldness of the climate was injurious to him: and after his death, she wrote a letter full of concern for his loss, and respect for his memory; the slander first thrown out in the *Mercurius Politicus*,<sup>28</sup> and so frequently repeated, ought no longer to be believed. Salmasius went full of years and honours to his grave.<sup>29</sup>

The purpose of Salmasius<sup>30</sup> was to support the doctrine

*Salmasio respublica.* He was invited by the University of Oxford to settle there on very handsome terms: 'and,' says his biographer, 'he would have gone *nisi aliquid ab eo petissent, quamvis beatissima conditione, quod cum ad nationis utilitatem spectaret, non erat tamen ad genium ipsius;*' but so far was Salmasius, as all Milton's biographers assert, from being a slavish admirer of kings or regal governments, that '*Bataviam hæc in parte præ Angliâ preferebat quod majorem semper in respublica quam in regno libertatem esse judicaret.*' v. *Vit. Salmas.* p. xvi. It was not solely on account of his superior learning that Salmasius was selected by the adherents of Charles, but that some of his previous writings on matters connected with the Church and the sects, had produced much effect in England. '*Dissertatio de episcopis et presbyteris multum juverat optime sentientes (in Britannia) in abrogando jure Episcoporum, quod multi ex proceribus, et viris primariis ultro cum gratiarum actione testati sunt:*' and it appears that he was in the habit of being consulted on ecclesiastical affairs by the persons of rank and influence in England, '*Consilium Salmasii sæpius per deputationes implorarunt regni proceres.*'

<sup>28</sup> *Mercurius Politicus* of Marchmont Needham, Milton's friend, commenced June 9, 1649, ended April 1660.

<sup>29</sup> It is curious to read the account of this controversy in the *Abbé D'Artigny's Mémoires de Littérature*, &c. 1741. T. ii. p. 173, where he says, 'The dispute of Salmasius was reserved for a writer far below him, and unknown in the republic of letters:' he had the portion of those, who, escaping great dangers, at last perished of the blow of some cowardly raw recruit. The Frenchman seems to think that Milton's attack, joined to his wife's ill-humour, affected the old scholar grievously; but see *D'Olivet, Hist. de l'Académie Française*. T. ii. p. 377, which is decisive.

<sup>30</sup> Dr. Symmons has allowed the skill and eloquence displayed in the work of Salmasius, vide *Life*, p. 356, and has shown how much Burke was indebted to it. In that strange rambling work, T. Hollis's *Memoirs*, there is an engraving by Cipriani, representing Milton's head on

of the divine rights of kings : to prove that the king is a person with whom the supreme power of the kingdom resides, and who is answerable to God alone. Milton asserted the undisputed sovereignty of the people. This he terms agreeable to the laws of God, and of nature. That by the laws of God, by those of nations, and by the municipal laws of our own country, a king of England may be brought to trial and to death ; that the laws of God do in this exactly agree with the laws of nature : and that this is a settled maxim of the law of nature never to be shaken, that the senate and the people are superior to kings ; and that, if asked by what law, by what right or justice, the king was dethroned, the answer is, by that law which God and nature have created ; that whatever things are for the universal good of the whole state, are for that reason lawful and just ; and that a people obliged by an oath, is discharged of that obligation, when a lawful prince becomes a tyrant, or gives himself over to sloth and voluptuousness. The rule of justice, the very law of nature dispenses with such a people's allegiance. That these doctrines have been always acknowledged by the common consent of mankind, he endeavours to prove from the history of ancient nations. Thus the kings of the Jews were subject to the very same laws as the people. He traces a similar belief through Egypt and Persia, through the Grecian history, and the annals of the Roman empire. He alleges the authority of the ancient Scriptures, the gospel, and the fathers. He then finds his doctrine supported by the usage and constitution of our government from the period of the British history, through the Saxon

a terminus, on which is a medallion suspended inclosing the portrait of Salmasius ; this was a print emblematical of Milton's victory, v p. 383. See *Spanheim's Char. of Salmasius* in *Miscellanea Leibnitziana*, p. 100 ; also *Hacker's Life of Abp. Williams*, p. 14. 30.

and Norman times, and traces the supreme power of the legislative assembly to the reign of Charles. Such is a faint outline of his argument; in this work he openly accuses Buckingham of having poisoned King James, and afterwards even makes a bolder assertion, that Charles was accessory to the crime.<sup>31</sup>

The first reply to Milton's *Defensio Populi* was<sup>32</sup> published in 1651. Milton, who assisted his nephew Philips in the answer, was willing to consider it as the production of that distinguished prelate, Bramhall, whom he treats with the same coarseness of sarcasm, and violence of invective which had been employed against Salmasius, imputing to him the greatest excesses, and the practice of the most degrading vices. Bramhall<sup>33</sup> had disowned the writing imputed to him, but the real author was not discovered till the industry of Mr. Todd brought the secret to light. He proves to be one John Rowland, and calls himself 'Pastor Ecclesiæ particularis.' In this tract the accusation of the death of James the First by poison is repeated.

<sup>31</sup> A person named Jeanes or Janes published an answer to Milton's *Eikonoklastes* in the year of the Restoration, 1660. This book was brought out again under the title of "Salmasius, his destruction of the Diabolical Rebel Milton"—intending thereby to pass it off as a Translation of Salmasius' Posthumous Work, ad Joannem Miltonium responsio. It was in fact the same work and the same edition as that brought out by Janes, with the exception of the title and a leaf of address to the reader.

<sup>32</sup> In the original editions of the *Defensio Populi*, and *Defensio Secunda*, the name of the author is printed Joannis Miltoni, i. e. Miltonii; he therefore differed from those who would render the English termination 'on,' by 'onus' in Latin.

<sup>33</sup> See extract from *Bishop Bramhall's Letter to his Son*, May, 1654. 'That silly book, which he ascribes to me, was written by one John Rowland, who since hath replied upon him. I never read a word either of the first book or the reply in my life.' v. *Todd's Life*, p. 83; also see *Reimanni Catalog. Bibl. suæ*. T. iii. p. 781. *Job. Rowlandi Polemica et Irenica pro Rege et Populo Anglicano, adversus Job. Miltonum*, 1653 sine loco.

Next year (1652) appeared ‘*Regiū Sanguinis clamor ad cœlum adversus Parricidas Anglicanos* :’ this work was written by Peter du Moulin, a Frenchman, afterwards Prebendary of Canterbury, but A. More, who had the care of the publication, was treated by Milton as the real author. The mistake was afterwards discovered, but Milton had exhausted his invective against More, and suffered Du Moulin to escape.<sup>34</sup> Alexander More was a Scotchman by birth, settled in France, and was the son of the principal of the Protestant College of Castres in Languedoc. He was a person of talent and learning, but more eminently distinguished as a brilliant though eccentric preacher. It was an unfortunate hour for him when he threw the shield of his name to protect Du Moulin’s writings, for More’s personal character was open to remark. He had, it appears, entered into a love-intrigue at Leyden, with an English girl, who is called Pontia, and who was waiting-maid to the wife of Salmasius.<sup>35</sup> This occasioned much

<sup>34</sup> See *Du Moulin’s Latin Poems*, p. 140; and *L’Esprit de G. Patin*, p. 64. P. du Moulin, one of the most distinguished pastors of the reformed Church in France, during the 16th and 17th centuries, left an *Autograph Memoir*, or rather Collection of Anecdotes, behind him, which is now in the hands of Mons. Marron of Paris, and will shortly be published. See *Foreign Quart. Rev.* No. XVI. p. 512.

<sup>35</sup> The wife of Salmasius was a great shrew, but she had a high opinion of her husband. Il se laissoit dominer par une femme hautaine et chagrine, qui se vantoit d’avoir pour mari, mais non pour maître ‘le plus savant de tous les nobles, et le plus noble de tous les savans.’ v. *Huetiana*, p. x. The 88th Letter of Sarravius opens a curious domestic picture of Salmasius’s family. He had, it appears, applied to Sarravius to procure him some maid-servants, and his friend fairly answers him. ‘Timeo ne itineris difficultates, cum *uxoris tuæ moribus* multas deterreant.’ Salmasius was presented with the order of St. Michael by Louis XIII. hence Milton calls him ‘Eques.’—The biographers of Milton have taken their account of Salmasius chiefly from N. Heinsius, without keeping in mind that Heinsius was his *bitter and implacable enemy*. Not wishing to give offence, still I must say, that not one of those who have

domestic dispute and jealousy in the house of the learned professor, and became the subject of raillery in the correspondence of the friends of Salmasius. It appears also, that a similar adventure with a servant maid, of the name of Claudia Peletta, with whom More is accused of intriguing before and after her marriage, was the occasion of his leaving Geneva; and a third amour, with a young female domestic of the name of Tibaltiana, is also mentioned. Milton did not spare his enemy on the side where he was so much exposed; and More shrunk from the bitter storm of invective, sarcasm, and irony, that his indignant antagonist poured on all sides upon him.<sup>36</sup>

The 'Second Defence' is one of the most interesting of Milton's writings.<sup>37</sup> Johnson has quoted from it the eloquent eulogy on Cromwell: the character of Bradshaw is drawn with all the skill and power of Clarendon, and presents a noble portrait of the intrepid regicide; and the address to Fairfax has for ever exalted the character, and dignified the memory of that illustrious soldier. I

written on this controversy seems to me to be really acquainted with the works or character of Salmasius. See also *N. Heinsii Poem. Lat.* 152. 165.

<sup>36</sup> In *Sarravii Epistolæ* are many addressed with respect and esteem to Al. More. He seems not to have been permanently injured by Milton's attack, and he would hardly be recognized as *the same person* in the party-statement of Milton, and the impartial life by Bayle. A copy of Latin verses by A. More, addressed to N. Heinsius, is in the *Adoptivorum Carmina*, p. 19. See also *Huetii Carmina*, p. 33. ed. Grævii. v. *Reimanni Catal. Bibl. suæ*, vol. iii. p. 401.

<sup>37</sup> See *Talfourd's Memoirs of Charles Lamb*, vol. i. p. 242, a Letter from Lamb to Coleridge, on a passage in the Second Defence on his consolations on his blindness which had been made a reproach to him.

'The *first* Defence is the greatest work among them, because it is uniformly great, and such as is befitting the very thought of a great nature, speaks for itself. But the second Defence, which is but a sacrifice of splendid episodes, slightly tied together, has one passage,' &c.



shall add Milton's commemoration of other names, not less celebrated in the history of that eventful time. ' First you, *Fleetwood*, whom I have known to have been always the same in the humanity, gentleness, and benignity of your disposition, from the time you first entered on the profession of a soldier, to your obtainment of those military honours, the next only to the first, and whom the enemy has found of dauntless valour, but the mildest of conquerors ; and you, *Lambert*, who, when a young man at the head of a mere handful of men, checked the progress of the Duke of Hamilton, attended with the power and strength of the Scottish youth, and kept him at check ; you, *Desborow*, and you, *Whalley*, whom, whenever I heard or read of the fiercest battles of this war, I always expected and found among the thickest of the enemy ; you, *Overton*, who have been connected with me for these many years, in a more than brotherly union, by similitude of studies, and by the sweetness of your manners. In that memorable battle of Marston Moor, when our left wing was routed, the chief officers looking back in their flight beheld you keeping your ground with your infantry, and repelling the attacks of the enemy amid heaps of slain on both sides ; and afterwards in the war in Scotland, no sooner were the shores of Fife occupied, under the auspices of Cromwell, with your troops, and the way opened beyond Stirling, than both the western and the northern Scots acknowledged you for the humanest of enemies, and the farthest Orcades for their civilizing conqueror. I will yet add some, whom, as distinguished for the robe and arts of peace, you have nominated as your counsellors, and who are known to me either by friendship or reputation. Whitlocke, Pickering, Strickland, Sydenham, and Sydney<sup>38</sup> (an illustrious name

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<sup>38</sup> Sydneio Sacrum.

which I rejoice has steadily adhered to our side), Montague, Lawrence, both men of the first capacity, and polished by liberal studies, besides numberless other citizens, distinguished for their rare merits, some for their former senatorial exertions, others for their military services.' A splendid eulogy rewarded the virgin queen of the north, the daughter of Adolphus, for the praise she was reported to have given to Milton's defence, and the magnanimity which led her to read and even to applaud what seemed written against her own right and dignity.<sup>39</sup>

Flushed with his victory,<sup>40</sup> and proud of the great reputation which he had acquired, Milton opened his Second Defence with a triumphant anticipation of the sentence that would be passed on it: 'He now,' he says, 'feels himself not in the forum, or on the rostrum, surrounded by a single people only, whether Roman or Athenian, but as it were by listening Europe, confiding and passing judgment. He addresses himself to all sittings and assemblies, wherever are to be found men of the highest authority, wherever there are cities and nations. He imagines himself set out on his travels, that he beholds from on high tracts beyond the seas, and wide extended regions, that he beholds countenances strange and numberless, and all in feelings of mind, his closest friends and neighbours.

<sup>39</sup> I would wish to remove the impression, if such exists, that Salmasius entered into this controversy as an advocate of the regal rights, from *interested* motives, without a conviction of the justice of his cause. The death, if not the dethronement of Charles, excited great horror and indignation in other nations; with what feelings Salmasius came to his task may be judged by the language which N. Heinsius uses on this subject, see his *Poemata*, *Eleg.* Lib. ii. 4. p. 43, iii. 1. p. 64. 8. p. 79, x. p. 82. *Sylv.* Lib. iii. p. 192. 'Antiphatâ dignus Rege Britannus erat.'

<sup>40</sup> See *Arguments taken from Milton and the writers on James and William III.* in *Fabricii Centuria Plagiorum*, p. 56. 4to.

Wherever there are natures free, ingenuous, magnanimous, either they are prudently concealed or openly professed. Some favour in silence, others give their suffrages in public. Some hasten to receive me with shouts of applause, others, in fine, vanquished by truth, surrender themselves captive. Encompassed by such countless multitudes, it seems to me, that from the columns of Hercules, to the farthest borders of India, that, throughout this vast expanse, I am bringing back, bringing home to every nation liberty, so long driven out, so long an exile; and, as is recorded of Triptolemus of old, that I am importing fruits for the nations from my own city, but of a far nobler kind than those fruits of Ceres. That I am spreading abroad among the cities, the kingdoms, and nations, the restored culture of civility and freedom of life.'

He had been reproached by his adversaries with his blindness; and his answer to the charge can be read by no one without high admiration of the magnanimity of his mind, and the strength of his piety. To be blind, he says, is not miserable, but not to be able to bear blindness, that is miserable indeed. He calls God to witness, the searcher of the inmost spirit, and of every thought, that he is unconscious of any thing, (though he has visited all the recesses of his heart) of any crime, the heinousness of which could have justly called down this calamity upon him above others. That he has written nothing which he was not persuaded at the time, and is still persuaded, was right and true, and pleasing to God. And this, without being moved by ambition, by lucre, or by glory, but solely by a sense of duty, of grace, and of devotion to his country. 'Then let the slanderers (he says) of the judgments of God cease their revilings. Let them desist from their dreamy forgeries concerning me. Let them know that I neither repine at, nor repent me of my lot: that I remain fixed, immoveable in my opinion: that I neither believe,

nor have found that God is angry : nay, that in things of the greatest moment, I have experienced and acknowledge his mercy, and his paternal goodness towards me. That above all, in regard of this calamity, I acquiesce in his divine will, for it is he himself who comforts and upholds my spirit, being ever more mindful of what he shall bestow upon me, than of what he shall deny me. Besides how many things are there which I should choose not to see ? How many which I might be unwilling to see ; and how few remaining things are there which I should desire to see. Neither am I concerned at being classed, though you think this a miserable thing, with the blind, with the afflicted, with the miserable, with the weak. Since there is a hope that, on this account, I have a nearer claim to the mercy and protection of the sovereign father. There is a way, and the Apostle is my authority, through weakness to the greatest strength. May I be one of the weakest, provided only in my weakness, that immortal and better vigour be put forth with greater effect : provided only in my darkness the light of the divine countenance does but more brightly shine ; for then I shall at once be the weakest and most mighty ; shall be at once blind, and of the most piercing sight. Thus, through this infirmity should I be consummated, perfected. Thus, through this darkness should I be enrobed with light. And, in truth, we who are blind, are not the last regarded by the providence of God ; who, : : we are incapable to discern any thing but himself, beholds us with the greater clemency and benignity. Woe be to him who injures us ; he deserves to be devoted to the public curse. The divine law, the divine favour has made us not merely secure, but, as it were, sacred from the injuries of men ; nor would have seemed to have brought the darkness upon us, so much by inducing a dimness of the eyes, as by the overshadowing of heavenly wings. Besides, as I am not

grown torpid by indolence, since my eyes have deserted me, but am still active, still ready to advance among the foremost to the most arduous struggles for liberty ; I am not therefore deserted by men even of the first rank in the state. Thus, while I can derive consolation in my blindness both from God and man, let no one be troubled that I have lost my eyes in an honourable cause : and far be it from me to be troubled at it ; far be it from me to possess so little spirit as not to be able without difficulty to despise the revilers of my blindness, or so little placability as not to be able with still less difficulty to forgive them.' The treatise, after a succession of passages of great eloquence and animation, ends with a solemn and earnest address to the people of England to prove themselves worthy of the victory they have gained, and the position they have secured. He warns them to derive their liberty not from arms, but from piety, justice, temperance ; in fine, from real virtue, not to make war alone their virtue, or highest glory, or to neglect the arts of peace. To banish avarice, ambition, luxury, and all excess from their thoughts ; such is the warfare of peace. Victories hard, it is true, but blameless, more glorious far than the warlike or the bloody. ' As for myself,' he says (speaking with something of a prophetic sorrow), ' to whatever state things may return, I have performed, and certainly with good will, I hope not in vain, the service which I thought would be of most use to the commonwealth. It is not before our doors alone that I have borne my arms in defence of liberty. I have wielded them in a field so wide that the justice and reason of those which are no vulgar deeds, shall be explained and vindicated alike to foreign natures and our own countrymen. If after achievements so magnanimous, ye basely fall from your duty, if ye are guilty of any thing unworthy of you, be assured, posterity will speak, and

thus pronounce its judgment. The foundation was strongly laid. The beginning, nay, more than the beginning, was excellent, but it will be inquired, not without a disturbed emotion, who raised the superstructure, who completed the fabric? To undertakings so grand, to virtues so noble, it will be a subject of grief that perseverance was wanting. It will be seen that the harvest of glory was abundant; but that men were not to be found for the work. Yet that there was not wanting *one* who could give good counsel, who could exhort, encourage: who could adorn and celebrate in immortal praises the transcendent deeds, and those who performed them.' Another piece in which he defends himself personally against More, and repeats his accusations, is all which is necessary to notice, p. 459.<sup>41</sup>

That the once celebrated controversy with Salmasius has ceased to be of public interest, may be inferred, from its seldom or ever being alluded to in those works which professedly discuss the great constitutional questions of that time. Hobbes said of these treatises, "They are very good Latine both, and hardly to be judged which is better; and both very ill reasoning, and hardly to be judged which is worst. Like the declamations, *pro* and *con*, for exercise only, in a rhetorical school by one and the same man: so like is a Presbyterian to an Independent." In fact, each champion placed himself on the extreme limits or edge of the position he maintained; Salmasius maintained the indefeasible right, the unlimited power, and the irresponsible nature of the kingly office.

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<sup>41</sup> In noticing Milton's mistake in the use of the word 'Vapulandus,' Johnson has observed that Ker, and *some one before him* had remarked it. This person was Vavassor. de Epig. cxxii. p. 154. See *Crenii Animad. Philolog.* 12mo. p. 77. "Illud mirum pariter et festivum quod is quo loco et quibus plane verbis attribuit Salmasio solæcismos, iisdem ipse solæcismum, aut solæcismo flagitium non minus admittat."



More than half of his bulky and laborious treatise is taken up with the discussion of the abstract question of the *jus divinum* of kings ; and it is only in the eighth chapter that he considers his ground sufficiently prepared for applying his arguments to the English Monarchy. If we look at this treatise of the Leyden Professor with the philosophical spirit of modern history, it can only be considered as a little more distinguished by the celebrity of its author and his antagonist, and by the greatness of the occasion that called it forth, than others written on party questions in those days, and which attempted to settle the complicated questions of law and prerogative in modern times, on the paradoxes of ancient philosophers, on the Jewish theocracy, on the apostolical commands, on the opinions of the fathers, on the authorities of councils, and all the learned and obsolete lumber of pedantic acquirement. But it would not be fair to expect that Salmasius should have anticipated the knowledge which it took another century to mature. Treatises on the same subject, and in the same language as that which he used, had appeared before his time ; and the *Vindiciæ contra Tyrannos* of Languet, and the work *De jure Regni apud Scotos* of Buchanan,<sup>42</sup> are in the same style of argument, though advocating principles the opposite to his ; and subsequently the reasonings of Salmasius were again revived in the elaborate disquisitions of Filmer and Mackenzie. The philosopher of Malmesbury alone pursued another system ; and, putting aside the assistance of obsolete authority, which he might consider as useless when opposed to the unalienable rights of justice and liberty, he laid down certain general principles for the social co-

<sup>42</sup> Buchanan, says Gibbon, is the earliest, or at least the most celebrated of the Reformers who has justified the theory of Resistance. See *Rom. Hist.* vol. ii.

venant, and presented his model of government for the imitation of statesmen and the instruction of the people. Considered, however, in respect of the time in which it was written, and the circumstances, and that it came from the pen of a foreigner, and one whose life had been chiefly devoted to the study of antiquity and the correction and explanation of the texts of the Greek and Latin writers; it will be a proof, if such is wanting, that the fame which Salmasius had acquired beyond that of every other scholar of his time for his extensive erudition was justly bestowed, and that he possessed other knowledge besides that which is to be found amid the glossaries and grammarians of ancient tongues. That it was not so popular as the answer of Milton, in the reformed countries as well as England, in the United States, in Zürich, or at Geneva, we may readily believe; in these countries the literature of Europe was chiefly to be found, and they were the head-quarters of republican doctrines. The reception of the rival volumes, however, in foreign nations was pretty equally balanced by the contending parties. Salmasius's treatise was suppressed at Amsterdam, and Milton's was burnt by the common hangman at Paris and Toulouse. It excites a smile at the present day to read such reflections as the following, where the wit and the confidence are alike conspicuous: "Un Anglais nommé Jean Milton a répondu à M. de Saumaïse; je pense que M. de Saumaïse *lui repondra!*" (Vide *L'Esprit de G. Patin*, p. 171.) But the learning and ability with which this treatise is composed, must shield it from contempt, though they can no longer save it from neglect. If now extinct, as to all public curiosity, and opened only occasionally by the critic or the biographer, yet it can boast that no common attention had been paid to its authority; and that its importance is declared in the commendation of one party, and in the censure of another; its doctrines

were opposed by the greatest Poet of one age, and they have been supported and sanctioned by the greatest Statesman of another. Salmasius<sup>43</sup> might be equally proud of the declared hostility of Milton, and the silent admiration of Burke.

It must not however be unnoticed, that the enemies of Salmasius not only objected to the whole force and tenor of his arguments, but, further, accused him of plagiarism ; and they asserted that the reasoning which defended the divine right of kings, was borrowed from the great work, *De Jure Belli et Pacis* of his contemporary and rival in literary fame, Hugo Grotius : a work which that great writer commenced when emerging from the gloom of a cruel and unjust captivity, which he carried on amid the privations of an unsettled life and uncertain fortune, and which at length led him to the splendours of an honourable and illustrious embassy. Yet something more than a just confidence in his own talents and extensive resources would have kept Salmasius from being indebted to a contemporary, from whom he was alienated during his life, and whose reputation after death he attacked with an unrelenting and unprovoked hostility.

It has been said that Salmasius lost the favour of Christina, at whose court he was residing, when Milton's answer appeared ; and that his death was caused by the bitterness of his supposed defeat by an antagonist previously

<sup>43</sup> The learned Gataker considered Salmasius worthy of the appellation bestowed on Pic. Mirandula,—“ the Miracle of the Age he lived in.” See his answer to *Lillie*, p. 85. Sarravius calls him the Coryphæus of sacred and profane literature, and Grotius honoured him with the title, *Super eminentissime*. The fanatical republicans who hated his arguments, and the jealousy of the scholars who envied his erudition, attempted to pull down the noble statue from the pedestal on which it had so long stood—but in vain ; it still rose in its majestic proportions and colossal size.

unknown. The truth of either of these assertions, too hastily assumed by the biographers of Milton, is more than questionable. It is not at all improbable that the capricious Queen of the North may have vexed this old scholar with commendations of his enemy,<sup>44</sup> and that she may have joined in the voice of general praise; but Salmasius left the court of Stockholm, not from the frowns of the Queen, but driven away by the severity of that

<sup>44</sup> Salmasius describes himself as supported in his work by the consciousness of integrity and the intrepidity of truth. *Deum testabor me hanc causam tuendam suscepisse non tantum rogatus, sed quia meliorem et justiore nullam ea me potuisse defendere conscientia mea mihi suggestit, ratio et veritas docuit, resque ipsa dictavit, &c.* It does not appear exactly when the "first bold man dared to talk of bringing the King to justice;" but such language was heard in 1646 and 1647. Berkeley asserts that the resolution was taken at Windsor in a Council of officers, soon after the King's confinement at Carisbrook. See *Massey's Tracts*, i. 383, and *Hallam's Const. History*, ii. 302. Mr. Bowles considers that Milton was the first who cried out for *national justice*, in his Exordium of *Defensio Populi*; that Cromwell seized the idea, and that the King was hurried to judgment. He ingeniously finds a corroboration of this opinion in the *motto* of Milton, in his last address to the people, when it was determined by the whole voice of the Nation to execute the exiled King. The motto as appears in Milton's works

————— Et nos  
Consilium dedimus Seyllæ.

See *Bowles's Life of Ken*, vol. i. pp. 87, 156, &c. and his *Last Days of Chillingworth*, p. 12. I find a note in my copy of Milton, that Sir Thomas Phillipps presented the Royal Society of Literature with extracts from MS. *Letters of Milton to Cromwell*, purporting to be the sketch of a republic, which he had devised as a model of perfection. Has this letter been published? Is it generally known that the State Letters of Milton were not only translated by J. Philips, but by some other writer, and printed abroad, with *curious interpolations*? The original Latin was published in 1676. The Anon. Translation, 1682, 4to. and Philips's in 1694. Refer particularly to p. 88 of the 4to. and p. 236 of Philips. In *Todd's Life of Milton*, p. 180, it is said that the *Latin* letters were given *not accurately*.

iron climate. There, at the same Court, Descartes died from the effects of a Northern winter. Naudæus, another eminent scholar who had been summoned there by the same authority, was obliged for the same cause to retire to the South. Grotius, then resident in Sweden, mentions, “*illa Mundi pars quam sibi frigidus septentrio seposuit*,”—“*il ne pourroit pas souffrir l’air froid de Suède. L’air de Stokolm lui étoit contraire*.” The biographer of Salmasius asserts that, unable to bear the climate, “he was always in bed with a fire in his room.” Hence the joke of Philips, “*In Suecorum aulâ jam diu friget*.” We have before us a volume of Latin poetry by that unfortunate and inconsiderate writer, who too rashly lent his name to protect the character of another—*Poemata Alexandri Mori*, 1669, 4to. in which is an epitaph on Salmasius (p. 122), and the last couplet of which sets at rest the subject of Christina’s treatment of him—

Postquam Christina colitur—nihil addo—quid ultra  
Pertulit ad laudes *illa*, vel *ille* suas?

In this volume is no allusion to the controversy with Milton, except as just mentioned in the lines on Salmasius, p. 123. As regards his death, it did not take place till three years after this time, and after his Answer to Milton had been nearly completed. Salmasius was advanced in years, was of a very weak constitution, was worn out with a life of hard study, enfeebled by gout, probably injured by his residence and by the snows of Stockholm; he went to Spa for its medicinal waters, and there this “Monster of Erudition” died. Christina’s high regard of him is shown beyond all dispute, in the affectionate and zealous letter which she sent to the widow, in which she repeats, that she had all the sentiments of love to him, as to a father; and was deeply interested in the glory of his reputation: she falls foul of the widow for burning his manuscripts. The biographers of Milton

might have profitably spent a few hours on the volume of Sarravius.<sup>45</sup> While it is confessed that Milton's language, in this famous treatise, descended into the indecent grossness of personal abuse, it yet may be said that such was the tone and temper, not only of the controversial writers, but even the scholars of the day ; that he had not exceeded the scurrilous and violent declamations of the fanatical preachers and the angry bark of their seditious pulpits. South says—"It was the pulpit that supplied the field with swordsmen and the Parliament House with incendiaries." Probably it was expected of *him*, as the public champion of the great and holy cause, that his tone should be uncompromising and decisive ; that he should blow aloud the blast of defiance and contempt to the enemies of Sion ; while the severe and sarcastic language which his opponent had applied to the leaders of the fanatical party, and to their motives and principles, had goaded him into personal recrimination. "Had the heart of Milton," says Mr. D'Israeli, "beat as coldly on the death of Charles as Ludlow's, his democratic feelings might be respected. But that this great tragic genius, having witnessed this solemn scene of Majesty in its last affliction, should have *ridiculed and calumniated and belied it* as the meanest of the mob,—who would credit this, had it been a secret anecdote hitherto concealed from the public eye ? Milton, in his celebrated Defence of the

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<sup>45</sup> In his Answer written at Spa, after his return from Sweden, Salmasius speaks of Christina with praise :—"faciliores aditus habet et molliora fandi tempora," &c. p. 225. When she relinquished her crown and retired to Rome, she was equally the patroness of the Italian scholars. "Christinæ Reginæ nihil magis lætabile in orbitate regni videri solebat, quam celebrari a magni nominis poetis. Præter cæteras enim φιλαύτη et erat et habebatur." See *Fabronis Vita Filicaiæ*, vol. vii. p. 296, and elsewhere ; and *The Anti-Baillet of Menage*, T. i. cap. iii. p. 15, on the subject of Salmasius's learning, his reputation, Christina's admiration of them—the calumny of her neglect, and his death.



People, treats Charles the First as a *mere actor* striving—  
*Veluti poetæ, aut histrionis deterrimi plaufum in ipfo*  
*exitio ambitiofiffime captare.* In the kingly calmnefs of  
 Charles's death he fees but a *player's exit*, a paltry mime's  
 ambition to be clapped on retiring from the ftage—the  
 artificial decency of a theatrical Cæfar's fall!" It muft,  
 however, be recollected that he was goaded to place this  
 theatrical mask on the face of Charles, by Salmafius hav-  
 ing brought prominently forward the patriotic feelings  
 which were declared from the fcaffold by the dying mon-  
 arch, and having reproached the enemies of Charles with  
 the generous forgivenefs of his nature, and his inextin-  
 guifhable love of the people who had condemned him to  
 a traitor's death. It was represented as the forgivenefs  
 from the Crofs. It was impoffible that Milton could let  
 this pafs unnoticed or unrebuked; if he could not deny  
 the words, which was out of his power, he could only  
 give them an ignominious interpretation and throw the  
 ridiculous over the fublime. Milton knew the fenti-  
 ments of thofe who employed him in his tafk; and he  
 was prepared to fatisfy them, perhaps he fully fhared in  
 them. The words of Salmafius are, "Quantum magis  
 non honore (titulo Parentis Patriæ) et elogio dignus Ca-  
 rolus qui populi *ingrati* tantum amorem et tale ftudium,  
 non folum *tota vita—fed etiam in ipfa morte testatus eft?*"  
 To have left this unexplained, would have been to de-  
 prive the wasp of everything—but his ftmg. Mr. D'If-  
 raeli confiders the ftern Republicanifm and the *personal*  
 hatred of Charles, which fo ftrongly characterized Mil-  
 ton, to have been early imbibed from his firft tutor  
 Young—"the Puritan in Effex who cut his hair fhort"  
 —as well as from his fecond, Alexander Gill, who was  
 alfo his beloved friend and a fiery Revolutionift; whose  
 language was in "the vulgar tone of the loweft Demo-  
 cracy." Milton's conftant objections to Salmafius, inde-

pendent of mere verbal abuse, were that he was only a grammarian and word-catcher—grammaticum hominem ; that he was a stranger, and had no right to intermeddle with our national disputes, and that he was exposed to the just charge of inconsistency, in now upholding that hierarchy, against which, as well as the papal power, he had so lately declared his deliberate opinion in a large and elaborate treatise. Milton attributes the private vexations and public disgrace and defeat, as he calls it, of Salmasius, to his having deserted his old opinions for the sake of gain. We must place against this the solemn appeal of Salmasius, at the end of his Defence—"Deum testabor me hanc causam suscepisse non *tantum quia rogatus*, sed quia meliorem et justiore nullam ea me potuisse defendere conscientia mea mihi suggestit ; ratio et veritas docuit, resque ipsa dictavit," &c. We may add, as a conclusion on this subject, that a person named Jeanes, or Janes, published an answer to Milton's Iconoclastes, under a title which we now cannot remember ; but that, in the year of the Restoration 1660, this same book was brought out again under the title of "Salmasius his detection of the diabolical Rebell Milton," intending to pass it off as a Translation of Salmasius' <sup>46</sup> Posthumous Work—"ad Joannem Miltonum Responsio ;" it is in fact the same book and the same edition as that brought out by Janes, with the exception of the title, and a leaf of address to the reader. We shall here insert what Salmasius says in

<sup>46</sup> In this treatise, Salmasius alludes more than once to some Dutchmen who had written against him, and whom he treats with contempt, "qui totam ætatem contriverunt in Claudiano et Ovidio evolvendo, et nihil præterea bonorum auctorum legerunt." This person (though unnamed) was Daniel Heinsius. See pp. 26, 53. The strange name at p. 28, "Hugo Poni," is meant for Hugh Peters.

This posthumous Treatise of Salmasius is scarce, and seldom found with the others. Dr. Symmons, in his Life of Milton, says he never

his unfinished Answer relating to the errors in Milton's Latin Poetry :

“Sed quis ille Miltonus? Unde domo? Quis enim audivit hominem, ante hanc suam defensionem pro P. Anglicano? Eam et multi negant illum auctorem debere agnoscere, nisi solo titulo. Conscriptam enim esse a Ludi magistro quodam Gallo de trivio, qui Londini Pueros nihil sapere docet. Nam Miltonum ipsum qui penitus noverunt Latine scire, aut scribere posse, serio negant. Ego aliter sentio. Nam si *Poëta* est Miltonus, et non humilis quidem spiritus, cur non etiam *orator* esse queat disertus? At de Poëticae Mustaceo laureolam sibi quæfisse, poëmata ejus arguunt, in quibus *Patrem suum se poëtam* genuisse gloriatur. Non meliorem tamen Poëtam esse, quam civem inde apparet, quod ut malus civis, contra leges Patriæ peccat, perduelles ejus defendendo, ita et *pessimus Poëta sæpius leges Metricas violat*, breves pro longis, et longas pro brevibus ponendo. Sic ultimam in *quotannis* corripit, primam in *paruisset*, etiam primam in *Semifraëta*, et in nomine *Opis*, secundam in *Jacobus*. Alia multa passim in iis committit, quæ et Grammaticam et Latinitatem lædunt. *Belgia* illi est pro *Belgio*. Sic *Gallium* posset dicere pro Gallia, *surdere ad preces*. Aves *augures* appellat, cur non etiam *aucupes* aves dicentur; *stelliparum* Cælum appellat, qui stellas scilicet pariat. Alia infinita sunt, quæ omitto, ut versus abnormes, qualis iste est,—‘Et callebat avium linguas.’—Tametsi ætatem

saw it; it is called *Apologia contra Miltonum pro Defensione Regia*; it was written at Spa; without the assistance of his library. Can it be believed that in Chaudon's *Dict. Biographique*, the writer of the Life of Saumaise should have the audacious impudence to assert that the *Defensio Regia* begins in these words—“Anglais, vous qui renvoyez les têtes des rois comme des balles de paume, qui jouez à la boule avec les couronnes, et qui vous servez des sceptres comme de marottes,” &c. Has this passed into the last edition of the *Biog. Universelle*?

illis, qua scripta sunt, non apposuisset, facile tamen perspicere poteramus *pueri* esse poemata. Sed Puerilia errata præstare debet jam Vir, cum et paucos abhinc annos recudi Londini curaverit.”

Salmasius could discover the errors in Milton's Latin Poetry, but the general elegance of the language, and the classical beauty of the images and expressions entirely escaped him. The old Grammarian hugged himself with joy at the delivery of his clumsy joke, which occurs just after, when he exhorts Milton to inscribe on the work—“Joannis Afini, alias *Multonis*, nam *Multo* vervex est etiam Anglis.”

Milton was now removed by an order of council from his lodgings at Whitehall,<sup>47</sup> and took a garden house in Petty France,<sup>48</sup> in Westminster, opening into St. James's Park; in this house he continued till within a few weeks of the Restoration. In 1651 he was suffering under the approach of total blindness. He had lost the entire use of one eye:<sup>49</sup> and his nephew, Edward Philips, was supposed to have greatly assisted him in the affairs of secretary. In 1652 his sight was totally gone.<sup>50</sup> His ene-

<sup>47</sup> Previously to his going to live in Scotland Yard, Whitehall, Milton lodged at one Thomson's, next door to the Bull Head Tavern, Charing Cross. See *Birch's Life*, p. xxxvii. In Scotland Yard his infant son died.

<sup>48</sup> Or York Street, a “pretty garden House, next to Lord Scudamore's, opening into the Park.”—See on this House *Gentleman's Mag.* Aug. 1849, p. 164, in a review of *Walcot's Westminster* and *Cunningham's Lovelace*.

<sup>49</sup> Whether the disease was “Gutta Serena,” or “Cataract,” see *T. M. Good's Study of Medicine*, vol. iv. p. 233; in *Paradise Lost*, b. iii. v. 21, the two diseases are confounded by Milton. *Suffusio* is the Latin term for cataract.

<sup>50</sup> His eyesight was decaying about twenty years before his death. His father read without spectacles till eighty-four. His mother had very weak eyes, and used spectacles presently after she was thirty years old. *Aubrey Lett.* iii. 449. He lost the use of his left eye in 1651; and it is supposed, of the other, in 1654. See *Todd's Life* (1st ed.)

mies, as we have seen, considered his blindness as a judgment for writing against the king; and one of the prebendaries of Exeter reproached him, even from the pulpit, with the severe visitation. But he himself more truly accounted for the affliction by the wearisome labours and studious watchings wherein he spent, and almost tired out, a whole youth. His letter to his Athenian friend, Leonard Phileras, gives an account of the gradual approach of the disease; Philips says that Milton was always tampering with physic; to which he attributes the loss of his sight, as well as to his continual studies, and the headaches to which he had been subject from his youth.

It is supposed that in 1653 Milton lost his first wife, who died in childbed, leaving him three daughters. He remained a widower for three years, when he was again united in marriage to a daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney.<sup>51</sup> She also died within a year after her marriage, in the same manner; and in one of his sonnets he has paid an affectionate tribute to her memory.<sup>52</sup> Soon after this event, he retired from his office of secretary<sup>53</sup> on an allowance for life, of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. His name does not again occur in the books of the council of state: his friend<sup>54</sup> Andrew Marvell had been associated with him.

p. 85, but the period of the complete affliction is not known with exactness.

<sup>51</sup> See Certificate of Milton's Second Marriage at St. Mary's Aldermanbury, in *Gent. Mag.* June 1820, p. 597, vol. xiii.

<sup>52</sup> Mrs. Catherine Milton, wife to John Milton, Esq. buried Feb. 10, 1657, in the church of St. Margaret's, Westminster. See *Malcolm's London*.

<sup>53</sup> But see *Mr. Todd's Life* (ed. 2.), p. 158, who says some official documents were written by him after 1655. The last payment of his salary was Oct. 22, 1659, when he was sequestered from the office.

<sup>54</sup> "His familiar learned acquaintance were A. Marvell, Lawrence, Needham, Hartlib, Mr. C. Skinner, Dr. Paget, M.D. Mr. Skinner was his disciple. See *Life of Harrington*, p. xxv. on *Skinner*.—His

As we are now arrived at the close of Milton's public life, it may be as well for a moment to look back, and recollect the system upon which he asserts his political career to have been conducted, and the end to which his writings were directed. He says, when the outcry against the bishops commenced, and the model of our reformed church was to its disadvantage compared to others, he saw that a way was opening for the establishment of real liberty. That he perceived there were three species of liberty essential to the happiness of social life—religious, domestic, and civil. To promote the first, he wrote his *Treatise on Reformation, &c.*; and, as he saw that the magistrates were active in obtaining the third, he therefore turned his attention to the second, or domestic. This included three material questions, first, the conduct of the conjugal tie; secondly, the education of children; and, thirdly, the free publication of the thoughts. These questions were severally considered by him in his *Treatise on Divorce*, his *Treatise on Education*, and his *Areopagitica*, or *Liberty of unlicensed Printing*. With regard to civil affairs, he left them in the hands of the magistrates, till it became necessary to vindicate the right of lawfully dethroning,<sup>55</sup> or destroying tyrants (without any immediate or personal application to Charles), against the doctrines of the Presbyterian ministers. Such were the fruits of his private studies, which he had gratuitously presented to church and state, and for which he was recompensed by nothing but impunity. Though the actions themselves (he says) procured me peace of conscience,

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widow assures me that Mr. Hobbes was not one of his acquaintance. That her husband did not like him at all; but he would acknowledge him to be a man of great parts, and a learned man. *Aubrey Lett.* iii. 444. He had no intimacy with Cromwell, nor with those in power. He tells Heimbach that he cannot serve him, “*Propter paucissimas familiaritates meas cum gratiosis.*” *Ep. Fam.* Dec. 18, 1657.

<sup>55</sup> See *Bowles's Life of Bishop Ken*, vol. i. pp. 87 and 156.



and the approbation of the good ; while I exercised that freedom of discussion which I loved.

Disencumbered of the duties of secretary, disgusted with the treachery of parties, and the failure of his fondest wishes, Milton at length retreated from the changes and turbulence of the times, and had now leisure to resume the great works which he had long destined for his future employment. He commenced a history of his native country, a dictionary of the Latin language,<sup>56</sup> more copious and correct than that of Stephens ; he framed a body of divinity out of the Bible ; and, lastly, he sketched the first outlines of his immortal poem. “ For the subject of his epic poem,” says Johnson, “ after much deliberation, long choosing, and beginning late, he fixed upon *Paradise Lost*, a design so comprehensive, that it could be justified only by success.” He had once meant to celebrate the exploits of K. Arthur,<sup>57</sup> as he has hinted in his *Verses*, “ but,” says Toland, “ this particular subject was reserved for the celebrated pen of Sir Richard Blackmore.” Amidst the prosecution of these great and laborious designs, he found time during the year 1659 for some humbler occupations.

<sup>56</sup> These collections consisted of three large volumes in folio. They were much discomposed and deficient, but were used by the editors of the *Camb. Dict.* in 1693, 4to. See the *Pref. to Ainsworth's Lat. Thesaurus*. It was said that Philips was the last possessor of these collections. I have an extract from a bookseller's catalogue by me—*Dictionary, Latin and English, compiled from the works of Stephens, Cooper, Littelton, a large MS. in three volumes, of Mr. John Milton, 15s. 4to.*

<sup>57</sup> See *Coleridge's Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 264. “ In my judgment an epic poem must either be rational or mundane. As to *Arthur*, you cannot by any means make a poem on him natural to Englishmen. What have *we* to do with him ? Milton saw this, and with a judgment at least equal to his genius treats a mundane theme,—one common to all mankind. His Adam and Eve are all men and women inclusively, &c.”

He edited some manuscript treatises of Sir Walter Raleigh. He published the foreign correspondence of the English parliament and of Cromwell: in which his urgent remonstrances to the Duke of Savoy in favour of the Protestants in Piedmont, do honour to the piety of the government:<sup>58</sup> he wrote (against the Presbyterians) his "Considerations to remove hirelings out of the Church;" and, alarmed at the prospect of a returning monarchy, he printed his "Ready and easy way to establish a free Commonwealth." What he speaks, he says, is the language of that which is not called amiss—"the good old cause." It appears from a passage in this treatise, that commerce had much languished during the civil wars and usurpation;<sup>59</sup> and that the *trading* community were all anxious for the return of a luxurious court, and the assistance of regal prodigality.<sup>60</sup>

When the restoration of the king proved all his wishes fruitless, Milton withdrew to a friend's house in Bartholomew Close. This temporary concealment seems to have been necessary to his safety, for a particular prosecution was directed against him.

It is mentioned by his biographers that a mock funeral<sup>61</sup> was made for him, and that when matters were arranged, the careless and merry monarch laughed at the imposition. It was, however, ordered that his "Icono-

<sup>58</sup> See *Newton's Life of Milton*, p. iv. *Edinh. Rev.* No. CV. p. 28.

<sup>59</sup> See *Hurd's Cowley*, vol. ii. p. 60. See 'Coffin for the good old Camp' in *Butler's Poet. Works*, vol. iii. p. 194, 12mo. On the decay of trade, *Hobbes's Behemoth*, p. 4, ed. 1680. *Harrington's Works*, p. 509, 4to.

<sup>60</sup> He published his "Brief Notes," &c. which are remarked on by Rog. L'Estrange, in "No Blind Guides, 1660." See *Newton's Life*, p. 101, and *Birch*, p. xliii.

<sup>61</sup> This circumstance was first related by T. Warton, on the authority of Tyers, see his ed. of *Milton*, p. 308, and by Cunningham in his *Hist. of G. Britain*, 1. p. 14.

clastes " and " *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano* " should be burned by the common hangman, and that the attorney general should proceed against them by indictment, or otherwise.<sup>62</sup> Of the proscribed books several copies on the 27th of August<sup>63</sup> were committed to the flames. Within three days after this, the act of indemnity passed, and he was relieved from the necessity of further concealment. When subsequently he was in the custody of the serjeant at arms, it is supposed that his pardon was obtained by the intervention of some powerful friends.<sup>64</sup> Whether the story of Davenant's assistance is authentic, I am not able to say. The house on the 13th of December ordered his release : but how long he remained in custody is not known. Richardson says, *that he lived in perpetual terror of being assassinated, and that he was so dejected, he could lie awake whole nights.* It has been asserted, that Milton was offered the place of Latin secretary to the king, an offer that it is obvious, he could not in honour or conscience accept, and that on his wife pressing his compliance, he said, " Thou art in the right: you, as

<sup>62</sup> On Milton and Goodwin being referred to as having written in vindication of the King's murder, see *Long's Review of Baxter's Life*, p. 66. See *Chalmers's Suppl. Apology*, p. 6, for the proclamation. See also *Newton's Life*, p. lviii.

<sup>63</sup> In 1683 twenty-seven propositions from the writings of Milton, Hobbes, Buchanan, &c. were burnt at Oxford, as destructive to Church and State. This transaction is celebrated in *Musæ Anglicanæ*, called *Decretum Oxoniense*, vol. iii. p. 180.

——— Si similis quicunque hæc scripserit auctor,  
Fato succubisset, eodemque arserit igne :  
In mediâ videas flammâ crepitante cremari  
*Miltonum*, cœlo terrisque inamabile nomen.

<sup>64</sup> The most copious account of the circumstances attending Milton's pardon are in *Richardson's Life*, p. 86, &c. communicated by Pope ; who is also the authority for the assertion that Milton was offered the place of Latin secretary to the king. See *Newton's Life*, p. lxviii. note.

other women, would ride in your coach ; for me, my aim is to live and die an honest man :” and thus in this his parting scene in public life was exhibited a stability of conduct, an independence of principle, and a consistency of assertion, that no one can deny.

In 1661 he published his “*Accidence commenc’t Grammar*,” and also Sir W. Raleigh’s *Aphorisms of State*, bending his great and comprehensive mind to the construction of those humbler works which he considered of advantage to education.<sup>65</sup> He lived for a short time in Holborn, near Red Lion Street, but soon removed to Jewin Street, by Aldersgate. In 1664, the year previous to the great sickness, he married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, of a genteel family in Cheshire, a relation of his particular friend Dr. Paget.<sup>66</sup> Mr. Todd considers it worthy of observation, that Milton chose his three wives out of the virgin state ; while Sheffield duke of Buckingham selected his three from that of widowhood ; but what inference the learned biographer would draw from their respective choices, is, from an entire ignorance on these subjects, to me unknown. Sheffield was probably looking out for a splendid jointure, and Milton for a gentle, virtuous, and attached companion.

<sup>65</sup> Mr. W. S. Landor says, on removing the anomalies of our language, “nothing can be done without consulting Milton, his words excel in *orthography* those of any other writer.” See *Gebir*, p. 9.

<sup>66</sup> The poet’s widow died at Nantwich, in Cheshire, in 1727, having survived her husband fifty-three years, her funeral sermon, preached by the Rev. I. Kember, is published. “I remember,” says Dr. Newton “to have heard from a gentleman who had seen his widow in Cheshire, that she had hair of this colour (golden tresses), it is more probable that he intended a compliment to his wife in the drawing of Eve, as he drew the portrait of Adam not without regard to his own person, of which he had no mean opinion.” v. P. L. iv. 305. The Aubrey MSS. say, she was a genteel person, a peaceful, and agreeable humour. v. Vol. iii. p. 442. See *Gough’s Camden* (Cheshire), p. 436.

From some cause, probably from the numerous fluctuations of his fortune, Milton seems to have been extremely unsettled in his choice of a residence. Soon after his marriage he lodged with Millington, the famous book auctioneer, a man of remarkable elocution, wit, sense, and modesty. Richardson says, that Millington was accustomed to lead his venerable inmate by the hand, when he walked the streets; the person who acquainted Richardson with this fact, had often met Milton abroad with his conductor and host. He again removed to a small house in Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill-fields, which, Philips says, was his last stage in this world, but it was of many years continuance, more perhaps than he had had in any other place besides.

Milton having now wholly lost his sight, ~~he~~ depended for his studies on the assistance of others: and Dr. Paget recommended Ellwood the Quaker, who would every afternoon read to him some Latin author. The plague had now begun to rage in London, and his young friend, Ellwood, found a shelter for him at Chalfont<sup>66</sup> in Buckinghamshire. "It was on a visit at this place, that after some common discourses," says Ellwood, "had passed between us, he called for a MS. of his, which, being brought, he delivered it to me, bidding me take it home with me, and read it at my leisure: and when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereupon. When I came home, and set myself to read it, I found that it was that

<sup>66</sup> See an engraving of his house in Dunster's edition of *Paradise Regained*, and an account in *Todd's Life of Milton*, p. 272, and in Mr. Jesse's *Favourite Haunts*, p. 62. I saw it last year, the porch has been removed. Much of the interior remains as in Milton's time. It is inhabited by a tailor. Ellwood calls it "a pretty box." Milton is supposed to have resided there from the summer of 1665, to the March or April of the following year. It appears that the plague reached even Chalfont, as may be seen by the Register in 1665.

excellent Poem, which he entitled *Paradise Lost*." From this account it appears that *Paradise Lost* was complete in 1665, and Aubrey represents it as finished about three years after the king's restoration. Milton describes himself as long choosing and beginning late the subject of his Poem, and when that was selected, it was at first wrought into a dramatic form, like some of the ancient mysteries. There were two plans of the tragedy, both of which are preserved among the manuscripts in Trinity College, Cambridge; and which were printed, I believe, for the first time in Dr. Birch's *Narrative of the Poet's Life*.<sup>67</sup> Such were the early and imperfect rudiments of *Paradise Lost*; the slender materials which he possessed in the story, and the splendid superstructure which he raised upon it, may remind us of the passage, in which he has thrown over the simple language of the ancient prophets, a magnificent description of his own creation.<sup>68</sup> Isaiah had said, "that Lucifer sat upon the mount of the congregation, on the sides of the north." The key-note was struck on the chords of the Hebrew lyre, and Milton instantly built up a palace for the fallen angel, equal in brilliancy and splendour to the castles of Romance. He piled up its pinnacles from diamond quarries; and hewed its towers out of rocks of gold.

" At length into the limits of the North  
They came, and *Satan* to his Royal seat  
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount  
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Tow'rs  
From Diamond Quarries hew'n, & Rocks of Gold,  
The Palace of great *Lucifer*, (so call  
'That Structure in the Dialect of men

<sup>67</sup> See p. xlviii. to p. lv. for an account of the Plans of the Tragedies from the Scripture, as from the British History and Saxon Chronicles.

<sup>68</sup> See *T. Warton's Milton*, p. 238.



Interpreted) which not long after, hee  
 Affecting all equality with God,  
 In imitation of that Mount whereon  
*Messiah* was declar'd in sight of Heav'n,  
 The Mountain of the Congregation call'd," &c.

How small the spark that could kindle into a poetical flame in Milton's mind! how quick the apprehension that seized the slightest hint! and how rich and fertile the genius to improve what it possessed! Callimachus had (Hymn. Del. 292) mentioned three *Hyperborean* nymphs, who sent fruits to Apollo in Delos. The word "Hyperborean" was sufficient. Instantly Milton converts them into British goddesses, and clothes them in a Pictish dress; Selden had mentioned that Apollo was worshipped in Britain, Milton on those hints joins them to the Druids:

"Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu  
 Delo in herbosâ *Graia* de more puellæ  
 Carminibus lætis memorant *Corineïda Loxo*,  
 Fatidicamque *Upin*, cum flavicomâ *Hecaërge*,  
 Nuda *Caledonio* variatas pectora fuco."

v. *Mansus*, ver. 44.

What extent of time was passed in the composition of this great work is not with exactness known. Mr. Capel Lofft thinks that Milton began his poem in his forty-eighth year,<sup>69</sup> and finished it in his fifty-seventh. Phillips says that he had the perusal of it from the very beginning, for some years, in parcels of ten, twenty, or thirty verses at a time; and that his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal, so

<sup>69</sup> v. *Preface to Lofft's Milton*, p. xxviii. The *Aubrey Letters* (vol. iii. p. 447). "His verse began at the autumnal equinoctial, and ceased at the vernal, or thereabouts (I believe about May); and this was four or five years of his doing it. He began about two years before the king came in, and finished about three years after the king's restoration."

that in all the years he was about the poem, he may be said to have spent about half his time therein. Toland imagines<sup>70</sup> that Philips was mistaken with regard to the time, since Milton declared in his Latin elegy that his poetic talent returned with the spring.

“ Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,  
Ingeniumque mihi munere *veris* adest? ”

A friend of Milton's also informed Toland that Milton could never compose well but in the spring and autumn. He then poured out with great ease and fluency his unpremeditated verses. Dr. Johnson says, that there are no other internal notes of the time when the poem was written but the mention of the loss of his sight in the beginning of the third book, and of the return of the King in the introduction to the seventh.

Some difficulty was experienced in obtaining a license;<sup>71</sup> and objections were made to particular passages, especially to the simile of the sun eclipsed in the first book. But it was at length granted, and he sold his copy to Samuel Simmons, April 27, 1667, for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a stipulation to receive five pounds more when thirteen hundred of the first edition should be sold. Again five pounds after the sale of the same number of the second edition, and another five pounds after the same

<sup>70</sup> *Birch's Life*, p. lvi.

<sup>71</sup> Mr. Tomkins, chaplain to Archbishop Sheldon, was licenser. The office of licenser, abolished by Cromwell, was restored by act of parliament in 1662. The press was placed, with reference to its different productions, under the judges, the officers of state, and the archbishop of Canterbury. Poetry fell within the province of the latter. v. *Simmons's Life*, p. 521. Mr. C. Lofft says, “ That no manuscript of the *Paradise Lost* has been discovered, except that of the first book copied for the press, with the *imprimatur* of the archbishop's chaplain, but where this is to be seen is not mentioned.” See *Lofft's Pref. to Milton*, p. i. and *Newton's Pref.* p. liv. See *Pope's Letters*, ed. Warton, vol. viii. p. 116; “ I long to see the original Manuscript of Milton,” &c.

sale of the third. None of the three editions were to be extended beyond fifteen hundred copies. The first edition was of the poem in ten books, in small quarto, which were advertised plainly and neatly bound, at the price of three shillings. The titles were varied, passing into other publishers' hands, in order to circulate the edition, in 1667,<sup>72</sup> 1668, 1669. Of these there were no less than five. An advertisement and the arguments of the books were omitted in some copies, and inserted in others; and, from variations in the text, it would appear that the latter sheets of the work were twice printed, and single pages were cancelled and reprinted.

The sale gave him in two years a right to his second payment; for which the receipt was signed April 26, 1669. The second edition was not given till 1674, and was printed in small octavo, and the number of books was increased to twelve, by a division of the seventh and twelfth, with the introduction of a few connecting lines. He did not live<sup>73</sup> to receive the payment stipulated for

<sup>72</sup> See *Introduction to Pickering's edition*, p. xii. and *Todd's Life*, (first ed.) p. 190, for an account of the *variations* in the poem and titles. Mr. Lofft observes that 1667 was a great year in the annals of our history; for not only was *Paradise Lost* published, but there was a "Statute passed for the employment of poor prisoners," and a "great step made in the art of dressing wool," p. xxiv. of the effect of *these different* circumstances towards establishing the name and character which Britain holds among the nations, it is difficult to form an idea of any degree of proportionate extent; an adequate is impossible. It opens a vast arena in the boundless space of human perfectibility. v. *Remarks by Tench Coxe*. "These clustering radiations of moral light may unite mankind to the intelligence of *other systems* unnumbered and unimagined; which circumstance, if it come to pass, will open new markets for the wool trade, and be of great advantage to the publishers of *Paradise Lost*.—'Go thy ways, Capel, the flower and quintessence of all editors.'"

<sup>73</sup> For an account of the editions, see *C. Lofft's Preface*, p. xxxv. lxi. and *Todd's Life*, p. 189—217. The number of lines in *Paradise Lost* amount to 10,565. Dr. Symmons says that Milton lived to receive the

this impression. The third edition was published in 1678; and his widow agreed with Simmons the printer to receive eight pounds as her right, and gave him a general release, dated April 29, 1681. Simmons covenanted to transfer the right for twenty-five pounds to Brabazen Aylmer, a bookfeller, and Aylmer sold to Jacob Tonson half of it, August 17, 1683, and the other half March 24, 1690, at a price considerably advanced.

The sale, Johnson says, will justify the public: the call for books in Milton's age was not great. The nation had been satisfied from 1623 to 1664 with only two editions of the works of Shakespeare, which probably together did not make two thousand copies.<sup>71</sup> The sale of thirteen hundred copies in two years was an uncommon example of the prevalence of genius. Yet the demand did not immediately increase, for in eleven years only three thousand were sold: but the reputation and price of the copy still advanced; "till the revolution put an end to the secrecy of love, and *Paradise Lost* broke into open view with sufficient security of kind reception." Dr. Symmons calculates that in little more than eleven years four thousand five hundred copies were sold, and that before the expiration of twenty years, six editions were published. I possess a German translation in verse of it, printed but a few years after the date of the original, which is a strong evidence of its growing popularity.

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whole fifteen pounds for which he had stipulated; but see *Todd's Life*, (first ed.) p. 109. The original agreement for *Paradise Lost* is now in the collection of Samuel Rogers, Esq. the second receipt and the final discharge is in the possession of Dawson Turner, Esq. Concerning the plagiarisms of Callender (who published the first book of Milton, 1750) from the Commentary of Patrick Hume, 1695, see *Blackwood's Mag.* No. xxiv. p. 659, March 1819.

<sup>71</sup> Johnson, however, should have remembered that large impressions of Shakespeare's Plays were always attainable, in a separate and more commodious form, in 4to.

This rare book was printed at Zerbſt in Moravia 1682. The tranſlator Ernſt Gottlieb Von Berge.

Though the poem of Milton was above<sup>75</sup> the age on which it was beſtowed (for ſuch greatneſs of invention, ſuch harmony of numbers, and ſuch majeſty of ſtyle had not then been ſeen united); yet admirers among men of learning and genius it undoubtedly had. Andrew Marvell<sup>76</sup> and Barrow, the phyſician, wrote ſome manly and ſpirited verſes in its praiſe. Dr. Warton ſays, “It may be remarked to the praiſe of Roſcommon that he was the firſt critic who had taſte and ſpirit enough publicly to praiſe *Paradiſe Loſt*.” Dryden’s lines of commendation are known to all;<sup>77</sup> and praiſe in other books by authors of lower fame, has been diſcovered by the diligence

<sup>75</sup> The poets contemporary with Milton were Waller, Suckling, Craſhaw, Denham, Lovelace, Cowley, Broome, Sherborne, Fanſhaw, Davenant, beſides thoſe of inferior note. “Never any poet left a greater reputation behind him than Mr. Cowley, while Milton remained obſcure, and known but to few, but your grace knows very well that the *great reputation of Cowley did not continue half a century*, and that Milton’s is now on the pinnacle of the temple of fame.” *Dennis’s Letters Familiar, &c.* p. 207. See on *Milton* and Waller, *Sir T. P. Blount on Poetry*, 4to. p. 137.

<sup>76</sup> The following couplet in Marvell has wonderfully puzzled the commentators:—

“I too tranſported by the mode offend,  
And while I meant to praiſe thee, muſt commend.”

See *Loffi’s Milton*, p. xlvi. liii. where “moſt commend,” “miſ-commend,” “but commend,” are offered; whereas the ſenſe is perfectly clear. “While I meant to praiſe thee, muſt commend; i. e. muſt, for *the ſake of the rhyme*, uſe the word “commend,” inſtead of “praiſe,” which is the word I ſhould *otherwiſe have uſed*. Even Bentley, in a MS. note in my copy, has eraſed “muſt” and written “moſt.”

<sup>77</sup> Dryden owned to Dennis, “that when he adapted his *State of Innocence* from Milton, he knew not half the extent of Milton’s excellence.” v. *Dennis’s Letters, Moral and Critical*, 1721, p. 75.

of the commentators. In 1688,<sup>78</sup> the handsome folio edition was published under the patronage of Lord Somers, with the assistance of Atterbury<sup>79</sup> and Dryden; in 1682, it was translated into Dutch, and into Latin in 1685, and ten years after, it appeared with a very curious and learned commentary by Patrick Hume. I shall here take the opportunity of mentioning the volumes published by Lauder, “*Auctorum Milto facem prælucentium* ;” and of remarking (after having perused the poems which they contain) that little doubt can be entertained, but that Milton was acquainted with the *Adamus Exsul* of Grotius, and probably with the poetry of Ramsay and Masenius. Those who are curious on the subject may compare the poems of Ramsay with the description of the creation in the seventh book, and the drama of Grotius with the temptation in the ninth; and, if familiar with the language of Milton, they will find some resemblances; but the charge of plagiarism was unjust, and indeed absurd. Milton’s immense reading extended over the whole field of literature, and in every direction; and it required all his learning, collected by painful study during the best years of his life, long deposited in his memory, and

<sup>78</sup> See *Todd’s Life*, p. 198-202, there were five hundred and thirty subscribers. See a list of the most eminent of them in *Lofft’s Milton*, p. xlix.

<sup>79</sup> Atterbury said, “that *he* prepared the edition of Milton, usually called Lord Somers’s—from a MS. note of his in an edition of Milton out of the library of Warburton.” v. *Atterbury’s Works*, iv. p. 164, and v. p. 303. And see *Armstrong’s Works*, vol. i. p. 136. See the subscribers to this edition in *Birch’s Life of Milton*, p. lviii. and see *Malone’s Life of Dryden*, p. 202. Sir John Medina drew all the designs for Somers’ edition, except the last, which is taken from Raphael’s Bible. Rev. A. Dyce possesses the original drawings which were Dr. Metcalf’s. See *Walpole’s Anecdotes of Painters*, p. 375, 4to. on “Medina.” Dryden wrote his well-known epigram for this edition on the portrait.

See *Voltaire, Dict. Philosophique*, vol. 5, p. 111, on the Sarcotis and on Milton.



remoulded by his genius, to build up his immortal poem. Where is there an extensive work of established reputation to be found, that is not evidently the result of long study, and assiduous labours? Let us consider that his materials were a few verses in Genesis, and that the rest is created by his own imagination, supplied “by industrious and select reading.” Thus the tributary stores from poets of every age and country were poured into his mind; and they were always returned with augmented beauty and lustre.<sup>80</sup> We may say of him, as a Roman critic said of Virgil; “et judicio transferendi et modo imitandi consecutus est, ut quod apud illum legerimus alienum, aut illius esse malimus, aut melius hic quam ubi natum est, sonare miremur.”<sup>81</sup> “The judgment of Milton,” says Mr. Coleridge, “in the conduct of the celestial part of the story is very exquisite. Wherever God is represented as divinely acting as Creator, without any exhibition of his own essence, Milton adopts the simplest and sternest language of the Scriptures. He ventures upon no poetic diction, no amplification, no pathos, no assertion. It is truly the voice of the word of the Lord coming to, and acting on the subject chaos. But as some personal interest was demanded for the purposes of poetry, Milton takes advantage of the dramatic representation of God’s address to the Son, the filial Alterity,

<sup>80</sup> *Natalis Donadæi Poema Heroicum de Bello Christi*. Massanæ, 1614. Ven. 1616. Hoc vidit procul dubio in Italia Miltonus, nihil ex poetâ sumpturus, at aliquid ex argumento, præsertim libri secundi in poema magnum ubi loquitur Satanâs, sequentium in alterum. v. *W. S. Landeri Poemata*, p. 199. There is a Latin translation of a Tragedy of Beza’s, by T. Iacomotus, called “*Abram from Morea, or Isaac Redeemed*,” A. D. 1597, which Milton is supposed to have seen. v. *Hollis’s Memoirs*, p. 528.

<sup>81</sup> *Macrobii Saturn.* lib. vi. c. 1. Pearce observes that Milton imitates Virgil oftener than Homer. v. *P. L.* iv. 735.

and in *those addresses* slips in as it were by stealth language of affection, or thought, or sentiment, &c.”<sup>82</sup> Indeed although Milton was undoubtedly a high Arian in his mature life, he does in the necessity of poetry give a greater *objectivity* to the Father and the Son, than he would have justified in argument. He was very acute in adopting the strong *Anthropomorphism* of the Hebrew Scriptures at once. Compare the *Paradise Lost* with Klopstock’s *Messiah*, and you will learn to appreciate Milton’s judgment and skill quite as much as his genius.

An anecdote had long been current, which originally came from Richardson, that Sir John Denham came into the House of Commons with a sheet of *Paradise Lost*, wet from the press, in his hand, and being asked what it was, replied, “Part of the noblest poem that was ever written in any age or language.”<sup>83</sup> Such is the facility with which anecdotes that amuse or surprise, pass current from mouth to mouth, that they need but a slender foundation to ensure belief. On examination, it was discovered that Denham was never in Parliament; and consequently the whole story is an ingenious fiction. I shall conclude my remarks on the publication of the poem, by mentioning that in an original edition, belonging to a gentleman who communicated the fact to the public,

<sup>82</sup> v. *Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 264.

<sup>83</sup> I possess a curious book, called “*A New Version of Paradise Lost*, or Milton paraphrased, in which the measure and versification are corrected and harmonized, the obscurities elucidated, and the faults removed, by a gentleman of Oxford” (Mr. Green), in 1706. It is one of the most ludicrously absurd books that I ever read. He says that he has introduced a novelty in this version, by *bracing those lines that read best together, in imitation of the triplets in rhyme*. His notes are not less curious than the text. My copy belonged to some person as eccentric as the author, as appears by his MS. notes in the margin. He has had the book lettered—“Milton travestied surely.”

some rhyming lines were written apparently by a female hand, with these words at the conclusion, “dictated by J. M.” Mr. Todd withholds his decision as to their authenticity, chiefly on account of the rhyme; but Doctor Symmons, a less cautious critic, has no doubt of their being the production of Milton. The subject is “Day-break,” and a short extract will be sufficient to enable the admirers of Milton to form their opinion.

“Whose pale-faced Regent, Cynthia, paler grows,  
To see herself pursued by conquering foes,  
Yet daring stays behind to guard the rear  
Of her black armies, whither without fear  
They may retreat, till her alternate course  
Bring her about again with rallied force.  
Hark! how the Lion’s terror loud proclaims  
The gladsome tidings of day’s gentle beams,  
And, long kept silence, breaking, rudely wakes  
‘The feather’d train, which soon their concert makes,” &c.<sup>84</sup>

Three years after *Paradise Lost* was given to the world, Milton published the *History of England*,<sup>85</sup> comprising the fable of Geoffrey of Monmouth, continued only as far as the Norman invasion. The first copies were mutilated by the licenser, who expunged all the passages that reflected on the conduct of the long parliament, and of

<sup>84</sup> See *Todd’s Life*, first ed. p. 91, for some lines called, Lavinia walking in a frosty morning, p. 104; for a sonnet written at Chalfont, which the critics are willing to attribute to Milton. The epigram in Fenion’s collection must have come from a very different inkstand. (*Extempore on a Faggot*, p. 286.)

<sup>85</sup> Milton, in his *History of England*, seems to have used Spenser’s *Chronicle of the British Kings*, as a kind of clue to direct him through so dark and perplexed a subject. He plainly copies Spenser’s order and disposition, whom he quotes; and almost transcribes from him the story of Lear—of as much however as the difference between prose and verse will admit. Milton’s history is an admirable comment on this part of Spenser, which is taken from the first part of Hardyng’s *Chronicle*. v. *Warton on Spenser*, ii. p. 242, and the *Retrospective Review*, vol. ix. p. 1-19.

the new church government. Toland has egregiously misrepresented the facts connected with this suppression. He called it an exposure of the superstition, pride, and cunning of the Popish monks in the Saxon times, and stated that it was suppressed by the licensers, because they thought what was said of the monks was meant to apply to Charles the Second's bishops, though it related solely to the Long Parliament and republican assembly of divines in 1641; but, as the Bishop of Salisbury<sup>86</sup> observes, Toland "very ill digested such an account of the liberty and religion of his favourite republic." Milton gave a copy of these remarks to the Earl of Anglesea, which were published in 1681, with a preface, and have since been inserted in their proper place. The six books which Milton executed appeared in 1670, of the passages then suppressed, but since 1738 always accompanying the History, it appears that some learned persons have doubted the authenticity.<sup>87</sup> This work has received, as is well known, the praise of Warburton, who said, "It is written with great simplicity, contrary to his custom in his prose writings, and is the better for it. But he sometimes rises into a surprising grandeur in the sentiments and expressions, as at the conclusion of the second book; I never saw any thing equal to this, but the conclusion of Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World."<sup>88</sup> The third

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<sup>86</sup> See "*Protestant Union*," by T. Burgess, Bishop of Salisbury, p. xlii. Richardson says, "the castrated part was a sort of digression, and was expunged to avoid giving offence to a party quite subdued, and whose faults the government was then willing to have forgotten." See *Life*, p. xlvi. Mr. Hollis's biographer (Archd. Blackburne) is as unwilling as Toland to admit this passage in its real sense; and most absurdly turns it against the *Popish* clergy, v. *Mem.* p. 494.

<sup>87</sup> See *Todd's Life of Milton*, p. 210; *Dibdin's Library Companion*, p. 201 (1824); *Retrospective Review*, vol. ix. p. 1-9; and Warton on Spenser, ii. p. 242.

<sup>88</sup> See *Birch's Life*, p. lxviii.; and *Newton's Life*, p. lxxvi.

book opens with a comparison drawn between the unsettled state of the Britons, after the desertion of the Romans, and the condition of the country under Cromwell and the Presbyterian government. The parallel is forced into its place by the indignation of the writer; and severely has he chastised the hypocrisy, the selfishness, the rapacity, the ignorance of the leaders, and the injustice and weakness of the government. He follows up his first blow at the "statists," by an equally powerful attack on the unprincipled greediness and baseness of the Presbyterian clergy, "who execute ther Places like Children of the Devil, unfaithfully, unjustly, unmercifully, and where not corruptly, stupidly." The whole passage is written with eloquence,—*facit indignatio versum*.<sup>89</sup> In one part, he evidently alludes to himself,—“They who were ever faithfulest to this Cause, and freely aided them in Person, or with ther Substance, when they durst not compel either, slighted and bereev'd after of ther just Debts by greedy Sequestrations, were toss'd up and down after miserable attendance from one Committee to another with petitions in ther hands, yet either miss'd the obtaining of ther suit, or though it were at length graunted, (meer shame and reason oft times extorting from them at least a show of Justice), yet by ther Sequestrators and Sub-committees abroad, Men for the most part of insatiable hands and noted disloyalty, those Orders were commonly disobeyed :” &c. This is part of the passage that was suppressed by the licenser in 1670, and was first separately printed in 1681. On this subject I am enabled to give the opinion of one to whom has been applied the happy

<sup>89</sup> ——— “New Foes arise

Threatning to bind our Souls in secular Chains,

Help us to save Free Conscience from the paw

Of Hireling Wolves whose Gospel is their Maw.”—*Sonnet*.

designation by Sir D. Dalrymple of Lord Hardwick—as “learned in British History.”

“I thought, first, that the passage was a digression out of both time and place; to use a vulgar phrase, brought in head and shoulders, and looking, therefore, much like an interpolation. Secondly, that the opinions expressed in it are greatly at variance with Milton’s political creed and character. And, thirdly, that the reasons for its alleged suppression are wholly inadequate and inconclusive. With respect to my first objection, I am aware it will be said that Milton, in the introductory paragraph of his third book, as published by himself, had expressly referred to the ‘late civil broils.’ But it is not from thence to be inferred that he meant to follow it up with so ample, particular, and *misplaced* a description of his own times as is contained in the digression. Of my second ground of suspicion, I must leave you to form your own opinion. But I cannot easily believe, that if Milton had really derived from experience such expressions of the conduct and views of his late associates, he would have condescended to incur the imputation of being a time-server by printing them, as the story says he meant to do. Such a course would have been quite foreign to the sturdy independence of his character. As to the last point, I think the reason assigned for the suppression of the passage by the Licensers, namely, that it was done out of tenderness for the vanquished party, is a most lame and impotent one. The Licensers, indeed, might have expunged, as Toland says they did, some passages exposing the superstition and luxury of monks, yet this seems doubtful, as so many were permitted to remain. But can it be believed that Charles the Second and his Licensers had the amiable weakness of harbouring tender mercies towards the beaten Republicans? On the contrary, would they not have triumphed in an opportunity of exposing the recantation



(for so they would have called it) of so formidable and illustrious an adversary as Milton? After all, I must in candour admit that the digression is not without internal marks of genuineness. It is so *Miltonic* in style and execution, that if Milton did not write it, it would be difficult to assign it to any other writer. If it be taken from him, as Johnson says of one of the disputed plays of Shakespeare, to whom shall it be given? But the History of Britain itself I cannot think worthy of Milton's great name. It is a laboured recapitulation of the long-exploded fables of Brute and his descendants, and is as discreditable to his judgment, as the slur he casts on Saxon History<sup>90</sup> and Saxon Historians. That History he treats

<sup>90</sup> It is with pleasure that we favour the reader with some interesting remarks by the late Lord Grenville, on a doubtful point of English History connected with the present subject, and attached to a passage of Milton:—

“Milton says, in anticipation of his intended poem—‘*Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalangas.*’ The struggle of Cornish Britons for their national independence, tho’ finally overpowered, was maintained till a very late period of the Saxon dominion in England, nor is it easy to ascertain the precise date of its termination. Gibbon indeed asserts (c. 38, note 135), ‘that Cornwall was finally subdued by Athelstane (A. D. 927-941), who planted an English colony at Exeter, and confined the Britons beyond the River Tamar.’ But this statement is confuted by the authority which he cites, as well as by other historical evidence. Malmesbury, to whose evidence Gibbon refers us, says no more, than that this monarch ‘vigorously attacked the Cornish men, drove them from Exeter, and fixed the boundaries of his *own* territories (*provinciae suae*) on this side of the Tamar.’ Cornwall was therefore still excluded from them. Nor is it more true, that Athelstane planted an English colony at Exeter. The English were settled there before his time, and held it, as Malmesbury expressly tells us, conjointly with the Britons (*æquo jure*). This common occupancy of the same district, by two hostile and barbarous tribes, was naturally not very favourable to its cultivation. Those who know its present state, may be amused with this author’s account of it. No uninstruative lesson, if it teaches the importance of domestic concord to national improvement, and the in-

as ‘wars of kites and crows, flocking and fighting in the air,’ and the historians as ‘obscure and blockish chroniclers, only fit to be read by those who take pleasure to be all their lifetime raking in the foundation of old abbeys and cathedrals.’ You have quite enough of historian and antiquarian feeling to deem this heresy; or, as Dogberry says, ‘flat burglary as ever was committed.’ He must have quite forgotten ‘to love the high embowed roof.’ Warburton has selected one of the very *next* passages in the history for his particular praise. It is at the conclusion of the second book, where all the faults of Milton’s prose style are accumulated and concluded in about a dozen

creased productiveness of the earth itself from the progress of social life; a fact perhaps not sufficiently attended to by our ablest political economists. ‘The soil,’ says he, ‘is hungry and squalid, scarcely producing a few starved oats, which bear for the most part no grain, but only empty husks.’ Such was in those days the *neighbourhood of Exeter*, to which Athelstane, we are told, gave a new face of prosperity, by assuming to himself and to his people its sole possession and government. This transaction happened in 926, nearly the first of the two dates assigned by Gibbon, and almost 500 years after the arrival of Hengist in England. The Saxon Chronicle of that year states that Athelstane ‘then obtained (or exercised) an authority (or superiority *geþylde*) over all the things that were in this island, first Howel King of West Wales (Cornwall), and Constantine King of the Scots, and Owen King of Monmouth, and Aldrid the son of Eadulf of Bamburgh.’ He seems to have exacted from them all some sort of submission, as to a paramount sovereign. But it is added, ‘that they ratified this agreement with covenants and oaths, and then returned in peace.’ He treated, therefore, with the British King of Cornwall on the same footing as with the King of the Scots. He covenanted with all these Kings, as exercising distinct though possibly subordinate powers of government, and he appears to have left them in that state. From this account, therefore, as well as from what Malmesbury states, of the separation of Exeter at this period from Cornwall, it is manifest that the latter continued to be, till within less than a century and a half before the Norman Conquest, a separate state governed by its native rulers. How much longer it remained in this condition we know not. A gentleman deeply versed in our ancient history has suggested to

lines. This is treasonable language, I confess; but in proportion as I admire the poet, I can afford, by way of set off, to censure the historian."

In 1671, Milton<sup>91</sup> published *Paradise Regained* and

the author of these trifles, a conjecture, in defect of positive evidence, that Cornwall was absorbed into the Saxon kingdom by gradual encroachments, not long after the time of Athelstan. He supports this opinion by some instances of ecclesiastical superiority exercised there by the English Kings before the Norman Conquest. And we may observe, that in *Domesday book*, a large proportion, perhaps the largest of the few Cornish landowners enumerated, seems to be of Saxon origin. But it is singular that no distinct account should remain of so remarkable an event, as the *final extinction of the sovereignty of the British princes in this their last refuge on English ground*; nor any memorial of that decisive epoch, when, in the words of our romantic poet,

Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,  
Be to the Briton babe that shal be borne  
To live in thraldome of his fathers foe!  
Late king, now captive; late lord, now-forlorne;  
The worlds reproch; the cruel victors scorne.

*Faerie Queene*, b. iii. c. iii. v. 42.

That the completion of this Revolution was deferred to a very late period, the evidence of language would indeed have sufficiently proved, had history been wholly silent. The local nomenclature of Cornwall is at this day almost entirely Celtic. In most other parts of England, the rivers and mountains have frequently retained their British appellations; but the names of the towns, villages, and parishes (with the exception of the Roman stations, or other accidental peculiarities) are in very large proportions of *Teutonic* origin. A circumstance which must be principally attributed (but not perhaps so exclusively as it has been by some of our own historians) to the influence of the Saxon conquest. Though even before the Roman Invasion, some considerable portion of our island was occupied by *Belgic* tribes, wholly differing, as we are told (*Cæsar*, I. 1, and V. 10), from the Celts in language, as well as in laws and manners, and retaining in their new settlements, like other colonists, ancient and modern, the appellations endeared to them by the recollections of their parent country."

<sup>91</sup> See *Newton's Life*, p. lxxviii. These Poems not printed by Sim-

Samson Agonistes.<sup>92</sup> The former poem he showed to his friend Ellwood. "This," said he, "is owing to you, for you put it into my head, by the questions you put to me at Chalfont, which otherwise, I had not thought of." When it was accounted inferior to the *Paradise Lost*,<sup>93</sup> Philips says, "he could not hear with patience any such thing when related to him." It appears to me, that these poems are so dissimilar in their structure and purpose, that no comparison can be usefully or justly instituted between them. That the *Paradise Lost* excels in variety of invention, in splendour of imagery, in magnificent thoughts and delineations, and in grandeur and sublimity of description, no doubt can be entertained; but the latter poem is finished with equal care, and as perfect in another style. The reasoning clear, the argument close and weighty, the expression most select and chosen, the versification harmonious, differing in structure from that of the former poem, but admirably in unison with the subject.<sup>94</sup> The language, as in the poetry of Lucretius, always moves closely with the argument; plain and simple, where plain sense and simple sentiments only were required; while there are not wanting passages rising into the greatest beauty, and adorned with the richest fancy, that it would be diffi-

mons but by I. M. for Starkey in Fleet Street, at the price of 2s. 6d. bound.

<sup>92</sup> Langbaine observes, that Dryden has transferred several thoughts from *Samson Agonistes* to his *Aurengzebe*. See *Dram. Poets*, pp. 157. 376.

<sup>93</sup> Perhaps it was the consciousness of having thus laboured to improve the *descriptive* parts of *Paradise Regained*, which made him prefer that poem to *Paradise Lost*. See *C. Smith's Poems*, p. 164. He compares *Paradise Regained*, iii. 330, with *Paradise Lost*, i. 675. *Pope* in one of his *Letters* calls it "*his worst work*," v. vol. viii. p. 110, ed. Warton.

<sup>94</sup> See *Rogers's Italy*, p. 287, note P. 2. l. 13. ed. 1844.

cult to surpass even in *Paradise Lost*. There is a severe and noble beauty in the structure and expression of the dialogue, which has always appeared to me to have imbibed the spirit of the Grecian stage, as felt in the most perfect and finished of its productions ; where the boldest conceptions, and the most refined beauties, are seen in strict harmony with the progressive development of the plan, all contributing to the necessary uniformity of impression, and all obedient to the control of the poetic mind that created them. On the name given to this poem, which is a relation of the Temptation, a learned writer observes, “ Whatever may be thought of the manner or correctness with which this high matter has been handled by our eminent but most misguided poet, he spoke not in that unfair authority when he referred to this event,—the Temptation—the Paradise regained for us the second Adam, which had been lost by the successful temptation of our first Progenitor. This transaction symbolizing the whole victory of the Saviour of mankind over the Destroyer.”<sup>95</sup> It is supposed that it was written while Milton was at Chalfont, though not published till five years after.<sup>96</sup> Of the *Samson Agonistes* it must be observed, that the plot is not skilfully arranged, and that many of the lyrical measures are totally destitute of any intelligible rhythm, but it must ever be considered as one of the noblest dramas in our language. Its moral sentiment, its pathetic feeling, its noble and dignified thoughts, its wise and weighty maxims, its severe religious contemplations clothed in

<sup>95</sup> See *Mills's Five Sermons*, p. 15. See also his objection to our Lord being rapt thro' the air and taken to some eastern mountain, p. 103.

<sup>96</sup> See *Niceron, Mém. des Hommes Ill.* tom. x. p. ii. p. 110. It was the doctrine of Peter Lombard, and the old divines, that the *immediate* consequence of Christ's victory over the temptation in the wilderness, was the diminution of the spiritual power, and the previously allowed dominion of Satan on the earth.

rich and select language, and adorned with metaphor and figure, give a surprising elevation to the whole. Warburton considered it as a perfect piece, and as an imitation of the ancients, having, as it were, a certain gloominess intermixed with the sublime (the subject not very different, the fall of two heroes by a woman) which shows more serenely in his *Paradise Lost*. It is creditable to the taste and judgment of Pope, that he did not adopt Atterbury's suggestion of reviewing and polishing this piece.<sup>97</sup> Samson would have been twice shorn of his locks, and sunk into a modern son of Israel; and Pope would have failed on the same ground, where his Master Dryden had fallen before him.<sup>98</sup>

To that multiplicity of attainments, and extent of comprehension (says Johnson), that entitled this great author to our veneration, may be added a kind of humble dignity, which did not disdain the meanest service in literature. The epic poet, the controvertist, the politician having already descended to accommodate children with a book of rudiments, now in the last years of his life, composed a book of logic for the instruction of students in philosophy: and published "*Artis Logicæ plenior Institutio ad Petri Rami Methodum concinnata*." Of this book there was a second edition called for in the following year: it has never been translated, and is the only production of Milton, that I confess I have never had the leisure or the curiosity to read.

In 1673 his "*Treatise of true Religion, Heresie, Schism, Toleration, and what best means may be used against the growth of Popery*," was published. His

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<sup>97</sup> On *Milton's Defence of Tragedy*, prefixed to *Samson Agonistes*, see *Warton on Spenser*, vol. ii. p. 357. See also *Philological Museum*, vol. vi. p. 536.

<sup>98</sup> See *Pope's Letters*, vol. viii. p. 116, ed. *Newton*. See *Armstrong's Works*, vol. ii. p. 242. See *Birch's Life*, p. lxix.



principle of toleration is agreement in the sufficiency of scripture: and he extends it to all who profess to derive their opinions from the sacred writings. The Papists appealing to other testimonies are not to be tolerated, for though they plead conscience, “we have no warrant,” he says, “to regard conscience, which is not founded on scripture.” He considers a diligent perusal of the Bible as the best preservative against the error of the Popish church, and he warns men of all professions, the countryman, the tradesman, the lawyer, the physician, the statesman, not to excuse themselves by their much business from the studious reading of the Bible. The object of Milton in this treatise was to form a “general Protestant union” against the church of Rome, which he calls the “common adversary,” not by any compromise of the peculiar tenets of the Protestant sects, but by a liberal, and comprehensive toleration grounded on the principle of making the Bible the rule of faith. “Error,” he says, “is not heresy,” and he determines nothing to be heresy, but a wilful alienation from, or addition to the scriptures. God, he says, will assuredly pardon all sincere inquiries after truth, though mistaken in some points of doctrine; and speaking of the founders, or reviewers of such opinions in past times, he adds, that God having made no man infallible, hath pardoned their involuntary errors. Such, in the closing evening of his life, were the last thoughts of a pious, a learned, and a powerful mind, on a question connected with the preservation of true religion; a century and a half has closed, since this work was written against the “worst of superstitions, and the heaviest of God’s judgments, Popery,” and it has lately been republished by a most eminent and learned Prelate, to exhibit the solidity of its arguments, and to prove the unimpeachable piety of the author.

In 1673, the same year in which the above named

treatise appeared, Milton reprinted his Juvenile Poems, with additions, and some few corrections, accompanied with the Tractate on Education. That his Latin poems were not received with greater applause by the foreign scholars, has always been matter of astonishment to me.<sup>99</sup> If some mistakes in quantity shocked the learning of Salmasius, or offended the taste of Heinſius,<sup>1</sup> we must recollect that they are but few and unimportant, while they are well compensated by a vigour of expression, a beauty of allusion, a fertility of imagery, and a truly poetical conception. Mr. Coleridge says, “You may find a few minute faults in Milton’s Latin verses; but you will not persuade me that if these poems had come down to us as written in the age of Tiberius, we should not have considered them to be very beautiful.”<sup>2</sup> Though Milton has formed his taste on the best models, and drawn his language from the purest sources, his poems are not faded transcripts or slavish imitations of the ancients.<sup>3</sup> I know

<sup>99</sup> Morhof ranks Milton among the *inferior* Latin writers. See *Polybiſt. Lit.* vol. i. p. 1070. *Salmaſii Reſponſio*, p. 5.

<sup>1</sup> T. Warton ſays that N. Heinſius had no taſte in poetry. I differ decidedly from this opinion, from an intimate acquaintance with his works. I affirm that there never was a commentator on the *Latin poets* of finer taſte or happier ſkill. Bentley over and over again calls him “elegantiffimus.” “Solertiſſimo ingenio—et critica et poetica laude nobilis.” Burman, Pierson (that admirable ſcholar), Wakefield, and others bear the ſtrongest teſtimony to his taſte and ſkill. De Puy ſays, “Heinſius delicatulas veneres, et lepores cum ſingulari virtute et doctrina conjunxit.” v. *Puteani Vita*, p. 144, 4to. His Latin poems are elegant and correct, but very inferior to Milton’s in fertility of invention, and poetical feeling. He was called “The Swan of Holland.” See *Baillet, Jugement des Scavans*, tom. vi. pt. ii. p. 359.

<sup>2</sup> Vide *Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 270. I have noticed, I believe, all the errors in quantity in the Notes to the Aldine edition.

<sup>3</sup> The poets of Great Britain who have excelled in the composition of Latin verſe might be thus arranged: Buchanan, Milton, T. May, Gray; and in the ſecond order, Addiſon, V. Bourne, and Anſley.

not where the scholars of the continent could have gone for more beautiful specimens of modern poetry than his First Elegy, and the Address to his Father; and has Lucretius himself ever clothed the bare and meagre form of metaphysical speculations in a robe of greater brilliancy, or adorned it with more dazzling jewels of poetry than in the following lines? who, that reads the argument, could have anticipated the change it underwent as it passed through the poet's mind.

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES  
INTELLEXIT.

Dicite sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,  
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis  
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul  
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,  
Monumenta servans, & ratas leges *Jovis*,  
Cælique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,  
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine  
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,  
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,

\* \* \* \* \*

Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes  
Cæli pererratq; ordines decemplicis,  
Citimumve terris incolit Lunæ globum:  
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens  
Obliviosas torpet ad *Lethæ* aquas;  
Sive in remota forte terrarum plaga  
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,  
Et iis tremendus erigit celsum caput  
Atlante major portitore syderum.

In 1674, the last year of his laborious and honourable life, he published his familiar letters in Latin; to which he added some clever and pleasing academical exercises: and his long and splendid list of contributions to literature

Cowley possessed a facility of versification, but his poetry is neither classical in its conception, nor correct in its execution. See *Morhof*, vol. i. p. 1065.

ended with a translation of the Latin declaration of the Poles in favour of John the Third. Some doubts, however, have been entertained as to this translation having proceeded from the pen of Milton; but as they turn entirely on the internal evidence of the style, they can admit of no perfect solution.<sup>4</sup>

Milton had long been a sufferer by the gout, which had now, with the advance of age, greatly enfeebled his constitution. Considering that his life was about to close,<sup>5</sup> he informed his brother Christopher that he wished to dictate to him the disposition of his property. He died by a quiet and silent expiration, on Sunday, the 8th of November, 1674,<sup>6</sup> at his house in Bunhill Fields, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, having survived the loss of his sight for three and twenty years. He was buried next his father in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate, attended, as Toland informs us, by “all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar.” His wife survived him the long period of fifty-four years.<sup>7</sup> Her receipt to the bookseller for the copyright

<sup>4</sup> Milton left in MS. A Brief History of Moscovia, and of other less known Countries lying eastward of *Russia* as far as Cathay, printed in 1688. On his tract concerning the militia, 1642, 4to. unnoticed by his biographers, see *Todd's Life*, (first ed.) p. 127. In a *Collection of Poems* by C. Gildon, 1692, 12mo. p. 92, is Julii Mazarini Cardinalis epitaphium, auctore Joanne Milton. v. *State Poems*, vol. i. p. 56. Mr. Godwin, in his *Life of Philips*, p. 190, has mentioned a poem attributed to Milton, in *State Poems*, 1697, in which is—“Noah be d—d.” On the works attributed to him, see *Todd's Life*, p. 133—138; and *Newton's Life*, p. lxxxiii.

<sup>5</sup> “He would be very cheerful even in his goutte fitts, and sing: He died of the goutte struck in, the 9 or 10 November, 1674, as appears by his ‘Apothecaries’ books.’” — *Aubrey Lett.* vol. iii. p. 449.

<sup>6</sup> Johnson says, about the 10th of November, and Mr. Hayley on the 15th; but Mr. Todd has ascertained the exact date from a reference to the register of St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

<sup>7</sup> See *Hunter's Notes on Shakespeare*, p. 337.

of Milton's *Prose Works* exists, I am told, in the church library of Houghton Conquest.

The original stone laid upon the grave of Milton was removed not many years after his interment; and no memorial of the Poet's fame existed in the church in which he was buried,<sup>8</sup> till by Mr. Whitbread's munificence, a marble bust, and tablet, recording the date of his birth and death were erected in the middle aisle. To the author of *Paradise Lost* a similar tribute of respect was paid in 1737, by Mr. Auditor Benson; and his monument, adorned with a bust, was placed at the expense of that gentleman in Westminster Abbey.

Thus was Milton's wish, though late, fulfilled:

"Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos  
Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ,  
Forſitan & nostros ducat de marmore vultus."

*Mansus*, ver. 90.

When the inscription, written by Atterbury, to the memory of John Philips, was exhibited to Dr. Sprat, then Dean of Westminster, he refused to admit it, because the Poet was said to be "*foli Miltono secundus*." This anecdote was related to Johnson by Dr. Gregory. Such has been the change of opinion, he added, that I have seen erected in the church the statue of that man, whose name I once knew considered as a pollution of its walls.

Milton, in his youth, is said to have been eminently handsome. He was called the Lady of his college.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> On the disinterment of the *supposed* coffin and corpse of Milton in August, 1790, see the *Pamphlet of P. Neve, Esq.* and *Todd's Life*, p. 139. The exact place in the church where Milton and his father lie is not ascertained. The father died about 1647. Speed the Historian and Fox the Martyrologist are buried in the same church.

<sup>9</sup> Salmasius says, "*Tu quem olim Itali pro fœminâ habuerunt*." *Salmas. Resp.* p. 23, in his *Prolusiones Acad.* p. 132, he says of him-

His complexion was fresh and fair.<sup>10</sup> His hair, which was of a light brown, was parted in front, and hung down upon his shoulders.<sup>11</sup> He was of a moderate stature, or rather below the middle size. His eyes were of a greyish colour; and when he was totally deprived of sight, he says that they did not betray the loss. His voice and ear were musical.<sup>12</sup> He was vigorous and active, delighting in the exercise of the small sword. Of his figure in his declining days, the following sketch has been left by Richardson.—An ancient clergyman of Dorsetshire, Dr.

self, “A quibusdam audiui, nuper *domina*,” &c. Virgil was called “Parthenius.” See his Life.

<sup>10</sup> On the portraits of Milton consult *Todd's Life* (second edit.), p. 141, note; that I also saw one of him, when young, at Lord Townshend's at Rainham, but many years have passed, and I cannot recollect any particulars. Charles Lamb, Esq. possessed an original portrait, left by his brother, and accidentally bought in London. A miniature by S. Cooper has been lately placed in the Duke of Buccleuch's possession. Consult also *T. Warton's Milton*, p. 331. As regards his portrait by W. Marshall, prefixed to his Poems (and which Salmasius did not dislike), he says, in his *Defensio contra Morum*, “Tu effigiem mihi dissimillimam præfixam Poematibus vidisti. Ego verò si impulsu et ambitione librarii, me imperito Sculptori, propterea quod in urbe alius eo tempore belli non erat, in fabri scalpendum permisi, id me neglexisse potius eam rem arguebat, cujus tu mihi nimium cultum objicis.” v. *Prose Works*, vol. v. p. 303; but Morus had drawn a different conclusion. “An deformitatem tibi vitio verterem, qui *bellum* etiam credidi maxime, postquam, tuis præfixam Poematibus comptulam iconem illam vidi?” Salmasius reproaches him with the loss of his beauty. “Malo isto magnam partem tuæ pulchritudinis deperiisse, pro eo ac debeo, doleo: nam in oculis maxime viget ac valet formæ decus, quid Itali nunc dicerent, si te viderent cum ista tua fœda lippitudine.” *Salmas. Resp.* p. 15. I have heard that an original portrait of Milton (about thirty years of age) has been discovered by Mr. R. Lemon of the State Paper Office.

<sup>11</sup> In this he differed from his friends the Puritans: see description of the Puritan hair *cropped* in *Col. Hutchinson's Memoirs*; and see *Howes's Persius*, p. 105.

<sup>12</sup> See *Fenton's Notes on Waller*, p. cii.



Wright, found John Milton in a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow chair, and dressed neatly in black; pale, but not cadaverous; his hands and feet gouty, and with chalk stones. . . . He used also to sit in a gray coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house near Bunhill Fields, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air; and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts, as well as quality.<sup>13</sup>

His domestic habits were those of a severe and temperate student. He drank little wine, and fed without any luxurious delicacy of choice. In his youth, he studied till midnight; but warned by the early decay of sight, and his disordered health, he afterwards changed his hours, and rested in bed<sup>14</sup> from nine till four in the summer, and five in the winter months. If at these hours he was not disposed to rise, he had a person by his bedside to read to him.<sup>15</sup> When he had risen, he had a chapter in the Hebrew Bible read to him, and studied till twelve. He then took some exercise for an hour in his garden, dined, played on the organ, and either sang himself, or made his wife sing, who had a good voice,

<sup>13</sup> *Richardson's Life of Milton*, 1734, p. iv.

<sup>14</sup> The bed on which Milton died was given by Mr. Hollis to Akenfide the poet, who was delighted with the present. See *Hollis's Memoirs*, p. 112.

<sup>15</sup> Milton had taught his two younger daughters to pronounce exactly the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, and French, without understanding the meaning of the languages. This at length became so irksome, that, on their expressing their uneasiness, they were sent out to learn embroidery, &c. Ellwood, Ed. Philips, and Skinner read to him. He used to say, in his daughters' hearing, that one tongue was enough for a woman. v. *Philips' Life*, p. 42. Milton's memory and learning were almost as wonderful as his genius; and after he grew blind, it is not likely that he would desire to have any foreign books read to him, but such as he was well acquainted with. See *Beattie's Essays*, p. 273.

though not a musical ear. He again studied till six ; entertained his visitors<sup>16</sup> till eight ; and supped upon olives, or some light thing,<sup>17</sup> and after a pipe of tobacco, and a glass of water, went to bed. That Milton and his wife used to dine in the kitchen, as appears in the affidavit of their maidservant, Mary Fisher, I suppose might be owing to the homely and simple custom of the times among plain people, and cannot be adduced as a mark of poverty or meanness.<sup>18</sup>

He composed much in the night and morning, and dictated in the day, sitting obliquely in an elbow chair, with his leg thrown over the arm. Fortune, as Johnson observes, appears not to have had much of his care. He lost, by different casualties, about four thousand pounds ; yet his wants were so few, and his habits of life so unexpensive, that he was never reduced to indigence. He sold part of his library before his death,<sup>19</sup> and left his widow about fifteen hundred pounds. She sold the re-

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<sup>16</sup> " He was visited by the learned, much more than he did desire." v. *Aubrey Lett.* vol. iii. p. 443. " Foreigners came much to see him, and admired him, and offered to him great preferments to come over to them ; and the only inducement of several foreigners that came over, was to see O. Protector and Mr. J. Milton ; and would see the *house* and chamber where he was born. He was much more admired abroad than at home."

<sup>17</sup> It was when he was infirm and sick, that he addressed his wife, as Mary Fisher tells us she overheard. " Who having provided something for deceased's dinner which he very well liked, he spake to his said wife, these or the like words, as near as this deponent can remember. ' God have mercy, Betty, I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise, in providing me such dishes as I think fit while I live ; and when I die, thou knowest I have left thee all.' " Milton had two servant-maids, Mary and Elizabeth Fisher. See his will. His man-servant was B. Green. See Milton's Agreement in the Appendix.

<sup>18</sup> Milton was in tolerable circumstances. See *Jackson's Thirty Letters*, p. 234.

<sup>19</sup> He is said to have borrowed fifty pounds of Jonathan Hartop of Aldborough in Yorkshire, who died in 1791, at the age of 138. He

mainder of the Poet's books to a bookseller at Shrewsbury. Fenton says, "Though he abode in the heritage of oppressors, and the spoils of the country lay at his feet, neither his conscience, nor his honour could stoop to gather them."

It has been agreed by all, that he was of an equal and cheerful temper, and pleasing and instructive in conversation.<sup>20</sup> His daughter said, "her father was delightful company, the life of the conversation; and *that*, on account of a flow of subject, and an unaffected cheerfulness and civility." Richardson says, "that Milton had a gravity in his temper, not melancholy, or not till the latter part of his life; not sour, or morose, or ill natured, but a certain severity of mind, a mind not condescending to little things:" and Aubrey adds, "that he was satirical."<sup>21</sup>

His literature was unquestionably immense; his adversaries admitted that he was the most able and acute scholar living. With the Hebrew, and its two dialects, he was well acquainted, in the Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish languages, he was eminently skilled. In La-

returned the loan with honour, though not without much difficulty, as his circumstances were very low. Mr. Hartop would have declined receiving it, but the pride of the Poet was equal to his genius, and he sent the money with an angry letter, which was found among the curious possessions of the venerable old man." See *Easton's Human Longevity*, p. 241, (a book however of little authority). Toland says, "towards the latter part of his time he *contracted* his library, both because the heirs he left could not make a right use of it, and that he thought he might sell it more to their advantage than they could be able to do themselves." v. *Life*, p. 142.

<sup>20</sup> See *Newton's Life*, p. xci.

<sup>21</sup> "In the *Paradise Lost*, indeed in every one of his poems, it is Milton *himself* whom you see. His Satan, his Adam, Raphael, *almost his Eve*,—are all John Milton, and it is a sense of this intense egotism that gives me the greatest pleasure in reading Milton's Works. The egotism of such a man is a revelation of spirit." See *Coleridge's Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 240.

tin, his knowledge was such, as to place him in the first rank of writers and critics. He himself relates that his round of study and reading was ceaseless; and that his life had not been unexpensive in learning and voyaging about. The classical books, in which he most delighted, were Homer, whose two poems, Toland says, he could almost repeat without book, Ovid's<sup>22</sup> *Metamorphoses*, and Euripides; his copy of the latter poet, with some critical observations in the margin, was in the possession of the late Sir Henry Halford.<sup>23</sup> Lord Charlemont, descended from a sister of Mr. King, the Lycidas of Milton, possessed his *Lycophron*, in which are some remarks written in his clear and beautiful hand. As a further proof of the diligence and exactness with which he read books of not common occurrence, I shall mention, that I have seen a copy of the *Sonnetti* of Varchi that belonged to him, in which the most curious expressions, and the more poetical passages were underlined, and marked with extraordinary care. He is said to have read Plautus repeatedly, in order "to rail with more choice phrase at Salmasius." Plato and Demosthenes are supposed to have been his favourite authors in Greek prose; and among the Roman historians, he has decreed to Sallust<sup>24</sup> the palm of superiority. His skill in Rabbinical literature, in which

<sup>22</sup> Deborah, his daughter, informed Dr. Ward, that "Isaiah, Homer, and Ovid, were works which they were often called to read to their father." In his *Prolusiones*, p. 81, he calls "Ovidius poetarum elegantissimus."

<sup>23</sup> T. Warton has traced this book from its possessor, Bishop Hare, in 1740, to Mr. Cradock, who bequeathed it to Sir Henry Halford. See his *Milton*, p. 569. See some letters concerning it in *Cradock's Memoirs*, vol. iv. p. 137—140. Milton's emendations of the text are given, I think, in *Jodrell's Euripides*. Milton's Copy of *Aratus* with his Autograph and MS. Notes, formerly in the possession of Mr. Upton, is now in the British Museum.

<sup>24</sup> See his *Latin Letters*, (ed. 1674,) p. 53.

he has not been followed by his commentators, was unusually great. Of the English poets, it is said he set most value on Spenser, Shakespeare, and Cowley. Spenser<sup>25</sup> was apparently his favourite. Of Jonson, Mr. Gifford says, Milton was the unwearied, though unnoticed follower. Dr. Johnson seems surprised at his approbation of Cowley, a poet whose ideas of excellence are so different from his own; these are facts for which it is difficult to account; Scaliger preferred Statius to Virgil; and who would have supposed that Rubens could have said, if he were not Rubens, he could wish to be Poëlemberg?

That Milton read the works of those dramatic poets who were the contemporaries or successors of Shakespeare, is evident, from his having translated some of their beautiful expressions into his works; and he mentions in his *Apology for Smectymnuus*, that he was much enamoured of romances in his youth. His character of Dryden was, that he was a good rhymist, but no poet; for we may well suppose that the charms of Dryden's poetry possessed few attractions for his mind, which had long been formed in other models and in another school.

The political opinions of Milton are those of a thorough republican, which Johnson thinks was founded on an envious hatred of greatness, and a sullen desire of independence.<sup>26</sup> This conclusion is so uncharitable and un-

<sup>25</sup> "Milton acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original," v. *Dryden's Pref. to his Fables*, p. xx. and *Ded. to Juvenal*, p. 126. For his character of Milton, see *Essay on Satan*, vol. xiii. p. 17, ed. Scott, and p. 112, vol. xviii. p. 239.

"The bard who next the new-born saint address  
Has Milton for his wondrous Poem blest."

See *Malone's Suppl. to Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 686. Pearce says, that "he could point out to Bentley, 'a hundred words (I believe) in Milton to be met with in no author before him.'" vol. v. p. 198.

<sup>26</sup> See *Ward's Essay on the Revolution of 1688*, vol. i. pp. 43, 50,

just; that it must recoil with injury on him who made it. No one can read Milton's writings, or contemplate his life, without being persuaded that his first desire was the freedom, and through that, the happiness of his country. Other great and good men were republicans, as well as Milton; and who amid the difficulties of those evil days, was to direct his line of conduct so clearly as to say, that no other course could be pursued with innocence and safety? I am not called upon to express an opinion as to the justice of the cause which he espoused; a question which includes a multitude of relations, and is spread through too great a variety of circumstances, and must indeed be deduced through too minute explications, to admit of being comprehended in a work like this; but I am bound to vindicate his character from the charge of being influenced in his great patriotic exertions by any feelings but those of a good and elevated nature. Men of most enlightened minds, of inflexible virtue, and of the most devoted attachment to their country, sincere and most studious of the public happiness, were seen opposed to each other in the senate and in the field. The same arguments do not operate with the same force on different minds; "In all the public contests we have had," says Algernon Sydney, "men of good judgment and integrity have filled both parties. There was a great and complicated question before them, the dangers and difficulties of which thickened as it advanced: good and brave men looked on it in different shades of sorrow or of hope, according to their tempers or habits of thought; and that which Milton contemplated as the bright dawning of a more glorious day, came lowering with such clouds and darkness, as to sink the virtuous heart of Falkland even to despair.



“I know,” says Mr. Coleridge, “no portion of history which a man may write with so much pleasure as that of the great struggle in the time of Charles the First, because he may feel the profoundest respect for both parties. The side taken by a particular person was determined by the point of view which such person happened to command at the commencement of the *inevitable collision*, one line seeming straight to this man, another line to another. No man of his age saw *the* truth—the whole truth. There was not light enough for that.”<sup>27</sup>

Harrington<sup>28</sup> had observed “that the troubles of the times were not to be attributed wholly to wilfulness or faction, neither to the misgovernment of the prince, nor the stubbornness of the people, but to a change in the balance of property, which since Henry the Seventh’s time had been daily falling into the scale of the commons, from that of the king, and the lords;”<sup>29</sup> thus, as a sensible and temperate writer observes, the opulence and independence of the commons tended to produce a popular government, and the introduction of mercenary armies to aggrandize the crown. Hence the contest between the king and the

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<sup>27</sup> See Coleridge’s *Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 170.

<sup>28</sup> See Burnet’s *Introd. to Milton’s Prose Works*, vol. i. p. 9.

<sup>29</sup> That a change in the balance of property, caused the troubles, see *Life of Harrington*, pt. xv. 4to. p. 65, “nor was there any thing now wanting to the destruction of the throne, but that the people, not apt to see their own strength, should be put to feel it, &c.” (*Occana*); again, p. 366, “The growth of the people of England, since the time noticed, of the nobility and clergy in the reign of Q. Elizabeth, to men that stood with the intent or indeed the nature and possibility of a well-founded or durable monarchy, was now presently perceived, but withal temporized in council,” &c. (the art of lawgiving). “From the reign of Edward I. (to go no farther backward),” says Mr. Coleridge, “there was a spirit of freedom in the people at large, which *all our kings in their senses were cautious not to awaken by too rudely treading on it; but for individuals, as such, there was none till the conflict with the Stuarts.*”—*Literary Remains*, vol. iii. p. 185.

people, the one to extend his prerogative, the other to augment their privileges.<sup>30</sup> The petition of rights collected the grievances of the nation into one view, and stated the acknowledged limits of the prerogative, and the undisputed rights of the people." Putting aside all favourite and partial views, and looking at the question with an equal indifference, it may be said, that *all* must have seen the necessity of amending the *manner* in which the government was conducted, what wonder if some objected even to the *form*? The dispute in fact, as Dr. Baiguy observes, was a conflict between governors who ruled by will not by law; and subjects who would not suffer the law itself to control their actions.<sup>31</sup> Milton might have despaired (for he had no example at home before him) of seeing that limited and legal monarchy, which we never possessed till the reign of the Stuarts had passed away: and which for the first time erected the safety of the throne on the secured liberty of the subject, and the inviolable sanctity of the laws. Periods like the one we are contemplating, occasionally recurring, and long and secretly prepared, produce, when they arrive, great ferment and desire of change in the minds of men: nor must we too severely blame those who in the ardour of hope aspire to a perfection that human institutions have never reached, and who, disgusted with the real abuses of the past, would turn to the imaginary advantages of the future. "It was

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<sup>30</sup> "We scarce ever had a *Prince*," says Burke, "who by fraud or violence had not made some infringement on the constitution; we scarce ever had a *Parliament* which I knew, where it attempted to set limits to the royal authority, or to set limits to its own. Evils attacked continually called for reformation, and reformations more grievous than any evils." See *Burke's View of Nat. Society*, p. 59.

<sup>31</sup> See on this subject, *Hurd's Dialogues*, *Warburton's Letters to Mr. York*, *King's Anecdotes of his own Times*, *Hallam's Const. Hist.* vol. i. p. 570. *Lyttelton's Hist. of Henry II.* vol. i. Pref. may be consulted with advantage.

the error of Milton," says Mr. Coleridge, "Sidney and others of that age, to think it possible to construct a pure and aristocratic government independent of all passion, and ignorance, and sordid nature." Milton wished for a republic, best securing, as he thought, the liberty and happiness of the people; great then was his indignation, when he saw the presbyterian synod throw away surplice and cope, and yet put on all but the old episcopal robes; and the man of "little less than divine virtue," the father of his country, the leader of her armies, the most glorious of her citizens, the founder and protector of her liberty; him who had despised the name of king for majesty, yet more majestic;<sup>32</sup> whom God manifestly favoured, that he was in all things his helper! when he saw this bold imperious usurper put off the Puritan's cloak, lay down his battered breastplate, and "stepping on the neck of crowned fortune,"<sup>33</sup> take possession of the empty throne. He hated Popery, as it was slavish, ignorant, antichristian, and idolatrous: deep therefore was his sorrow, when he spoke of the dissoluteness of a returning court, of a queen in most likelihood outlandish and a Papist, and a queen mother with their sumptuous court, and numerous train. In disappointment and disgust he turned away from sights like these, to contemplate the example of the United Provinces, which he calls a potent and flourishing repub-

<sup>32</sup> Such are the expressions used relating to Cromwell, and the titles given to him by Milton, in *The Second Defence*, &c. Milton wrote two letters to Cromwell, one in favour of Marvell, one with his *Second Defence*, see *Birch's Life*, p. xl. Cromwell was highly gifted as a preacher, as well as distinguished as a warrior; witness his learned, devout, and conscientious exercise held at Mr. Peter Temple's, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, upon Romans xiii. 1. See *Scott's Dryden*, vol. x. p. 141.

<sup>33</sup> Compare *Am. Marcellinus*, lib. xxv. p. 4. "Felicitas ita eminet, ut ipsis quodammodo cervicibus futuræ aliquandiu gubernatricis coactus, &c.—"

lic!<sup>34</sup> “The most difficult passage,” says Mr. Campbell, “of Milton’s life, for his biographers to comment on with entire satisfaction, is his continued awe and terror of Cromwell’s anger, after Cromwell had become a tyrant. Nor was he uncandid to deny that his fear of the return of the Stuarts, the symptoms of his having been seldom at the Ufurper’s court, and the circumstance of his having given his advice to spare the liberties of the people, form some apology for this negative adherence. But if the people, according to his own ideas, were capable of liberty after Cromwell’s death, they were equally so before it: and a resignation of his profit under the Despot would have been a better and fuller sacrifice to public principles, than any advice. From ordinary men this is more than could be expected, but Milton preached to others such austerity of duty, that in proportion to the altitude of his character, the world, which looked to his principle, had a right to expect his practical virtue to be severe.”<sup>35</sup>

The biographers of Milton, when speaking of his family, have mentioned his brother Christopher, and his sister Anne. It appears by a more diligent inquiry, that the names of two other sisters, Tabitha and Sarah, are mentioned in the baptismal register, and the death of Sarah only is recorded. Christopher was a royalist, and after his brother’s death became a judge. In the rebellion he compounded for his estate, the fine levied upon him being two hundred pounds. He long resided at Ipswich, but afterwards moved to the neighbouring village of Rushmore,<sup>36</sup> where he died, and was buried in the porch of St. Nicholas, in March, 1692. He was knighted by

<sup>34</sup> Yet on the Republic of the United Provinces, see the sentiments of a Church of England Man, in *Swift’s Miscellanies*, vol. i. p. 63.

<sup>35</sup> *Campbell’s Specimens of the English Poets*, vol. iv. p. 164.

<sup>36</sup> The house where he lived, I understand, is near the church in the village of Rushmere, was a farm-house, and has been lately altered.

James the Second. Philips says of him that he was a person of a modest and quiet temper, preferring justice and virtue before all worldly pleasure and grandeur ; but that in the beginning of the reign of James the Second, for his known integrity and ability in law, he was by some persons of quality recommended to the king, and at a call of serjeants received the coif, and the same day was sworn one of the Barons of the exchequer : and soon after made one of the judges of the Common Pleas : but his years and indisposition not well brooking the fatigue of public employment, he continued not long in either of these stations, but having his “ *Quietus est* ” retired to a country life, his study and devotion. Toland’s account of him certainly is less favourable, he says, that he “ was of a very superstitious nature, and a man of no parts or ability, and that James, wanting a set of judges that could declare his will to be superior to our legal constitution, appointed him one of the Barons of exchequer.” His sister Anne was married first to a Mr. Philips, and after his death to a Mr. Agar ; by her first husband she had two sons, Edward and John, whom Milton educated, who were persons of cleverness and learning : and both of whom were authors.<sup>37</sup> Edward’s affection and respect for his uncle is displayed in every page of his biography. Milton had children only by his first wife ; and three daughters, Anne, Mary, and Deborah were the fruits of his marriage.<sup>38</sup> Anne, though deformed, married, and died in childbed.

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<sup>37</sup> Their biography has been written by Mr. Godwin in an entertaining and interesting volume.

<sup>38</sup> Dr. Birch transcribed the registry of the birth of Milton’s children from his own writing, in a blank leaf of his wife’s bible ; his son John was born on Saturday, March 16, 1650. His three daughters each received 100*l.* as their fortune, from their stepmother Elizabeth, and the three receipts bearing their three signatures were sold among the books and manuscripts of James Boswell, Esq. in 1825 ; see also *Mr. Todd’s Life*, (first ed.) p. 186, note.

Mary died single. Deborah, the youngest, married Abraham Clark, a weaver, in Spitalfield, and lived seventy-six years, to August, 1727. This is the daughter of whom public mention is made. She could repeat, as Professor Ward of Gresham College related on his own knowledge, the first lines of Homer, of the *Metamorphoses*, and some of Euripides, from having often heard them. To her Addison made a present, and Queen Caroline sent her a purse of fifty guineas. She is reported to have been the favourite of her father; though in consequence of a disagreement with her stepmother, three or four years before Milton's death, she left his house and went to reside with a lady named Merian in Ireland. On being shown a portrait which strongly resembled Milton, she exclaimed with transport, 'Tis my father! 'tis my dear father!<sup>39</sup> When she was introduced to Addison, he said, "Madam, you need no other voucher, your face is a sufficient testimonial whose daughter you are."<sup>40</sup> She appeared to be a woman of good sense, and genteel behaviour, and to bear the inconveniences of a low fortune with decency and prudence. Milton says, in his will, that he spent the greatest part of his estate in providing for his children in his lifetime; I presume that he speaks of the expense of their education, and their maintenance on a separate establishment, while learning curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture,<sup>41</sup> and embroidering in gold and silver. The

<sup>39</sup> It was when Faithorne's crayon-drawing was shown to her by Vertue the engraver, that she cried out, "Oh Lord! that is the picture of my father! how came you by it?" and stroking down the hair of her forehead, she said, "just so my father wore his hair." v. *Todd's Milton*, (second ed.) p. 143, note.

<sup>40</sup> See *Birch's Life*, p. lxxvi. and see a letter from Vertue, the engraver, to Mr. Christian (Aug. 12, 1721,) in *Gent. Mag.* May, 1831; p. 419.

<sup>41</sup> "Anne Milton is lame, but hath a *trade*, and can live by the same,



story of their surreptitiously selling their father's books during his life, rests on the testimony of a maid-servant alone, whom the biographers are disinclined to believe ; but that they were undutiful and unkind children, careless of him when blind, and deserting him in his age, we have unfortunately the authority of Milton himself.<sup>42</sup>

The last known survivor of the Poet's family was Elizabeth, the daughter of this Deborah Clark,<sup>43</sup> who married Thomas Foster, a weaver, in Spitalfields. She kept a small chandler's shop near Shoreditch Church. In 1750, April 5th, Comus was played for her benefit. The profits of the night were only a hundred and thirty pounds.<sup>44</sup> Of this sum, says Johnson, twenty pounds were given by Tonson, a man who is to be praised as often as he is

which is the making of gold and silver lace, and which the deceased bred her up to." *Eliz. Fisher's Deposition.*

<sup>42</sup> See *Todd's Life*, p. 290. *Philips's Life*, p. lxvi. prefixed to *Milton's Prose Works*, ed. Pickering. It appears that his daughters lived quite apart from their father the last four or five years of his life : and that he knew little about them, nor whether they frequented church or not. See *Christopher Milton's Deposition*, p. 274, ed. *Todd*.

<sup>43</sup> Caleb Clark, her son, was parish clerk of Madras. His children were the last descendants of the Poet, but of them nothing farther is known. See Mr. Hawkins's Note in *Newton's Life*, p. cxi. Dr. Birch narrates the conversation he held with Mrs. Foster, who told him that Milton's second wife did not die in childbed, as Philips and Toland assert, but about three months after of a consumption, v. p. lxxvii.

<sup>44</sup> The above account by Dr. Johnson is not quite correct. The receipts of the house were 147*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* from which 80*l.* were deducted for expenses. Such is the statement of Mr. Is. Reed. Some accounts of circumstances that led the public attention towards Milton's granddaughter may be seen in *Hollis's Mém.* p. 116. An Advertisement of Johnson's first suggested some plan of relief. It is in *Boswell's Life*, vol. i. p. 196.

*Voltaire* says he was in London at the time. "J'étais à Londres quand on apprit qu'il y avoit une fille de Milton aveugle, vieille et pauvre, en un quart d'heure elle fut riche." See *Correspond. Générale*, tom. vii. p. 401.

named ; one hundred pounds were placed in the funds, the rest augmented their little stock, with which they removed to Islington. Johnson closes his *Life of Milton* by informing us that he had the honour of contributing the Prologue to the play. Mrs. Foster died, aged 66, in the year 1754.<sup>45</sup> Of the descendants of Sir Christopher Milton, some account is given in the *Life of Milton* by Newton.

It only now remains to give a short account of a Treatise of Theology, bearing the name of Milton, lately discovered. Toland, in his *Life of Milton*, had informed us that he compiled a system of divinity, but whether intended for public view, or collected merely for his own use, he could not determine ; and Aubrey affords further particulars, by mentioning that Milton's *Idea Theologiæ* was in manuscript in the hands of Mr. Skinner, a merchant's son in Mark Lane. Wood mentions Cyriack Skinner as the depository of this work, which he calls "The Body of Divinity," at that time, or at least lately in the hands of Milton's acquaintance Cyriack Skinner. It is well known that this treatise was discovered with the name of Milton attached to it, by Mr. Lemon in the State Paper Office a few years since. It appears, that Mr. Daniel Skinner commenced a correspondence with the celebrated Elzevir, the printer at Amsterdam, on the subject of the State Letters, and the Theological Treatise of Milton. Skinner was at that time fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Of the Letters, and of the first one hundred and ninety-six pages of the Treatise, he had been the copyist. He is supposed also to have been one

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<sup>45</sup> On Thursday last, May 9, 1754, died at Islington, in the 66th year of her age, after a long and painful illness, which she sustained with christian fortitude and patience, Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, granddaughter of Milton. This paragraph from a contemporary newspaper, is preserved in the *Memqirs of T. Hollis*, vol. i. p. 114.

of those whom Milton had daily about him to read to him. On inspection of the Manuscript, Elzevir was alarmed at the freedom of the political and theological opinions advanced in it, and declined printing it. Skinner took away the manuscript, which had by this time attracted the attention of the government. Isaac Barrow, then master of Trin. Coll. sent a peremptory order to Skinner to repair immediately to college, and warned him against publishing any writing mischievous to the church and state. It is not known with exactness when Skinner returned to England, but he had an interview with Sir Joseph Williamson, secretary of state; and it is *supposed* that he delivered up the manuscripts to him. The remainder of the treatise is written in a female hand, the same which transcribed the sonnet,

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint,

now among the manuscripts at Cambridge, and this scribe is supposed to have been his daughter Mary or Deborah.<sup>46</sup> This part of the volume is interspersed with interlineations and corrections in a different and unknown hand. The whole treatise reposed on the shelves of the old State Paper Office in Whitehall till the year 1823, when Mr. Lemon, the Deputy Keeper, discovered it, loosely wrapped up in two or three sheets of printed paper which proved to be the proof sheets of Elzevir's Horace. The State Letters were in the same parcel, and the whole was inclosed in a cover directed to Mr. Skinner, Merchant.<sup>47</sup>

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<sup>46</sup> Milton's granddaughter asserted that he would not allow his daughters to be taught to *write*: but Aubrey mentions that his youngest daughter was his amanuensis, and it appears that Mrs. Foster was mistaken also in other particulars.

<sup>47</sup> See Skinner's Letter to Pepys on this Manuscript, *Pepys' Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 169-181, and vol. ii. p. 297.

The title of the work is “*De Doctrina Christiana*,<sup>48</sup> *ex Sacris duntaxat Libris petita, Disquisitionum Libri duo posthumi* ;” but it is supposed to have been chosen after Milton’s death, by those into whose possession the manuscript had passed. When it was discovered, it was placed in the hands of Dr. Sumner, then chaplain to his late Majesty, in conjunction with Mr. Sidney Walker, by whom it was carefully edited ; and who also gave to the public a very elegant and exact translation.

Milton, it seems, was dissatisfied with the bodies of divinity that were published, obscured by school terms and metaphysical notions, and “he deemed it safest, and most advisable to compile for himself, by his own labour and study, some original treatise, which should be always at hand, derived solely from the work of God himself.” This work consists of two books, entitled “Of the Knowledge of God, and of the Service of God.” The first book is divided into thirty-three chapters, embracing mention of all the important doctrines of religious faith. The second book, consisting of seventeen chapters, includes a summary of the Duties of Man : and the work opens with a dignified and impressive salutation. “John Milton, to all the churches of Christ, and to all who profess the Christian faith, throughout the world, peace, and the recognition of the truth, and eternal salvation in God the Father, and in our Lord Jesus Christ.”

This treatise has fully proved what had been partially and reluctantly suspected before, that Milton had, in his later years, adopted the opinions of Arianism ;<sup>49</sup> and a

<sup>48</sup> This treatise was written in Latin ; he has expressed regret that his treatises on Divorce were not written in the same language ; for Milton never courted public or vulgar applause ; his inscription on the tracts he gave to Trin. Coll. Dublin speaks his sentiments. “*Paucis hujusmodi lectoribus contentus.*”

<sup>49</sup> Is it not extraordinary that Dr. Symmons should assert that Mil-

minute inspection of his other works has shown their agreement, in sentiment and expression with this lamented heresy.<sup>50</sup> It is generally allowed that this treatise is barren of recondite learning,<sup>51</sup> or ingenious disquisition; and that it abounds more in scholastic subtleties than might be expected from one who was constantly censuring them in others; but that it is written in a tone of calmness and moderation, without any polemical fierceness, or personal hostility. Milton had sunk his animosities in the sanctity and importance of his subject; he was now discussing matters of much higher moment than the downfall of a "luxurious hierarchy" or the structure of particular churches. He was "teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue."

Milton, says one of his latest biographers, commenced his wanderings in religious belief, from Puritanism to Calvinism, from Calvinism to an esteem for Arminius, and finally from an accordance with the Independents and Anabaptists, to a dereliction of every denomination of Protestants, changes which were first detailed by Toland, and which, with the suspicion of his Arianism, have not escaped the notice of a French writer. "Il ne faut pas être surpris des principes erronés de ce fougueux républi-

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ton's theological opinions were orthodox, and consistent with the creed of the church of England? "The peculiarity of Milton's religious opinions had reference to church government, and the externals of devotion." v. *Life*, p. 589. Johnson asserts the same, but undoubtedly he had not read Milton's works with that scrutiny and care, which have enabled later editors to discover the truth. Mr. Todd's words are a repetition of Johnson's. See *Bishop of St. David's ed. of "Milton on True Religion,"* p. 1. Trapp had asserted that P. L. was "ex omni parte orthodoxum," or he would not have translated it.

<sup>50</sup> "Milton's opinions," says Dr. Sumner, "are nearly Arian. He differed from Arius in maintaining that the Son is consubstantial with the Father."

<sup>51</sup> See *Todd's Life*, (second ed.), p. 307.

cain en matière de religion, puisqu'il fut de toutes les sectes, et qu'il finit par n'être d'aucune. Dans ses poèmes épiques il parle de Jésus Christ en véritable Arien."<sup>52</sup>

With regard to the eternal divinity of the Son, and the essential unity of the three divine persons of the Godhead, the learned editor of this volume has pointed out great and important contradictions even in *Paradise Lost*; and in Italy, it was on this ground, that under Benedict the Fourteenth, the poem was a book proscribed.

The authenticity of this work has never, I believe, been questioned, but by the learned and venerable Bishop of Salisbury,<sup>53</sup> who has been anxious to establish the evidence of Milton's orthodoxy; and consequently has found it necessary to deny the genuineness of a work that has spread into the widest Latitudinarian principles; but it has been maintained by Mr. Todd, according to my opinion, with sound and forcible arguments; and to his work, conjointly with Dr. Sumner's preface, the reader is referred for information too copious to be transferred into the present narrative.<sup>54</sup> It is well known, that in the latter part of his life, Milton frequented no place of public worship; and Bishop Newton has given various conjectures on the subject. It must, however, be remem-

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<sup>52</sup> "The Arian and Socinian are charged to dispute against the Trinity; yet they affirm to believe the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, according to Scripture and the Apostolic Creed. As for the terms of Trinity, Trinity, Coessentiality, Tripersonality, and the like, they reject them as scholastic notions, not to be found in Scripture." v. *Treatise of True Religion*. v. *Toland's Life*, p. 145.

<sup>53</sup> See *Protestant Union, a Treatise on True Religion, &c.* by J. Milton, with a preface on Milton's religious principles, and unimpeachable sincerity, by Thomas Burgess, Bishop of Salisbury, 1826, 8vo. who considers that Milton, and the Latin writer de Doctrinâ Christianâ are at variance on the subject of Popery. v. p. xxxv. ,

<sup>54</sup> See *Lord Grenville's Letter in Harford's Life of Burgess*, p. 347—9.



bered that he was old, blind, and infirm, that he was hostile to the Liturgy of the established Church,<sup>55</sup> and at the same time not attached to any particular sect; that he had decidedly and for ever separated from the Presbyterians, that he never frequented the churches of the Independents;<sup>56</sup> and that his allowed liberty of belief hardly consisted with the tenets of any particular sect; but we are told that he never passed a day without private meditation and study of the Scriptures, and that some<sup>57</sup> parts of his family frequented the offices of public prayer. Knowing his religious opinions, and considering the great infirmities of his health, who could have expected more?

Toland<sup>58</sup> tells us, “that in his early days he was a favourer of those Protestants then opprobriously called

<sup>55</sup> “From Milton,” says Mr. Gifford, “whose *malignity to the Hierarchy* is well known, neither truth nor justice is to be expected.” v. *B. Jonson's Works*, vol. vi. p. 260.

<sup>56</sup> v. *Life*, p. 46. It is well known that one of his biographers, Mr. Peck, considered him to be a “Quaker.” Newton says he was a sort of *Quietist*, and was full of the interior of religion, though he so little regarded the exterior. He was, as all acknowledge, a religious man, and yet he did not frequent a place of worship. Why? The ground is open, and each critic may advance his own opinion. Was it that he agreed with no religious party? or was it that he was old, gouty, blind, and infirm? a sufficient dispensation surely!

<sup>57</sup> See *Richardson's Life*, and *Archb. Blackburne's Remarks on Johnson's Life of Milton*, p. 111, and p. 160; and *Mr. Boerbadem's Letter in Gent. Mag. October, 1799*. “Aske each witnesse, whether the parties ministrant (his daughters) were not and are not greate frequenters of the Church, and good livers.” v. *Milton's Will*, ed. Todd, p. 169.

<sup>58</sup> See *Life*, p. 151. The measures of Archb. Laud and the privations of his exiled friend and preceptor, T. Young, appear first to have alienated him from the *discipline* of the church; averse to the *government* of the church as then conducted, he became, successively, Puritan, Presbyterian, and Independent; without relinquishing his religious principle, for those sects were all *Trinitarian* in doctrine. He thought them all intolerant of one another, and finally he left them all; and,

by the name of Puritans.<sup>59</sup> In his middle years he was best pleased with the Independents and Anabaptists, as allowing of more liberty than others, and coming nearest in his opinion to the primitive practice : but in the latter part of his life he was not a professed member of any particular sect among Christians ; he frequented none of their assemblies, nor made use of their peculiar rites in his family. Whether this proceeded from a dislike of their uncharitable and endless disputes, and that love of dominion, or inclination to persecution, which, he said, was a piece of popery inseparable from all churches ; or whether he thought one might be a good man, without subscribing to any party ; and that they had all in some things corrupted the institutions of Jesus Christ, I will by no means adventure to determine : for conjectures on such occasions are very uncertain, and I never met with any of his acquaintance who could be positive in assigning the true reasons of his conduct.”

Of this treatise it is by all acknowledged, that it is written with a calm and conscientious desire for truth, like that of a man who had forgotten or dismissed the favourite animosities of his youth, and who had retired within himself, in the dignity of age, to employ the unimpaired energies of his intellect on the most important and awful subject of inquiry. The haughtiness of his temper, the defiance of his manner, his severe and stoical pride, are no longer seen. He approaches the book of God with an humble and reverential feeling : and with such a dispo-

after his blindness, ceased to communicate with any public congregations of Christians. (See *Bishop Burgess's Protestant Union*, p. xxiii.) But it appears that he did not think himself excluded from the blessing bestowed by God on the *Churches*. See Book I. c. xxix. :

<sup>59</sup> On the different meanings affixed to the word “*Puritan*,” see *Heylin's Cert. Epistol.* p. 1. See Hume's Character of the *Independents* and their Churches, in *Scott's Dryden*, vol. x. p. 140.

sition of piety, united to so powerful an intellect, and such immense stores of learning, who would not have expected to have seen the "star-bright form" of Truth appear from out the cloud; but wherever we look, the pride of man's heart is lowered, and the weakness of humanity displayed. With all his great qualifications for the removal of error, and the discovery of truth, he failed. His views appear too exalted, his creed too abstract and imaginative for general use. The religion which he sought was one that was not to be attached to any particular church, to be grounded on any settled articles of belief, to be adorned with any external ceremonies, or to be illustrated by any stated forms of prayer. It was to dwell alone in its holy meditations, cloistered from public gaze, and secluded within the humbler sanctuary of the adoring heart. If the believer felt it to be his duty to attach himself to any particular church, that church was to be unconnected with the state. The ministers, if such were necessary, were to be unpenfioned, perhaps unpaid by their congregations.<sup>60</sup> The sacraments were to be administered, and the rites of burial and baptism performed, by private and laick hands. Instead of receiving instruction from the preacher, each individual, even the weakest, according to the measure of his gifts, might instruct and exhort his brethren. The opinions advanced in this work differ not only widely from those of the Church of England, but, I believe, from all the sectarian churches that exist. With regard to his theological tenets, the most remarkable are those which he avows on what is called the anthropopathy of God; attributing to "God, a spirit," human passions,

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<sup>60</sup> See *Considerations on removing Hirelings*, ed. Burnet, vol. i. p. 169; it were to be wished the ministers were all tradesmen, &c. . . . On the different opinions held by the Secularies on the subject, on the support of their ministers. See *Warton's Milton*, p. 348; and *Todd's Milton*, vol. v. p. 483.

and a human form. “If (he says) God habitually assign to himself the members and form of man, why should we be afraid of attributing to him what he attributes to himself.” To which I presume the answer would be, that such expressions are used in the revelations of God’s will, to make it intelligible to man;<sup>61</sup> that the form of the revelation is accommodated to the narrowness of man’s understanding, and the limited circle of his knowledge; that it speaks to him through analogy, and that it is not designed to acquaint him absolutely with the nature of God.

He denies the eternal filiation of the Son, his self-existence, his co-equality and co-essentiality with the Father. He believes that the Son existed in the beginning, and was the first of the whole creation, by whose delegated power all things were made in heaven and earth; begotten, not by natural necessity, but by the decree of the Father within the limits of time; endued with the divine nature and substance, but distinct from the Father, and inferior to him.<sup>62</sup> One with the Father, in love and

<sup>61</sup> In the *Edinburgh Rev.* Nov. cvii. Sept. 1831. In a note in their review “of the State of Protestantism in Germany,” a passage is quoted from Jortin, “declaring that they who uphold the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity must be prepared to assert, ‘*that Jesus Christ is his own Father and his own Son.*’ The consequence will be so, whether they like it, or whether they like it not.”—Be the words of Jortin what they may, and without any reference to his authority; I must beg the reviewer to consider that the words Father and Son are used in an analogous and figurative sense: and that the “greatest caution is necessary not to connect with the terms Father and Son, when applied to the persons of the Holy Trinity, any ideas similar to those of *human* derivation.” Milton has guarded and qualified his language by the expression—“We do not say that God is in fashion like unto man in *all his parts and members*, but that (as far as we are concerned to know) he is of that form which he attributes to himself in the sacred writings.” p. 18.

<sup>62</sup> The doctrine of the primitive church, of the catholic verity of our

unanimity of will ; and receiving every thing, in his filial as well as in his mediatorial character, from the Father's gift.<sup>63</sup> Thus his Arian heresies are divulged : but he fully acknowledges the satisfaction and atonement made by the death of Christ, for the sins of men. The Holy Ghost he considers as inferior to the Father and the Son. Matter, he says, is imperishable and eternal, because it not only is from God, but out of God, "Non solum a Deo, sed ex Deo." Hence the body is immortal as the soul. His argument on the lawfulness of polygamy is singular indeed. What but the line which he adopted, of reasoning on the simple text and literal words of the Scriptures, could have prevented his acknowledging, that from a manner of life peculiar to the nations of the East, from the scantiness of population, from the safety and strength derived from the unison of large families, from the non-existence of civilized communities, from the patriarchal authority of the father of the family, and the acknowledged inferiority and dependence of the other

communion, is to represent the Deity as one essence, with a threefold personal subsistence and agency. See *British Critic, Hind's Three Temples*, p. 365. No language, however cautious, on a subject beyond our comprehension, can be unimpeachably correct, it should be met therefore with indulgence, and interpreted with a serious feeling of its mystery, and with an acknowledgment that no form of speech is adequate to explain it. "All religion," says Bp. V. Mildert, "is mysterious to our faculties, and the self-existence, the spiritual nature, the agency, and the attributes of the Deity, all constitute an impenetrable mystery!" See *Sermons*, vol. i. p. 479. "I praise the saying of Irenæus.—If any one shall tell us how the Son was produced of the Father, we will tell him his generation is ineffable, and no man knows it." Basil and Nazianzen speak in like manner, and so Rufinus. See *H. Grotius's Judgment in sundry Points controverted*, p. 100, ed. Barksdale. Justin Martyr in his *Apology*, xxx. says, "He was begotten of God in a manner far different from ordinary generation."

<sup>63</sup> See *Dr. Sumner's Preface*, p. xxxiv.

members ; from the advantage or necessity of increasing the numbers of mankind, permission was granted to “the grey fathers of the world,” extending even to a connection between brothers and sisters ; which in later ages, in higher civilization, in the sweeter charities of life, in purer morals, with more refined ideas, more tender sympathies, and under a holier and more spiritual religion, could not be entertained without sinfulness, nor established without degradation and disorder.<sup>64</sup> That which was harmless in the Arabian deserts, or among Chaldean tents,<sup>65</sup> could not be transplanted into the luxurious cities of the modern world, nor exist among the enlightened communities, the closer affinities, and the diversified relations of an advanced society. The divine laws were made suitable to the nature of humanity, which they were designed to amend ; hence, in order to exalt it, they often bent to it ; they stepped back, as it were, only to gain a stronger hold. But Milton should have remembered the *early* and imperious demands which God made for a purer and more *personal* religion through the voice of his prophets ; and that the too easy divorces which the laws of Moses allowed to the Jews, as the practice of usury permitted to the Canaanite, were explained by our Saviour, as not forming a part of the perfect law, or holy will of God ; but as an unwilling allowance “to the hardness of their hearts.”

“The Pride of Reason<sup>66</sup> (it has been very judiciously observed), though disclaimed by Milton with remarkable, and probably with sincere earnestness, formed a principal ingredient in his character, and would have presented,

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<sup>64</sup> See *Dr. Channing's* remarks on this part of *Milton's* work, in his *Remarks on the Character and Writings of Milton*, p. 37.

<sup>65</sup> See *Niebuhr's Travels in Arabia*, vol. ii. p. 172, (*Heron's Transl.*) on *Plurality of Wives in the East*.

<sup>66</sup> v. *Dr. Sumner's Preface*, p. xxxv.



under any circumstances, a formidable obstacle to the reception of the true faith."—Caring nothing for institutions that were venerable, or for opinions that were sacred, he not only disdains to wear the opprobrious shackles of authority, but even the decent vestments of custom.<sup>67</sup> Safe in his own inflexible integrity, in the great purity of his heart, and singleness of purpose, what his conscience dictates, his courage proclaims. Impetuous, fearless, and uncompromising, he pushes on his inquiries, till they end in a defence of the death of the monarch, and the substitution of a visionary republic, in politics; in a denial of the external existence of the Son, in theology; and in the defence of a plurality of wives, in morals. Yet it must be remembered, that he lived in an age when men were busy pulling down and building up; a fermentation was spreading over the surface, and dissolving the materials of society. Old faith was gone; old institutions were crumbling away. Long, splendid vistas of ideal perfection opened before men's eyes, dazzling their senses, and confounding their judgments.<sup>68</sup>

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<sup>67</sup> See T. Warton's Summary of Milton's Political Opinions, in *Todd's Milton*, vol. vi. p. 391. "In point of doctrine they are calculated to annihilate the very foundations of our civil and religious establishment, as it now subsists. They are subversive of our legislature and our species of government. In condemning tyranny, he strikes at the bare existence of kings; in combating superstition, he strikes at all public religion. These discourses hold forth a system of politics at present as unconstitutional, and almost as obsolete, as the nonsense of passive obedience; and in this view he might just as well think of republishing the pernicious theories of the kingly bigot James, as of the republican usurper Oliver Cromwell." This might have been spared. Milton's political speculations are not applicable to our times; and, as it has been justly said, his theological opinions would have been different, had he survived to read the works of Waterland and Bull: so, we may say, his political theories would have been more wise and moderate, had he lived in the days of Somers and of Locke.

<sup>68</sup> See the *Areopagitica*, p. 317, ed. Burnet. "Behold now this vast

Grey-headed men, men grown old in the business of life, and in the pursuit of practical wisdom, yielded to the syren influence. It pervaded the senate, the city, and the camp. What wonder, then, if the Poet, the visionary by his profession, the dreaming theorist, the man dwelling in ideal worlds and abstract notions, should be led astray?

Such are some of the singular opinions advanced in this curious, and late discovered document of Milton's faith,<sup>69</sup> they serve to show us that its author is everywhere the same, the same severe and uncompromising investigator of truth, the same fearless and independent judge of its reality. In the honesty of his opinions uninfluenced, in the sanctity of his morals unblemished, in the fervour of his piety unquestioned. But there was both in his political and religious opinions, a visionary attempt at perfection, a grasping of the ideal and the abstract, a lofty aspiration after the most exalted means, that while they supplied his imagination as a poet, in its boldest and most extended flights, unqualified him for the more cautious and practical character of the theologian and the states-

City, &c. There be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching Reformation: others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction," &c.

<sup>69</sup> It has been more than once remarked, that little mention is made of Milton by his contemporaries. His name does not occur in the pages of Clarendon. Thurloe speaks of him only as a blind old man, who wrote Latin letters. Sir W. Temple does not name him, and R. Baxter passes over him in silence. Whitelocke mentions him only once, and that casually. Mr. Todd has mentioned a poem to the honour of Milton, written soon after his death, though not published till 1689. A Propitiatory Sacrifice to the Ghost of J. M. by way of Pastoral, in a Dialogue between Thyrsis and Corydon. v. *Poems and Translations written upon several Occasions and to several Persons*, 1689, p. 110.

man.<sup>70</sup> There was much in his *situation*, as well as perhaps in the warmth of his disposition, unfavourable to the calm and dispassionate investigation of truth. His constant engagements in controversy, even from his youth, led him rather to enforce and exaggerate his opinions, than to consider the objections, or to avail himself of the advice of others. Nor did more than twenty years of blindness, which separated him much from society, and entirely from all active participation in the business of life, pass without producing their effect on his temper and on his intellect, on the direction of his researches, the tone of his opinions, and the conclusions of his judgment. An independence of opinion, approaching to singularity, and a confidence in himself, particularly of spiritual pride, characterized him even from his youth. In other times and under other circumstances they might gradually have given way to an enlarged acquaintance with the sentiments of others, and have been softened down by a friendly comparison with the feelings and opinions of society. Had he lived amid the blessing of peaceful times, under a settled constitution, and a gentle sway, the violence of his feelings would have been subdued, and the startling boldness of his paradoxical theories modified or suppressed. His temper would not have experienced its stormy trials, and his lofty and heroic virtues would have assumed the more engaging garb of Christian mildness and charity. But his prejudices and partialities were increased and not removed by the circumstances of his life. The men with whom he lived were of like sentiments with himself, as inflexible, as impracticable, as violent,<sup>71</sup>

<sup>70</sup> On the subject of Milton's religious opinions and character, a late Editor has expressed himself with judgment and ability. See *Hawkins* in *Newton's* ed. vol. i. p. xcix. to p. ci. See *Bowles's Life of Ken*, for the *three* stages of Milton's life. Vol. i. p. 789.

<sup>71</sup> "I cannot chuse but wonder what it is that inclines some men

and as visionary. "The disturbed politics of Milton," says an enlightened memorialist, "are fraught with all the popular rumours and passions of the day." His republican theories were strengthened by the visions of the ancient philosophers, the declamations of their orators, and the maxims of the poets ; and his dislike of our established Church deprived him of the profound and admirable treatises, treasures of sound and real learning, which would have conducted him safely through the subtleties of a disputed theology ; or at least made him pause before he gave way to an alarming and afflicting heresy. We cannot search the hearts of men ; but we are bound to interpret their actions with candour and charity. The scruples of an enlightened conscience, and the decisions of a severe and impartial judgment, must be looked on with reverence by all. "You and I (such were the dying words of a virtuous and venerable prelate,<sup>72</sup> who had from conscientious motives descended from the highest honours to a private station), you and I have gone different ways in the late affairs ; but I trust heaven's gates are wide enough to admit us both. What I have done I have done in the integrity of my heart, indeed, in the great integrity of my heart."

who are otherwise sober enough, to let fly so lavishly and indiscriminately against reason and philosophy, *especially in an age so exceedingly prone to phantasy and madness, and that hath been ruined in all its concerns by enthusiasm and vain pretences to the Spirit.*"—Glanville's *Philosophia Pia*, p. 85, 1671. See also p. 230. "Here the enemies of our Church and Government began. Upon this (fanaticism) they insisted still, and filled their books and pulpits and private corners with these cantings. This was the engine to overthrow all *sober* principles and establishments ; with this the people were infatuated and credit was reconciled to gibberish and folly, enthusiasm and vain impulses. This is the food of conventicles to this day ; the root of their matter, and the burden of their preachments," &c.

<sup>72</sup> See the *Life of Bishop Sancroft*.

“The same calmness,” says Mr. Coleridge, in another place, “and even greater self-possession may be affirmed of *Milton*, as far as his poems and poetic character are concerned. He reserved his anger for the enemies of religious freedom and his country. My mind is not capable of forming a more august conception than arises from the contemplation of this great man, in his latter days—poor, sick, old, blind, slandered, persecuted—

‘Darkness before and danger’s voice behind,’

in an age in which he was as little understood by the party for whom, as by that against whom he had contended; and among men before whom he strode so far as to dwarf himself by the distance: yet still listening to the music of his own flights, or if additionally cheered, yet cheered only by the prophetic faith of two or three solitary individuals, he did nevertheless

‘argue not

Against Heaven’s hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope, but still bore up and steer’d  
Right onward.’——

From others only do we derive our knowledge that Milton, in his latter days, had his scorers and detractors, and even in his day of youth and hope that he had enemies, would have been unknown to us, had they not been likewise the enemies of his country.”<sup>73</sup>

And now let the Life of this our immortal Poet close with the discriminate and affecting eulogy of one, who, himself a Philosopher and Poet, could justly estimate the exalted greatness of the character he is describing: “In the close of the former period, (*reign of James the First*),

<sup>73</sup> The Editor (S. C.) appropriately quotes the conclusion of Milton’s two beautiful and affecting Letters to Leonard Philaras, the Athenian, as a testimony of the truth of the character given in the text. See vol. i. part i. p. 35.

and during the bloom of the latter, (*Commonwealth*,) the poet Milton was educated and formed ; and he survived the latter, and all the fond hopes and aspirations which had been its life ; and so in evil days, standing as the representative of the combined excellence of both periods, he produced the *Paradise Lost* as by an after-throe of nature. ‘ There are some persons,’ observes a divine, a contemporary of Milton’s, ‘ of whom the grace of God takes early hold, and the good spirit inhabiting them, carries them on in an even constancy through innocence into virtue, their Christianity bearing equal date with their manhood, and reason and religion, like warp and woof, running together, make up one web of a wise and exemplary life. This,’ he adds, ‘ is a most happy case, wherever it happens ; for, besides that there is no sweeter or more lovely thing on earth than the early buds of piety, which drew from our Saviour signal affection to the beloved disciple, it is better to have no wound than to experience the most sovereign balsam, which, if it work a cure, yet usually leaves a scar behind.’ Although it was and is my intention to defer the consideration of Milton’s own character to the conclusion of this Lecture, yet I could not prevail on myself to approach the *Paradise Lost* without impressing on your minds the conditions under which such a work was in fact productible at all, the original genius having been assumed as the immediate agent and efficient cause ; and these conditions I find in the character of the times, and in his own character. The age in which the foundations of his mind were laid, was congenial to it as one golden æra of profound erudition and individual genius ;—that in which the superstructure was carried up, was no less favourable to it by a sternness of discipline and a show of self-control, highly flattering to the imaginative dignity of an heir of fame, and which won Milton over from the dear-loved delights of academic groves and



cathedral aisles to the anti-prelatic party. It acted on him, too, no doubt, and modified his studies by a characteristic controversial spirit, (his presentation of God is tinted with it)—a spirit not less busy indeed in political than in theological and ecclesiastical dispute, but carrying on the former almost always, more or less, in the guise of the latter. And so far as Pope's censure<sup>74</sup> of our poet, that he makes God the Father a school divine—is just, we must attribute it to the character of his age, from which the men of genius, who escaped, escaped by a worse disease, the licentious indifference of a Frenchified court.

“Such was the *nidus* or soil, which constituted, in the strict sense of the word, the circumstances of Milton's mind. In his mind itself there were purity and piety absolute; an imagination to which neither the past nor the present were interesting, except as far as they called forth and enlivened the great ideal, in which and for which he lived; a keen love of truth, which, after many weary pursuits, found a harbour in a sublime listening to the still voice in his own spirit, and as keen a love of his country, which, after a disappointment still more depressive, expanded and soared into a love of man as a probationer of immortality. These were, these alone could be, the conditions under which such a work as the *Paradise Lost* could be conceived and accomplished. By a life-long study Milton had known—

‘What was of use to know,  
What best to say could say, to do had done.  
His actions to his words agreed, his words  
To his large heart gave utterance due, his heart  
Contain'd of good, wise, fair, the perfect shape;’

and he left the imperishable total, as a bequest to the ages coming, in the *PARADISE LOST*.”

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<sup>74</sup> *Table Talk*. vol. ii. p. 264.



*The House at Chalfont St. Giles, co. Buckingham, to which Milton retired during the Plague in 1665; and where he planned and wrote his Paradise Regained. See Life, p. ci.*



## ADDENDA.

### P. ix. Life.

**M**ILTON confines himself to praise of the *fellows*, but he makes not the slightest mention of the *Master*, *Doctor Bainbridge*, who is recorded to have been a most rigid disciplinarian, and that on those very points which *Milton* particularly disliked. He admits that his disposition could not brook the threats of a rigorous *master*, by whom it is most reasonable to suppose he meant Dr. Bainbridge, the head of his college.—*Watkins' Lit. Anecdotes*, p. 202.

P. xi. Gaddius (*de Scriptoribus non Ecclesiasticis*) mentions that I. Scaliger read the two poems of Homer in twenty-one days; and the remainder of the Greek poets in four months.

P. xix. "That the manner and genius of that place (Paris) being not agreeable to his mind, he soon left it."—*Wood's Fast. Ox.* vol. ii. 1635, col. 481.

P. xx. Leo Holsten, who received Milton kindly at Rome, had resided some time in England, making researches in the libraries. He maintained a friendly correspondence with N. Heinsius, to whom he had shown much civility when Heinsius was at Rome; I read through the collection of Holsten's letters, with the hope of finding some addressed to Milton, but in vain; Milton's widow had a great many letters by her from learned men of his acquaintance, both of England and beyond sea.—See *Milton's Life*, p. lxxxii.

P. xx. Mentioning *Bacon's* studies at the University, Lord Campbell says—"It is said he ran through the whole circle of the liberal arts as they were taught, and planned that great intellectual revolution, with which his name is inseparably connected. But all that is certain is, that at his departure he carried away with him a *profound contempt for the course of study pursued there.*" "When he was commencing at the University (says his chaplain and biographer Rawley) about sixteen years of age, he first fell into a *dislike of the Philosophy of Aristotle*, not for the worthlessness of the author, to whom he used to ascribe all

high attributes, but for the unfruitfulness of the way—being a Philosophy (as his lordship used to say) only strong for disputations, but barren of the production of work for the Life of man—in that mind he continued to his dying day. \* \* \* \*

In his ‘*Advancement of Learning*’ he speaks of those of sharp and strong wits and small variety of reading, their wits being shut up in the cells of a few authors, chiefly Aristotle, their dictator, as their persons are shut up in the cells of monasteries, and colleges,—and who, knowing little history either of nature or time, did spin cobwebs of learning admirable for the fineness of the thread, and work, but of no substance or profit.”—See *Campbell’s Lives*, vol. ii. p. 227.

That the same system of Scholastic Logic and Metaphysics pervaded the foreign Universities at the same period, appears from the following passage, which I met with in a well-known work of great literary information.

“Rien n’a tant multiplié la race des sophistes, que l’introduction de la scholastique contretemps dans les écoles de la philosophie et de théologie dans les universités de l’Europe, et particulièrement en France. C’est ce qui nous a attiré ce grand déluge de productions monstrueuses de l’esprit humain évaporé dans ses propres pensées ; c’est à dire, tous ces grands patrons, d’antiprédicaments, des grandes et petites logicales, de principes sophistiques, de conclusions sophistiques, de sens composés et divisés, de sophismes choisis, et subtilités, de conséquences, et antécédences, de toutes sortes de quodlibétiques et de quolibets, des puissances actives et passives, des instances, des quiddités, des formalités, des formules, des fallaces, des insolubles, ou questions inexplicables, des impossibilités, sans parler d’un grand nombre de commentaires scholastiques sur Aristote,” &c.—v. *Baillett, Jugemens des Scavans*, tom. i. p. 182.

P. xxi. “A. D. 1635. A year memorable in the annals of the University of Cambridge, as the one in which *John Milton* and *Jeremy Taylor* both were incorporated Masters of Arts in it.”—*Welsby’s Lives of Eminent English Judges*, p. 55.

P. xxii. I have heard it confidently related that for his said resolutions, which out of policy and for his own safety might have been then spared, the English priests of Rome were highly disgusted, and it was questioned whether the Jesuits, his countrymen there, did not design to do him mischief.—*Wood’s Ath. Ox. Fasti*, A. D. 1635, vol. ii. col. 481.

P. xxiv. “Lord Ellesmere was the friend and patron of Poets. He was particularly kind to *Spenser*, with whom he was connected by marriage, and assisted him in his suits, both in Ireland, and at the court of Elizabeth. We mention that he

patronized the Plays of *Shakespeare*, and he is said to have been assisted in Masques, which he gave to the Court, by *Ben Jonson*. The name of *Milton* will be associated with the Egerton family, while the English is known or spoken as a dead language, but the Author of *Comus* was only nine years old at the death of the Chancellor, and although he was no doubt carried from *Horton* to *Harefield* before the old Peer, he could only have been patted by him on the head and sent into the buttery to have the wing of a capon or a glass of sack."—v. *Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors*, vol. ii. p. 264.

P. xxvi. "Milton's *Comus*," says the author of *Egeria*, "is analogous to the design of *Paradise Lost*. In both these Poems, supernatural Powers, good and evil, are intent to influence the tendency of human life. In one, Innocency is saved, it is reserved to the life of restoration. *Samson Agonistes* is an exhibition of the same conflict in which the fallen at last triumphs in the dutiful endurance of the Penalty of Transgression."—See vol. ii. p. 49.

P. xxvii. Took a larger house, where the Earl of Barrimore sent, by his aunt the Lady Ranelagh, Sir Thomas Gardiner of Essex, to be there with others (besides his nephew) under his tuition, but whether it were that the tempers of our gentry would not bear the strictness of his discipline, or for what other reasons I cannot tell, he continued that course but a while.—*Wood's Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. col. 483.

P. xxx. "Lord Keeper Guilford was a little but handsome man, and is said to have had an ingenuous aspect; his motto being—*Il Volto Sciolto, i Pensieri Stretti*."—See *Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors*, vol. iii. p. 493.

P. xxxi. On Milton's Italian Sonnets, the opinion of an Italian scholar may be quoted. "Milton in his *imperfect attempts to write Italian Poetry*, in which we may see though confusedly, that he had got a little glimmering of our peculiar notions about Female beauty."—See *Baretti's Account of Italy*, vol. i. p. 108.

In the *Gent. Mag.* Nov. 1836 (Retrospect. Review) some remarks on the language of Milton's Italian Sonnets, may be seen; which were kindly given to me, by one from whose decision on the critical niceties of his own Tongue, no appeal need be made. I may be permitted to mention Mr. Panizzi of the *British Museum*.

P. xxxv. Wherefore though he sent divers pressing invitations, yet he could not prevail with her to come back, till about four years after, when the garrison of Oxford was surrendered (the sickness of her father's house to which having for the most part



of the mean time hindered any communications between them); she of her own accord returned, and submitted to him, pleading that her *mother* had been the chief promoter of her frowardness. —*Wood's Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. col. 481.

P. xliii. On Science or Classical Literature, as the foundation of education, see *Cælebs*, vol. ii. p. 190.—It has not been observed, I believe, that Dr. Johnson in his Remarks on this Point in his Life of Milton is somewhat indebted to Erasmus, C. i. l. 63. I will give a specimen, which the reader may compare. “Proinde stellas observent alii si lubet, ego in terris quærendum existimo, quod nos felices aut infelices reddat. Cæteri negotium auspicaturi, anxii considerant, quâ figurâ Venus, Jupiter, et Mercurius sese contueantur. Ego satius esse duco, perpendere, quibuscum agas. Socrates Atheniensis cujus est illud celebratum apophthegma *Quæ supra nos, nihil ad nos*, philosophiam a contemplatione rerum naturalium in mediam hominum vitam deduxit frequenter usurpans illud Homericum ὅτι τοι ἐν μεγάροις κακὸν τ’ ἀγαθόν τε τέτυκται—Et tamen de naturis syderum, de natu cœlestium orbium, de fulminibus, de ventis, deinde, deque similibus rebus, quoniam ad id initia cognitionis suppeditant, vel sensu ipsi corporum, vel effectuum experientiâ multa certe deprehenduntur, et in primis jucunda cognitio est, et in admirationem simul et amorem opificis subvehit, attamen quoniam vir sapiens animadvertit in hujusmodi studio totam ætatem hominis desidere, neglectis etiam his, quare proprius ad nos pertinent, a contemplatione rerum naturalium omne studium ad mores devocavit.” The same Homeric quotation is given by *Johnson*.

P. xliii. After some remarks on Dr. Johnson’s want of “Enthusiasm and lofty sentiment,” and on the consequent defects in his estimation of Milton’s character, and on Channing’s Vindication, Mr. Lyell proceeds to say, “But the American champion of the illustrious bard fails to remark that Milton was also two centuries in advance of the age in which he lived, in his appreciation of the share which *the study of nature* ought to hold in the training of the youthful mind. Of Milton’s Scheme for enlarging the ordinary system of teaching, prepared after he had himself been partially engaged in the task of a Schoolmaster, the lexicographer spoke, as might have been anticipated, in terms of disparagement bordering on contempt. He treated Milton, in fact, as a mere empiric, and visionary projector, observing ‘that it was his principle to teach boys something more solid than the common literature of schools, forwarding those authors that treat of physical subjects.’ The Poet *Cowley* had framed a similar plan in his imaginary college: ‘but the knowledge of external nature and the sciences which that knowledge requires, are not



the great or the frequent business of the human mind: and we ought not,' he adds, 'to turn off attention from life to nature; as if we were placed here to watch the growth of plants or the motions of the stars!' That a violent shock had been given in the sixteenth century to certain time-honoured dogmas by writers more slightly called 'watching the motions of the stars!' was an historical fact with which such persons were of course familiar, but if it had been adduced to prove that they who exercise their reasoning powers in interpreting the great book of nature, are constantly arriving at new truths, and were occasionally required to modify preconceived opinions, or that when habitually engaged in such discipline, they often acquire independent habits of thought, applicable to other departments of learning, such arguments would by no means have propitiated the critic, or have induced him to moderate his disapprobation of the proposed innovation. In the mind of Johnson there is a leaning to *superstition*, and no one was more content to leave the pupil to tread for ever in the beaten pathway, and to cherish extreme reverence for authority, for which end the whole system then in vogue in the English schools and colleges was admirably conceived. First it confined the studies of young men up to the age of twenty-two, as far as possible, to the non-progressive departments of knowledge, to the ancient models of classical elegance, whether in verse or prose, to the history and philosophy of the ancients rather than the moderns, and to pure mathematics, rather than their application to physics. No modern writer was freer from fear of inquiry, more anxious to teach the million to think and reason for themselves, no other ever looked forward more enthusiastically to the future growth and development of the human mind, than Channing. If his own education had not been cast in an antique mould, he would have held up Milton as a model for imitation, not only for his love of classical lore and poetry, but for his wish to cultivate a knowledge of the works of nature."—*Lyell's Second visit to the United States*, vol. i. p. 203.

P. xlvii. "Obadiah Sedgwick, though a noted Puritan, was deeply imbued with classical learning. In the next generation, the Puritans in general undervalued human learning, but in the early part of the seventeenth century they could exhibit a greater number both of eminent mathematicians and of distinguished scholars than those who under Laud wished to approximate to Rome."—v. *Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices*, vol. i. p. 513.

P. xlviii. Bishop Gauden addressed three letters, Jan. 25, Feb. 20, March 6, 1661, to Lord Clarendon, in which he lays claim for services in the royal cause; in one of his letters he says, "Nor

do I doubt but I shall, by y<sup>r</sup> Lordship's favor, find the fruits as to something extraordinary, since the service was soe ; not as to *what was known* to the world under my name, in order to vindicate the crowne and the church, *but what goes under the late blessed king's name, the Εἰκὼν, or portraiture of hys majesty in hys solitudes and sufferings.* This work and figure was wholly and only my invention, making and designe ; in order to vindicate the King's wisdom, honor, and piety. My wife indeed was conscious to it, and had an hand in *disguising the letters of that Copy which I sent to the King in the Isle of Wight, by favour of the late Marquise of Hertford,*" &c. In answer to which, Lord Clarendon writes, March 13, 1661. "I do assure you I am more afflicted with you, and for you, than I can expresse ; and the more sensibly, that it is the only charge of that kind is laid upon me, which in truth I do not think I do deserve. *The particular which you often renewed, I do confesse was imparted to me under secrecy, and of which I did not take myself to be at liberty to take notice ; and truly when it ceases to be a secret, I know nobody will be gladd of it but Mr. Milton ; I have very often wished I had never been trusted with it.*"—*Edinb. Rev.* vol. xliv. art. 1. In one of the MS. Journals of Carte the historian, there is a curious story of Gauden's wife's knowledge of the authorship of this book.

P. xlix. Since the present Life of Milton has been printed, the writer has seen Mr. Joseph Hunter's learned Tract "Milton, a Sheaf of Gleanings," &c. being No. iii. of his Critical and Historical Tracts, &c. He begs to refer the reader to it, particularly for the curious and interesting investigations relating to the Milton family—to the family of Milton's mother, and that of his three wives. These genealogical investigations, conducted with Mr. Hunter's knowledge and care, will repay the perusal. There is a note, also, pp. 50-51, on the expression "Bayonna's hold" in Lycidas which may be consulted with advantage.

P. lii. On Milton's sonnet of "Tetrachordon," see Scott's Legend of Montrose, in Tales of my Lord, third series, vol. iv. p. 148, note.

"Milton only," he says, "intends to ridicule the barbarism of Scottish names in general, and quotes incidentally that of Gillespie, one of the Apostles of the Covenant, and that of Colkitto and M<sup>c</sup>Donnel (both belonging to one person), one of its bitterest enemies. Milton's book called 'Tetrachordon,' had been ridiculed by the divines assembled at Westminster and others, on account of the hardness of the title, and Milton in his Sonnet retaliates upon the barbarous Scottish names which the Civil War had made familiar to English ears."

P. liv. "It was the usual practice of Marchmont Needham, a

great crony of Milton, to abuse *Salmasius* in his public Mercury, called *Politicus* (as Milton had done before him in his *Defensio*), by saying, among other things, that Christina, Queen of Sweden, had cashiered him her favour, by understanding that he was ‘a pernicious parasite and promoter of tyranny.’ ”—*Wood's Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. col. 484.

P. lxii. The *Licensing Act*, which had inadvertently been suffered to expire in 1679, and had been revived by James the Second's Parliament in 1685, was in 1692 continued till the end of the next Session of Parliament. Was the experiment to be made, of trusting to the punishment of such as publish anything dangerous to the public, or injurious to individuals? William, who had known the harmlessness of a *free press* in his own country, took the liberal side; but the few Tory members of the cabinet very plausibly urged that prevention was better than punishment, and that it was the duty of the state to restrain, as far as possible, from the publication of libels as from the commission of other crimes. *Somers* prevailed by pointing out not only the vexatiousness, but the utter inefficiency of the desired regulations, in spite of which there had been more libels published upon the government and on private character since the Revolution, than during any former period of our history. *Unlicensed printing was then for ever established in England*, and now we have only to be watchful that the press be not itself formed into an *engine of tyranny*. (See *Hallam's Constitutional History*, vol. iii. p. 236.)

P. lxiv. Miscellaneous Notes by T. Park in Milton's Poems, 1645. Marshall's engraving before the poems, 1645, is the first head of *Milton*, says Mr. Granger, ever published. *Salmasius*, in his *Defensio Regia*, calls it “*comptulam Iconem*,” and declares that it gave him a more advantageous idea of his person than he ever had before. But it appears from the Greek verses underneath, that Milton himself was not pleased with it.—*Bigg. Hist.* vol. ii. p. 295, 1775.

“Will any say that this portrait was the work of an ingenious hand; my very friends looking at my own natural countenance know not whom it represents, and laugh at the awkward imitation of the idiotic artist.”—*Translation*.

Milton was undoubtedly far from being pleased, or he would not have directed the unwitting artist to stamp a satirical brand on the forehead of his own work. Nor is it natural to suppose that Milton, who at college was reputed eminently beautiful, could be gratified by seeing himself depicted like a surly featured old fellow at the age of thirty-six. Hard study might, however, have induced a severity of aspect beyond what time had otherwise produced.

Moseley's "Address to the Reader" is entitled to praise for its early and confident estimation of Milton's poetic powers, and would have merited more distinction, had not a similar laud been lavished upon Cartwright, before whose Poems, in 1651, is a copy of verses addressed to the stationer by Jo. Leigh, enumerating the various English poets whose works had been published by Moseley, but omitting to name those of *Milton*.

R. Fletcher seems to glance in the opposite passage in a Preface before his "Ex otio negotium," 1656. "I am not of that number that dares challenge the sharpe sighted censure of the times; and conceive their papers as their persons, beyond fault or defection."

1660, Jan. 31, Hum. Moseley, the bookseller, died in St. Paul's Churchyard; buried 4 Feb. Smith's Catalogue.

At the sale of Sir Wm. Musgrave's duplicates, in Feb. 1798, this head of Milton, by Marshall, sold for 4*l.* 18*s.* Manson is said to have purchased it for the collection of Mr. Towneley. See War-ton's description of this print in Milton's Poems, p. 529.

P. 23. Picture of Marchioness of Winchester and her husband, are in the dining-room at the Duke of Bolton's, Hackwood, Hants. See War-ton's Milton, p. 301.

Epitaph on him by Dryden; on her by Milton.

P. 27. "The epitaph on the admirable dramatic poet, W. Shakespeare," is the first of Milton's poems that was published: it was prefixed to the second folio of the plays, 1632, without name or initials.

P. 57. *Iusta Edwardo King naufrago ab amicis mœrentibus.* Camb. 1638. 4to. This contains the first publication of Milton's *Lycidas*.

P. lxx. "Mrs. Katharine Milton, wife to John Milton, Esq was buried in St. Margaret's Church, in Westminster, Feb. 10, 1657. Reg. Book. Milton then lived in a new house in Petty France, when Mr. Harvey, son of Dr. Harvey, of Petty France, Westminster, told me, Nov. 14, 1770, that old Mr. *Lownde* assured him, that when Mr. Milton buried his wife, he had the coffin shut down with twelve several locks, that had twelve several keys, and that he gave the keys to twelve several friends, and desired the coffin might not be opened till they all met together. Kennet."—*Wood's Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. col. 486.

P. lxxvi. "The late Reverend Mr. Thomas Bradbury, an eminent dissenting minister, used to say, that Jer. White, who had been chaplain to O. Cromwell, and whom he personally knew, had often told him that Milton was allowed by the Parliament a *weekly table* for the entertainment of foreign ministers and persons of learning, such especially as came from Protestant states,

which allowance was also continued by Cromwell.”—*Hollis's Note*, see *Newton's Life*, p. lvi.

P. lxxii. On “Alex. Morus ornatissimus,” see *Valcknaëri Opera Critica*, vol. ii. p. 111.

P. lxxiii. The same unfounded calumny was spread regarding Christina's treatment of Descartes, as that which has been mentioned of Salmasius. Madame de Motteville in her *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 309, says—“La Reine Christine au lieu de faire mourir d'amour les hommes, elle les faisoit mourir de dépit, et de honte; et fut, disoit-on, depuis cause que le grand Philosophe Descartes perdit la vie de cette sorte, parcequ'elle n'avoit pas approuvé sa manière de philosopher.” . . . “De pareils bruits étoient semés dans ce tems là, par les ennemis de Descartes. Le P. Sorbière rapporte dans deux de ses lettres qu'on soupçonnoit du poison dans la maladie de Descartes.” v. No. lxxii. p. 539, 632.

I will now extract a few passages from some contemporary works relating to this subject, which ought not to have remained so long under great misconception, when so much evidence was at hand to remove it. “Avant que de quitter la Suède, la Reine lui (M. de Saumaïse) fit des offres avantageuses pour *le retiner* auprès d'elle, mais parcequ'il avoit donné sa parole aux curateurs de l'université de Leyde d'y retourner, il partit de Stockholm au mois de Septembre 1651, comblé de graces, et de liberalités de Christine. Elle lui conserva dans la suite sa bienveillance, et voici en quels termes elle lui écrivit environ deux ans après son départ de Suède.” v. *Arckenholtz, Mémoires de Christine*, vol. i. p. 232.

The letter alluded to contained these expressions,—“Vous apprendrez du Sr. Bourdelot l'état ou je me trouve pour le présent. Il vous informera des sentimens d'estime que je *conserve pour votre mérite*. Je vous prie d'en être entièrement assuré, et de croire que je les conserverai toute ma vie, comme vous les avez vû naître par la connoissance que j'ai eüe de ce que vous valez. Conservez moi votre amitié, et soiez certain qu'il n'y a personne qui vous estime l'égal de moi. Stockholm, 6 Juin, 1653.” Salmasius, it appears, was afraid of passing into England, in his way to Sweden. Boineborough also writes to Linker,—“Manebit Salmasius in Suediâ quod propter defensionem regiam suam, nusquam tutus commorari posse credatur nisi inter Reges.”—v. *Commerc. Epist. Leibnitz. Graberi Anecd. Boineborough*, i. 13. G. Patin says: “Saumaïse lui avoit répondu, qu'il faisoit trop froid en Suède, et *trop chaud en Angleterre*.” v. *Lettres*, vol. i. p. 91 and 256.

It appears that Nic. Heinsius threw into the fire an Elegy which he had written against Salmasius. Patin says, “Sive hoc



fecerit philosophicè, et Christianè, sive fecerit jubente et imperante Suedorum reginâ quæ Salmasium, tanquam magnum sidus, coluit et serio reclamavit." v. *Patin's Letters*, lxxii. p. 382.

The only cause of misunderstanding between the Queen and the scholar was on account of Salmasius refusing to forgive Vossius, who had lent the son of Salmasius some money, which the father refused to repay. There is a manuscript letter of Bochart to Vossius, 24 May, 1653. But on this subject it is said in *Menagiana*, i. 350, "Pour surcroit de malheur pour Vossius, Christine aiant appris qu'il venoit écrire contre Saumaïse lui fit dire, *qu'elle ne voulut plus le voir.*" I trust that this "vexata quæstio" is now set at rest: and I shall end this note by extracting a temperate and altogether not unjust comparison between Salmasius and another great scholar of his day, which is to be found in a book of some rarity, *Vigneul Marville*, tom. i. p. 9, 10. "Le Cardinal Richelieu disoit qu'il ne connoissoit au monde que trois hommes souverainement sçavens, c'est à dire, M. de Saumaïse, Grotius, et Bignon. Feu Monsr. Peiresc disoit que Grotius valoit deux Saumaïses. M. Basnage le nie, et dit, que Grotius égale seulement Scaliger et Saumaïse. Je parierois bien pour M. Peiresc contre M. Basnage, et il y auroit bien des gens entr'autres Monsr. Colomies, que seroit de moitié avec moi. M. de Saumaïse avoit l'esprit très vif, et la mémoire prodigieuse. Autant de livres de sa façon, autant d'impromptu. Mais il ne digeroit pas assez les matières qu'il tratoit, ce qu'il donnoit au public, il le donnoit tout cru avec dédain, et comme tout en colère. Il sembloit jeter son Grec, son Latin, et toute sa science à la tête des gens. Grotius au contraire, considère tout, digère tout l'ordonne, et la range sagement il respecte et ménage son lecteur, son érudition est comme un grand fleuve, qui se répand largement, et fait du bien à tout le monde. Autant d'ouvrages de Grotius, autant de chef d'œuvres en tout genre, ce qui est sans exemple chez les Anciens, et chez les Modernes. Jamais auteur n'a mieux choisi ses sujets d'écrire, il s'agrandit avec eux, et ils s'agrandissent avec lui. *Crescit cum amplitudine rerum vis ingenii.*"

The defect, perhaps the sole one, in this great scholar, has been alluded to in the last extract, and is confirmed by more modern authority.—"Salmasius, in his exponendis *rectum cursum tenere non potuit, non nunquam tamen, pro suo more ad verum relapsus.*" v. *Anecdota Hemsterhusiana* ab J. Geel, p. 31.—Again, "Vix dubito quin memoria cui quantumvis felicissime sæpe nimis confidebat, viro magno fraudem fecerit." The critic is alluding to Salmasius giving the word *Συμπόιον* as the title of one of the comedies of Menander.



P. lxxiv. To quote the Eulogies of Scholars on the erudition of Salmasius, would be to transcribe from almost every book of criticism from his day to the present. The reader however may be referred for the *elder* critics to the various Ana, and Baillet Jugemens des Savans, and Wolfii Conspectus Suppell. Epistol. p. 93. 227. Nor has the judgment of modern scholars withheld the palm of superiority so willingly granted by his contemporaries. I observe a late critic of eminence, in a letter on the Anthology, uses the language of the highest praise when he calls him "Cet Hercule littéraire qui pouvoit dompter tous les monstres et que personne ne revère plus que moi." (v. *Mélanges de Critique et Philologie par Chardon de la Rochette*, tom. i. p. 297.) And the same scholar says, "Je rassemble depuis longtems tous les matériaux nécessaires pour donner une *vie de Saumaise*, je possède déjà le plus grand nombre et les plus précieux, mais il me manque encore quelques articles importans."—Tom. iii. p. 308. See also Menage's Anti-Baillet, vol. xiv. p. 5. 9; *ibid.* vol. xv. p. 103. 268. 383. Merc<sup>r</sup>. Grotianus says, "Si fit aliquid quod nesciat Salmasius, id non homini, sed Scientiæ deest:" and Balzac applies to him the description of Virgil's Jupiter,

"Huic ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono,  
*Ingenium sine fine dedi.*" \*

On the *faults* of Salmasius as a writer, see *Gesneri Isagoge*, vol. ii. p. 433. "Magnus Salmasius multis digressionibus fœdavit doctissimos libros suos, et fecit ut non legantur, &c. &c."

P. lxxvi. "There has not one great poet appeared in France since the beginning of Cardinal Richelieu's ministry, but he has been protected and encouraged, and his merit as fast as it could spread has been generally acknowledged. I wish I could as truly affirm the same thing of England. The great qualities of Milton were not generally known among his countrymen till the *Paradise Lost* had been published more than *thirty years*; but when that admirable poet was among the Italians, the greatness of his genius was known to them in the very bloom of his youth, even *thirty years* before that incomparable poem was written."—*Dennis's Letters*, p. 78.

"More people comprehend the excellency of Homer, and Virgil, and Milton, than the beauties of Martial and Cowley, though perhaps there are not ten persons living who know all the merit of Virgil; and Milton's *Paradise Lost* had been printed *forty years* before it was known to the greatest part of England that there barely was such a book." *Dennis's Letters*, p. 173.

\* St. Austin said of St. Hierome's knowledge in divinity, "Quod Hieronymus nescivit, nullus mortalium unquam scivit."

P. lxxvii. "Nor can I believe that several who pretend to be passionate admirers of *Milton* would treat him if living in any other manner, for the following reasons.

"Because they are so fond of nothing as of that soft and effeminate rhyme which makes the very reverse of the harmony, and of the manly and powerful and noble enthusiasm of Milton.

"Because the generality of poets and wits his contemporaries did not esteem him, though they were by no means inferior in understanding to his pretended living admirers. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, never so much as mentioned him in his Imitation of the Tenth Satire of the First Book of Horace. When he came to imitate that passage, 'Forte epos acer ut nemo Varius ducit,' instead of Milton he names Waller; and when that noble peer was some years afterwards asked by Dr. Burnet, since Bishop of Salisbury, for which of the modern poets he had most esteem, he answered without the least hesitation, for Boileau among the French, and Cowley among the English poets. Mr. Rymer, in his First Book of Criticism, treated the *Paradise Lost* with contempt, and the generality of the readers of poetry, for twenty years after it was published, knew no more of that exalted poem than if it had been written in Arabic. Mr. Dryden, in his Preface before the *State of Innocence*, appears to have been the first, those gentlemen excepted whose verses are before Milton's poem, who discovered in so public a manner an extraordinary opinion of Milton's extraordinary merit. And yet Mr. Dryden at that time knew not half the extent of his excellence, as more than twenty years afterwards he confessed to me, as is pretty plain from his writing the *State of Innocence*; for Mr. Dryden in that poem, which is founded on the *Paradise Lost*, falls so infinitely short of those wonderful qualities, by which Milton has distinguished that noble poem from all other poems, that one of these two things must be granted; either that Mr. Dryden knew not the extent of Milton's great qualities, or that he designed to be a foil to him. But they who knew Mr. Dryden know very well that he was not of a temper to design to be a foil to any one."—*Dennis's Letters*, p. 76.

P. lxxviii. "The most wonderful testimony in his [Bradshawe's] favour is from *Milton*, who is said to have been recommended by him to Cromwell for the place of Latin secretary. And in his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano* there extols him, &c."—*Lord Campbell's Lives of Chief Justices*, vol. i. p. 489.

P. lxxx. Jeanes, or Janes, published in the year 1651 an Answer to Milton's *Iconoclastes*. In the year of the Restoration, 1660, this book was brought out again under the title of "*Salmasius his Detection of the Diabolical Rebel Milton*," intending thereby to pass it off as a translation of Salmasius's posthumous

work, *Ad Johannem Miltonum Responsio*. It is in fact the same work and the same edition as that brought out by Janes, with the exception of the title and a leaf of address to the reader.

P. lxxxix. See South's Sermon on the 30th of January. "But others more knowing, insist not so much upon the warrant of Scripture, but plead *providential dispensations*, and then God's *works* (it seems) must be regarded before his *words*. And the Latin Advocate (Mr. Milton), who, like a *blind adder*, has spit so much poyson upon the King's person and cause, speaks to the matter roundly. 'Deum secuti Ducem, et impressa passim divina vestigia venerantes, Viam haud obscuram sed illustrem, et illius auspiciis commonstratam, et patefactam ingressi sumus.' But must we read God's mind in his footsteps, or in his word? 'This is, as if when we have a man's hand-writing, we should endeavour to take his meaning by the measure of his foot, &c. &c.'"

Perhaps South had an eye on *Milton* in the following passage in his Sermons, vol. viii. serm. 10, "What that particular sin was, for which the angels were thrown down from their station, is hard and perhaps impossible to be determined, yet men enquire after it, as freely as if it might, and some pitch it upon *pride*. Though in their confident asserting of that which is no where delivered, they seem to *discover no small pride and arrogance themselves*," &c. In vol. x. serm. 7, in his argument against David Paræus, South attacks Milton's position:—"Because the kings of England take an oath at their coronation to govern by such and such laws, which in case they should not, *Milton* and such others, are so bold as to absolve the subject from his allegiance; I shall, to dash that *puritan, anti-monarchical tenet*, lay down this distinction, that it is *one thing* for a king to promise to manage his kingly office according to such rules; and *another thing*, to take upon him the kingly office upon condition that he so governs; it is this latter only that would render him accountable to his people: but the former, if not fulfilled, is not breach of an antecedent condition, but only breach of a subsequent promise, for the sin of which he is answerable only to God."

P. lxxxix. "For my part I have no notion, that a suffering Hero can be proper for epic poetry. Milton could make but very little even of a suffering god, who makes quite another impression with his lightning and his thunder in *Paradise Lost*, than with his meekness and his stoicism in *Paradise Regained*. That great spirit which heroic poetry requires, flows from great passions, and from great actions. If the suffering Hero remains insensible, the generality of readers will not be much concerned for one who is so little concerned for himself."—*Dennis's Letters*, p. 11.

P. lxxxiv. on note 41. I may mention that in a note to the *Life of Milton* in the Aldine edition, printed 1832, I mentioned that *Vavaffor* was the person alluded to by Dr. Johnson on the words, “*Ker and some one before him*” as having noticed Milton’s mistake in the use of the word *Vapulandus*. I found the reference when reading Crenius’s work alluded to. Since which I see Mr. Hallam has made the same remark in his *History of Literature*, but has not done me the favour of stating the source of his information. “*Illud mirum pariter et festivum quod is quo loco et quibus plane verbis attribuit Salmasio solæcismos, iisdem ipse solæcismum aut solæcismo flagitium non minus admittat.*”—v. *Vavaffor de Epigr.* cxxii. p. 144. *Crenii Anim. Philolog.* 12mo. p. 77.

P. xcii. “The estate which his father left him was but indifferent; yet by his frugality he made it serve him and his. Out of his secretary’s salary he had saved two thousand pounds, which being lodged in the excise, and that bank failing at his majesty’s restoration, he utterly lost that sum. By the great fire which happened in London in the beginning of September, 1666, he had a house in Bread Street burnt, which was all the real estate he had then left.”—*Wood’s Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. col. 486.

To what does Fielding allude when he says, “It is to be hoped heedless people will be more cautious what they burn, or use to other vile purposes, especially when they consider the fate which had like to have befallen the *divine Milton*.”—v. *Journ. to the Next World*, p. 331.

P. xciv. We (says a writer in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, August, 1849, p. 163) should not have complained if Mr. Walcott had always, upon like occasion, been as diffuse as he is upon some of the streets in the neighbourhood of St. Margaret’s church. Of these “York Street” is a specimen.

“In this street was Milton’s study. He walked beneath the dappled shadows which the irregular houses still throw across the way. Upon the parapet of the present back—once the front—of No. 19, is a stone tablet bearing this inscription:—‘Sacred to Milton, Prince of Poets;’ it was placed there by William Hazlitt, essayist, who rented the house in 1811, after his marriage.

“In 1651, the poet quitted his official residence in Scotland Yard, for this then ‘pretty garden-house, next to Lord Scudamore’s, and opening into the Park.’ The sight of his left eye he lost late in the same year, and that of his right eye in 1653. His child Deborah was born here, on May 2, 1652; and from this house, ‘fightless and dark,’ the old man\* followed in the

\* Milton, born in Dec. 1608, was only in his fiftieth year when this wife died in Feb. 1657-8.—*Rev.*

sad procession which bore to her grave his beloved wife, whom he brought thither scarce a year before. During his residence here, while Andrew Marvel was his secretary, he wrote his 'Second Defence of the People of England,' and the 'Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes.'

"A cotton-willow tree, now separated by a wall from the humble dwelling, is said to have been planted by the poet's hand. Jeremy Bentham, to whom the house belonged, used frequently to make visitors kneel before it; but when he proposed to cut down the tree, William Hazlitt, scandalized by the 'contemplated profanation,' interfered, and commemorates his indignation in the 'Spirit of the Age.'

"At those windows the poet sat. The warm, balmy breath of summer, and the fragrance of flowers, stealing in through the open lattice, told him of the bright creation without, whose loveliness his sightless eyes might never see again, till they beheld unsealed the Better Land; while the soft low tones of the organ which he loved, and the conversation of his friends, attuned his heart to patience and resignation. There oft he mused, rich in thickly-crowding fancies that went forth over the wide earth, gathering from out its threefold kingdom fresh images of stately beauty; and now, upsoaring into the companies of spirits of good, tarried awhile amid the secrets of eternity, until they were stayed only before the throne of living light."

On turning to Mr. Cunningham's account of York Street, he will be found to give the greater part, but not the whole, of the same facts, compressed indeed within less than one-fourth the space: he differs in these respects, 1. he says the street received its name from the residence of Archbishop Sharp; 2. he says the tablet was set up by Bentham, before Hazlitt inhabited the house; and 3, he gives the inscription thus, "HERE LIVED JOHN MILTON, THE PRINCE OF POETS." But we have visited the spot, and find the words as Mr. Walcott gives them,—

SACRED TO MILTON,  
Prince of Poets.

P. xcvi. On Milton's projected Poem of ARTHUR, see Hurd's Dialogues, vol. iii. p. 262 to p. 335.

P. xcvi. "Proclamation for Suppressing Milton's *Defensio Populi Anglicani*, The Answer to the *Eicon Basilice*, and Goodwin's *Obstructor of Justice*, and whereas the said John Milton and John Goodwin are both fled, or so obscure themselves, that no Endeavours used for their apprehensions can take effect, whereby they might be brought to Legal Tryal, and deservedly receive condign Punishment for their Treasons and Offences."

P. xcix. "Milton, after being detained in the custody of the



Serjeant at Arms, was released by order of the House. The Serjeant had exacted from his prisoner, *per letter*, the amount of 150*l.* a sum which with great difficulty he had borrowed from his friends. *A. Marvell* brought the matter before the House, and moved that the money should be refunded. He was supported in the motion by Colonel King and Colonel Sharpest, two officers of undoubted loyalty as well as gallantry. But the Solicitor General Finch strongly opposed it, saying, that ‘this Mr. Milton had been Latin secretary to Cromwell, and instead of paying 150*l.* well deserved hanging.’ However the matter was referred to a Committee of Privileges, *who therefore decided for the Poet.*”—See *Lord Campbell's Lives*, vol. iii. p. 382.

P. ci. “Philips, in his *Life of Milton*, says that soon after his third marriage, in 1662, he ‘removed to a house in the Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields,’ the house at which he finished the *Paradise Lost*, and from which he was buried. It is not easy to trace the spot. No such place as Artillery Walk occurs in the elaborate map of London published by Ogilby, the translator of Homer, in 1677, within three years after Milton’s death. Aubrey, however, another original authority, tells us in his memoranda on the *Life of Milton*, that he ‘died in Bunhill opposite the Artillery-garden-wall.’ In Ogilby, and in various other maps, the name of Bunhill, without any addition, is given to a row of houses occupying the site of the western side of the southern part of the present Bunhill Row, the opposite side of which, now another row of houses, was then formed by one of the walls of the Artillery Ground, which were built, according to Highmore, the historian of the Artillery Company, about the time of the Restoration. This row might well be described as leading to Bunhill Fields, for it still leads towards the well known Bunhill Fields burying ground, the resting place of Dr. Watts, of Bunyan, and Defoe. It might well bear the name of the Artillery Walk, from its proximity to the Artillery Ground, and yet the name in common parlance be merged in that of Bunhill, as is the case with its present opposite neighbour, Artillery Place West, which is only generally known as part of Bunhill Row. Here then, in all probability, in the row of houses to the left of the passenger who turns northward from Chiswell Street towards St. Luke’s Hospital and Peerless Pool stood the house in which ‘*Paradise Lost*’ was written. Many of the houses now there are well-built, and by no means of a modern appearance; but unfortunately there is none sufficiently antique to be assigned with safety to the time of Milton. The whole of Bunhill Row is in the present parish of St. Luke, Old Street, which then formed the ‘*Lordship part*’ of the parish of Cripplegate, whose church



of St. Giles's is memorable for the burial of Milton and the marriage of Cromwell. The next street to Bunhill Row, on the opposite side of Chiswell Street, was the famous Grub Street, so long proverbial as the residence of hackney authors, which still subsists, but with the name metamorphosed, since about 1830, to the noble one of Milton Street, taken from its illustrious neighbour."—*Mr. Thomas Watts*.

P. cvii. The following is a curious notice from an obscure contemporary writer of Poetry, who published his little volume soon after *Paradise Lost* had appeared. "I was much taken with learned Mr. Milton's cast and fancy in his book, namely, *Paradise Lost*. Him I have followed much in his method, and have been otherwise beholden too, how much I leave them to judge, but I have used a more plain and familiar style, because I conceive it most proper."—*Poems of Samuel Slater*, Pref. 1679.

P. cviii. See Sterling's *Arts and Artists in Spain*, vol. 3, p. 1048. "His (Medina's) Paintings seem almost confined to Scotland, where he resided. He was knighted by the Lord High Commissioner Queensbury, and was the last man on whom the honour was conferred before the Union. In a short visit to England he probably designed his twelve Plates for Somers' *Milton*, fo. 1705. In these he displayed no very high powers of appreciating his author, but they were thought worthy of being reproduced in a smaller form. He died 5 Oct. 1710. His picture is at the Gallery at Florence. He has received the somewhat dubious praise of being called the Kneller of the North." There is some mistake in the date given by Mr. Sterling. The 4th edition, folio, 1699, was the first which had *Medina's* Plates. Book iv. has a Plate after B. Lens, Senr. and Book xii. one taken from Raphael's Bible.

P. cix. Mr. Hawkins has observed (vide *Life of Milton*, p. lxxv. note) that the *Angeleida* of Erasmus Valvasone, 1590, a book Milton is supposed to have seen, attributes to the *Apostate Spirits* the invention of Artillery. I may add that in reading the *Zodiacus Vitæ* of Palingenius, 1559, I found the same discovery given to the same fallen angels. The passage is so curious, in this and other respects, as to deserve quotation, especially as it is not alluded to in Mr. Todd's edition. The poet is describing, as Milton has, the various fallen Potentates.

*Sarcothecumque* vide, qui rex est primus, et idem  
Pessimus ; hunc alii reges metuantque coluntque  
Huic servit quicquid tenet orbis dæmoniorum  
A quo ceu quodam centro, genus omne malorum  
Emitat, ut radii Solis de corpore manant.  
Aspexi hunc igitur, sævum horribilemque, superbo

Extantem Solio, scelerataque Sceptra tenentem.  
 Sanguiniæ cristæ huic surgunt, et cornua septem  
 Erecta, et totidem ingentes referentia turres.  
 Auribus atque oculis lucent, et naribus ignes  
 Oraque fumosas evolvunt grandia flammæ.  
*Heu quot habet secum comites, quantasque Phalanges,  
 Instruætas telis, et bombiferis tormentis.*  
 Iste tyrannus agit, tanquam perfringere cœlum.  
 Vellet, et æthereâ superos depellere ab aulâ,  
 Tunc mihi ductor ait—Fuit hic pulcherrimus olim  
 Supremoque Jovi charissimus : at mala Mentis  
 Conditio, et lætis cognata superbia rebus  
 Attulit exitium misero, *par namque volebat  
 Esse Deo, cupiens æqualem sedis honorem ;*  
 Proinde relegari meruit, jussusque Michaël  
 Constituit certos illi inter nubila fines  
 Sæpe tamen priscæ laudis, veterumque bonorum  
 Non oblitus adhuc, et spe delusus inani  
 Bella movet superis, cœlumque irrumpere tentat  
 Hinc fragor, hinc tonitrus, metuendaque fulmina fiunt  
 Horrificique ignes nigranti nube coruscant, &c.”

*Sagittarius*, p. 289, ed. 1605.

It certainly strikes me that Milton took his descriptive account of the various leaders of the rebellious Angels, in the first book, from this book of Palingenius (*Sagittarius*), for they are enumerated in the same manner as each presiding over the *various vices that tempt and afflict mankind*. At any rate the passage is so curious and entertaining, as will well repay the reader's trouble in turning to it. Scaliger justly called Palingenius (Pier Angelo Mansoli) *Poeta non spernendus*. vide Scaligeriana, 1me.

P. cix. In *Paradise Lost* xi. 495, we meet with an apparent mixture of imagery and expression, that might have called up the observation of some one of the numerous Commentators ; but there is no note in Mr. Todd's edition.

“Sight so deform, what heart of rock could long  
 Dry-eyed behold ?”

I may therefore observe that the Christian Poet Sedulius has the expression, “*ut Cordis oculos interior caligo deseruit.*” See *Sedulii Carm.* ed. Arntzenii, p. 3.

There is also an expression in *Paradise Regained* which, as none of the Commentators have touched on, I may be excused explaining and this place offers an opportunity.

“Their sumptuous gluttonies and gorgeous feasts  
 On citron tables or *Atlantick stone.*”—P. R. iv. 114.

Citron wood grew on Mount Atlas, and was held by the Romans

as valuable as gold. Martial, Ep. xiv. 89. "Accipe felices Atlantica munera, sylvas." "Atlantic stone," the Commentators say, was never heard of; nor can they explain the meaning of the expression.

I can find no account of Atlantic marble in the learned work of Cariophylus de Ant. Marmoribus. But I believe that I have detected the true meaning of "Atlantic stone," which has escaped the Commentators. Pliny mentions that the woods of Atlas were eagerly searched by the Romans for citron wood and ivory. *Hist. Nat.* lib. 5, c. 1. 1, p. 366, ed. Brot. "Quam luxuriæ cujus efficacissima vis sentitur atque maxima, cum ebori citroque silvæ exquirantur." Diod. Siculus joins them, lib. v. c. xlvi. vol. 3, p. 355, ed. Bip. "τὰ δὲ θηρώματα του ναοῦ θαυμαστάς ἔχει τὰς κατασκευὰς ἐξ ἀργύρου καὶ χρυσοῦ καὶ ἐλέφαντος, ἔτι δὲ θύους δεδήμιουργημένας;" so the author of the *Apocalypse*, xviii. 12, "πάν ξύλον, θύϊνον, καὶ πᾶν σκεῦος ἐλεφάντινον;" Suidas and Pausanias also mention them together. We may therefore consider "Atlantic stone" to be a learned and poetical way for naming the "Ebur Atlanticum;" and Pliny also says that the forests in Mauritania were filled with elephants, lib. v. c. 1. 1. vol. 1. p. 364, the same forests which afforded the citron wood. Should "stone" be still thought a singular expression for ivory, it may be observed that fossil ivory might have been sought for; and that Pliny, lib. xxxvi. c. xxix. 18, vol. 6, p. 230, mentions a *mineral ivory*, which he calls a stone. "Citrus arbor in Atalante Mauritanix monte nascitur, ex qua olim faciebant lectos fores et *mensas*, quas *eboreis* pedibus fulcientes feminæ, viris contra margaritas regerebant. Cato in ea, quam habuit, oratione, ne quis consul his fieret: Dicere possum, quibus villæ atque ædes ædificatæ atque expolitæ maximo opere, *citro*, atque, *ebore*, atque *pavimentis Pænicis stent*"—*Auf. Popmæ Not. in Fragm. Varronis*, ed. Bipont. p. 349.

P. cix. "Think of the fathomless abyss, a gloom impervious, *fire without light*, in darkness burning, but not thining." See Basil, translated by Boyd, in his *Select Passages*, p. 237, 2nd ed. 1810. We now see from whom Milton derived that celebrated passage in the first book of his *Paradise Lost*—

"yet from these flames  
No light, but rather darkness visible," &c.

*From a Correspondent.*

P. cx. "He (Dr. Arnold) used frequently to dwell on this essentially *mix'd* character of all human things: as, for example, in his principle of the application of prophecy to human events or persons: so too his *characteristic dislike of Milton's representation of Satan*. 'By giving a human likeness and representing him

as a bad man, you necessarily get some images of what is *good* as well as of what is *bad*. For no living man is entirely evil. Even Banditti have some generous qualities. Whereas the representation of *the Devil should be purely and entirely evil*, without a tinge of good, as that of God should be purely and entirely good, without a tinge of evil: and you can no more get the one than the other from anything human. With the heathen it was different. Their *Gods* were themselves made up of good and evil, and so might well be mix'd up with human associations. The hoof and the horns and the tail are all useful in their way as giving you an image of something altogether disgusting. And so Mephistopheles in *Faust*, and the other contemptible and hateful character of the little monster in *Sintram*, are *far more true than the Paradise Lost*."

—See *Life of Arnold*, ii. p. 408. To this I may add, that a strong instance of this *mixed* character given to Satan, as here observed on, may be found in Book iv. p. 387, where Satan is contemplating Adam and Eve in their state of Paradisiacal innocence, and utters sentiments seemingly at variance with his lost condition and his evil nature; at least they have always appeared to me objectionable and unnatural.

"And should I at your *harmless innocence*  
Melt, as I do; yet public reason just  
Honour and Empire, with revenge enlarged  
By conquering this new World, *compels me now*  
*To do what else, tho' damnd, I should abhor.*"

In a preceding verse Satan also says,

"Thank him who puts me *loath* to this revenge!"

The reader is also referred to a most judicious note by Mr. *Hawkins*, 8vo. ed. of *Newton's Milton*, i. xcvi.

As regards the character of Satan in *Paradise Regained*, Mr. Coleridge says: "Milton has represented *Satan* as a *Sceptical Socinian*. See Book iv. ver. 196.

"Be not so sore offended, Son of God,  
Though sons of God both angels a. e and men."

Again verse 500,

"Then hear, O Son of David, Virgin-born  
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt."

Milton has represented Satan as owning the Prophetic and Messianic character of Christ, but sceptical as to higher claims."

P. cx. Mr. C. Carlyon, in his *Early Years and Late Reflections*, quotes from Leslie's Sermon on the words "There was war in Heaven," (Rev. xii.) and mentions the very *objectionable liberties* which had been taken with some important passages of Holy Writ, particularly instancing the 7th verse of Ps. xi. "The gravity and seriousness," he observes, "with which this subject ought

to be treated, has not been regarded in the adventurous flight of *Poets*, who have dressed angels in armour and put swords and guns into their hands, to fulminate battles in the plains of heaven ; a sort of heathen fancy. But the truth has been greatly hurt thereby.

“ This is one reason why I have endeavoured to give a more serious representation of that war in Heaven, and I hope I may say much better grounded than *Milton's groundless supposition*, who in the 5th Book of his *Paradise Lost* makes the cause of the revolt of Lucifer and his Angels to have been,—*That God upon a certain day in Heaven, before the creation of this lower world, did summon all the Angels to attend, and then declared his Son to be their Lord and King*, and applies to that day the 7th verse of the 2nd Psalm,—‘ Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee.’ The folly of this contrivance appears many ways. To make the angels ignorant of the Blessed Trinity, and to take it ill to acknowledge Him for their King, whom they had always addressed as their God,—or as if the Son had not been their King, or had not been begotten till that day. This scheme of the Angels’ revolt cannot answer either to the eternal generation of the Son, or to his temporal generation of the Blessed Virgin, *that happening after the fall of the Angels,*” &c.

P. cx. On the difficulties of the *subject* of *Paradise Lost*, see *Mr. Henry Taylor's Notes on Books*, p. 200-202. “ We at least cannot doubt that Milton’s great Work is a continued struggle with insuperable difficulties, and that the victory gained is a victory, not *over the difficulties, but independently of them* ;—a victory in which the faults of the design stand out unsubdued in the execution: and the triumphs all here are those of unrivalled power of intellect destroying them : affording a slight compensation for the faults, but not in any degree averting, not even disguising them. Admire and applaud as we may, we cannot but be painfully sensible, as often as the supernatural agencies occur, that the author has set out on a fallacious plan and character from the first ; and when mounting the flying steed and pressing into the theme of heaven, he has evidently slighted the warning to which he himself alludes, and has in sad truth fallen on the *Aleian field*, erroneous there to wander ! and the more relief and delight we find in the parts of the Poem which are bound in this visible diurnal sphere, and the more we find of surpassing excellence in the descriptive and collateral passages, the more we lament the mistake of the Poet in adopting a scheme so utterly impracticable, exalting our imagination at the outset, only to abase it as we proceed—a Scheme of such celestial dignity in its aim and scope, that every detail is in derogation of it, and every realization felt to be false to the ideal,” &c. &c.



P. cxiv. The late Thomas Amyot, Esq. in a letter to the Editor.

P. cxvii. "In *Paradise Regained*," says the Rev. C. Wordsworth, "the only topographical inaccuracy consists in the site of the Lycæum: it is there placed *within*, instead of *without* the walls."—Lib. iv. l. 253.

— ' *Within* the walls then view  
The schools of ancient sages, his who bred  
Great Alexander to subdue the world,  
*Lycæum* there and painted Stoa next.' "

See *Wordsworth's Athens*, p. 177.

P. cxxi. Of *Milton*, Sir James Mackintosh thus speaks:—"Perhaps the subtle genius of Greece was in part withheld from indulging itself in ethical controversy by the influence of Socrates, who was much more a teacher of virtue than even a searcher after truth.

Whom well inspired, the oracle pronounced  
Wiseſt of men.

It was doubtless because he chose that better part that he was thus spoken of by the man whose commendation was glory, and who, from the loftiest eminence of moral genius ever reached by a mortal, was perhaps alone worthy to place a new crown on the brow of the Martyr of Virtue."—v. *Progress of Ethical Philosophy*, p. 18.

P. cxxvi. The following note was sent to me by a gentleman, and I subsequently saw the bust. The judgment of the public does not seem to have supported the opinion here given.

"The Rev. Charles Woodward, of 18, Thayer-street, Manchester-square, possesses a bust of Milton about half the size of life in white marble in Florentine costume. It is an exquisite work of art and conveys a more beautiful likeness of the great Poet than any print known, but agrees with the head by Faithorne, allowing for the difference of age. It was sent from Florence in 1827, and was called a bust of *Raphael* by the dealer. No doubt that is the identical bust mentioned by Thomas Warton in a note to the *Minor Poems*, p. 333, and in the *Life* to the *Aldine* ed. p. xx."

P. cxxix. In *Georgii Richteri Epistolæ Selectiores*, Norimb. 1662, 4to. is a letter from Christopher Arnold to him, dated from London 7 August, 1651, in which he gives a very interesting and entertaining account of the persons, parties, and objects of curiosity he met with. Among others he thus makes mention of MILTON.

"Hujusdem (Reipublicæ novæ) strenuus Defensor *Miltonus*, libenter se in sermonem dat, pura ejus elocutio est, et



scriptio tersissima. De antiquis Anglorum Theologis, horumque in S. Scripturæ libros commentariis (ipsam eruditionem testor) sanè doctissimis durius saltem, si non iniquius judicare judicium, omninò is mihi videbatur.”—p. 483. Again, “*Jo. Milton*, celebris ille Populi Anglicani defensor, olim et Areopagitica consignavit, A speech for the Liberty of unlicensed Printing to the Parliament of Engeland. i. Sermonem libertate sive licentiâ imprimendi libros, ad Parlamentum Angliæ, contra hujus constitutionem qua non nisi cum licentiâ approbatos imprimere permissum erat. Percu- riosus Scriptor iste jam pridem hodiernam libertatem, hoc est, A. C. 1644, in Areopagiticis suis cogitasse mihi videtur.”—p. 491. This passage was brought to my notice by Thos. Watts, Esq. of the British Museum, who also pointed out to me the passage I have quoted from the Dutch Translation of *Paradise Lost*.

P. cxxx. On the influence of *Plato* on Milton’s genius, see *Edinburgh Review*, No. clxxvi. p. 335, &c.

P. cxxx. 17. I now add the Emendations, &c. in a Copy of *ARATUS*, in the hand-writing of *Milton*, in the British Museum,

Αρατου Σολεως φαινομενα καὶ Διοσεμεια, Θεωνος Σχολια, Λεοντιου Μη-  
χανικου περι Αρατειας σφαιρας. Parisiis 1559. 4<sup>o</sup> Apud G. Mo-  
relium.

[On the two sides of Morel’s device this line.]

“Cum solê et luna semper Aratus erit.”

[In the fly leaf]

“Jo: Milton

pre: 2<sup>s</sup> 6<sup>d</sup>

1631.”

Paragraph 6, line 9, αυήν.

αυτήν.

Par. 8, l. 4.

Νώτῳ μεν στεφανος πελάει.

κεφαλῇ γέ μεν ἄνρη.

[the latter part of the line is added in manuscript, with this note in the margin] “Ex aliis editionibus supplemus.”

Par. 11, l. 5 μὴν.

μὲν.

[with this note in the margin]  
μὴν nisi subfit mendum inu-  
fitatè corripitur.

Par. 11, l. 12. ἥδειθεν.

[note in margin] ἥδειξεν pro  
ἔδειξεν sic enim emendârat vir  
doctus aliquis in editione Lug-  
dunensi Degatiana.

Par. 11, l. 17. βόες ἄροτρα.

[in margin] legendum fortasse  
καὶ ἄροτρα.

Par. 11, l. 29. τ' ἐξείεσθε.

[in margin] τεξείεσθε Lugdun.  
a themate τέκω.

Par. 16, l. 3. οὐνόν.

[in margin]<sup>c</sup> οὐρανόν Lugdun.

Par. 19, l. 8. προτέροισ'.

προτέροις.

Par. 19, l. 14. ἄκρως.

[in margin] ἄκρος Lugdun.

In the comment on paragraph 24 occurs this passage :

φησὶ φεύγειν τὴν Ἡλέκτραν τοῦ μὴ ὑπομεῖναι ἰδεῖν τὸν ἥλιον ἀλισκομένην  
καὶ τοὺς ἐκγονοὺς δυστυχοῦντας, &c. &c.—there is an asterisk  
after ἥλιον, and in the margin the words “supple τροίαν.”

Par. 28, l. 2. ῥύτῃρα.

ῥύτορα.

Par. 32, l. 1. Τοῖος καὶ.

[in margin] ἔου fortasse interpo-  
nendum.

Par. 32, l. 5. δεινῇ.

δεινῶ Lugd.

Par. 39, l. 7. πρότερον.

πρότεροι.

Par. 43, l. 5. συνεργμένα.

συνεεργμένα.

Par. 44, l. 7. εἰ.

ἤ.

the καὶ which follows struck  
through, and this note in  
margin, “dele καὶ et lege  
τοῦτο pro τοῦθ’.”

ὑποστᾶς.

[in margin] παραστὰς videtur  
legisse Theon.

Par. 44, l. 11. μεγ' ἀμείνονες.

[in margin] μέγα μείονες. Lugd.

Par. 46, l. 6. τόξον.

τόξον.

Par. 56, l. 14. ἐλέειπτο.

ἐλέλειπτο.

Par. 58, l. 2. νεία.

νείατα.

Par. 64, l. 4. Ὅσον ἐπισκιάζειν.

ὅσον ἐπισκιάειν.

Par. 65, l. 7. Ἡ ἐτέων.

ἡ ἐτέων. Stef.

Par. 66, l. 3. μέλει.

μέλοι. Stef.

Par. 73, l. 6. οὐνόθεν.

οὐρανόθεν.

Par. 85, l. 3. μάλα κεν.

μάλα κεν.

Par. 88, l. 3. ἡὼ ἀσπίζων.

[in margin] ἡὼα σπίζων, sic  
emendatius legit Stephanus in  
Thesauro.

Par. 91, l. 1. αὐζαι.

αὐζαι.

Par. 91, l. 4. ἄκρα.

ἄκρας.

P. cxxxi. Dr. Ireland says—"It may be observed here that Massinger was not unknown to Milton. The date of some of Milton's early poems indeed is not exactly ascertained; but if the reader will compare the speech of *Paulo*, with the *Penferoso*, he cannot fail to remark a similarity in the cadences, as well as in the measure, and the solemnity of the thoughts. . . . On many other occasions, he certainly resembles Massinger, and frequently in his representations of female purity, and the commanding dignity of virtue." See *Gifford's Massinger*, v. iii. p. 107. Mr. Gifford had observed, vol. i. p. 141, that Milton has the same bold expression as Massinger—"Sail-stretched Wings."—To which I may add *Par. Reg.* vol. iv. p. 267. "To the famous orators repair."—See *Emperor of the East*.—"The most famous orators, the nurse of learning, Athens."—Indeed Milton's *Reading* may be traced through many of our old *Dramatic* writers. I have in a former publication many years since, remarked that the memorable and graphic expression in *Par. Reg.* 1.

—Satan bowing low

His grey *Diffimulation* thus began;  
is from *Ford's Broken Heart*, act iv. sc. 2.

Lay by thy whining grey *Diffimulation*.

"The style of Massinger's plays," says Mr. Coleridge, "and the *Samson Agonistes* are the two extremes of the arc within which the diction of *Dramatic Poetry* may oscillate. Shakespeare in his great Plays is the midpoint. In the *Samson Agonistes* all colloquial language is at the greatest distance, yet something of it is preserved to render the dialogue probable; in Massinger the style is differenced, but differenced in the smallest degree possible from animated conversation by the vein of Poetry."—See *Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 121.

P. cxxxiii. "It was the error of Milton, Sydney, and others of that age, to think it possible to construct a purely aristocratical government, defecated of all passion and ignorance and sordid motives. The truth is, that the government would be weak from its utter want of sympathy with the people to be governed by it."—*Coleridge's Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 54.

At a meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, Sir T. Phillips presented them with extracts from a MS. *Letter of Milton to Cromwell*, purporting to be the sketch of a republic which he had devised as a model of perfection.

P. cxxxvi. July 7. Three Judges, Powell, Holloway, and Milton, dismissed. This last was Sir Christopher Milton, said to have been the brother of the poet; in the letter Sir Christopher is thus mentioned,—"The last [*i. e.* Milton], Catholic as he is, yet has the misfortune to be turned out, as some say, for insuf-

ficiency and incapacity to discharge the duties of his place, though others give it out that he desired it himself by reason of his age and other infirmities."

P. cxxxvii. The following account of Christopher Milton has been obligingly furnished to the Editor by his friend D. E. Davy, Esq., of Ufford, Suffolk.

"Sir Christopher Milton was a lawyer, of, I believe, no great credit for knowledge of his profession. He was a strong royalist and a professed Papist. On the 24th of April, 1686, he was appointed one of the Barons of the Exchequer, vice Neville. He did not hold his situation long, and Dr. Johnson admits that from weakness of constitution he retired before he had done any disreputable act. He was knighted at Whitehall the 25th of April, 1686: he was then living at Rushmere; but it seems he afterwards resided at Ipswich, where he died, and was buried in the church of St. Nicholas there, 22 March, 1692. He was baptized at All Hallows, Bread Street, London, 3 December, 1615. He married Thomasine, daughter of William Webber, of London, who died before her husband, and was buried in St. Nicholas church, Ipswich. They had one son, Thomas Milton, Esq. Deputy Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, who by his wife, Martha, daughter of Charles Fleetwood, of Northampton (remarried to William Coward, M.D. of London and Ipswich), had a daughter, of Grosvenor Street, London, house-keeper to Dr. Secker. She died 26 July, 1769.

"The authorities for the foregoing account are, *Evelyn's Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 596; *Beatson's Pol. Index*, vol. ii. p. 313; *Le Neve's Knights made by James II.*; MS. Brit. Mus.; *Malcolm's London*, vol. ii. p. 10; *Todd's Life of Milton*, 1809, p. 166; *Newton's Life of Milton*, vol. i. pp. lxxvii. and lxxviii.; *Gwillym*, p. 210.

"Four new judges were appointed, who had taken the royal test by declaring their belief in the unlimited, illimitable, and eternal nature of the dispensing power. One of these was the brother of the author of *Paradise Lost* and of the *Defence of the People of England* for putting Charles I. to death. Sir Christopher Milton, recommended by Herbert, was in all respects a striking contrast to John, as he was not only a favourer of Popery, and a friend to arbitrary power, but the dullest of mankind."—See *Lord Campbell's Chief Justices*, vol. ii. p. 87. "Although not reconciled to Rome, he came so near her, that he would not communicate with the Church of England."—See *Echard's History*, vol. iii. p. 797. *Kennet*, vol. iii. 451.

P. cxxxviii. In the preface to Paludanus's (or Vanden Brock's) Dutch translation of the *Paradise Lost*, published in 1730, there is a circumstantial account of Addison's visit to Milton's daughter,

which Paludanus says he had heard from an English gentleman. It occupies about an octavo page, and contains some particulars which I have never seen in English.

“I shall conclude this preface with something to the honour of Mr. Addison, which was told me by a gentleman who is a native of England. It is as follows:—Some years ago, Mr. Addison, whose reputation is as high for virtue and genius as for the services he rendered the crown of Great Britain in various important stations, happened to hear that a daughter of Mr. Milton was still living and resident in London in one of the poorest parts of the town. He set off for the place in his carriage, and when on his arrival the door was knocked at and enquiry made if the daughter of Mr. Milton resided within, the person who opened the door replied that she herself was his daughter. Knowing from the biography of Milton, that sometimes in his studies and particularly in his blindness, during which his incomparable poem was composed, he had had Greek and Latin authors read to him aloud by his daughters, in the same manner as if they had been acquainted with the classical languages, Mr. Addison asked Mrs. Milton if she happened to have a Greek Homer at hand, and on her answering in the affirmative, requested her to let him see it. She brought it to him, and read some pages of the Iliad aloud in Greek, and in such a manner that a person who was completely master of the Greek language could not have done it better. Mr. Addison seeing from this that she was really a daughter of Milton's, expressed his regret that the offspring of so great a man should be reduced to narrow circumstances, almost to poverty, and gave her at the same time a handful of gold with the promise that he would continue to support her, a promise which this noble-minded man no doubt did not fail to perform till his own death or that of Mrs. Milton. This anecdote, reader, I thought myself bound to relate, in justice to Mr. Addison's memory, and to show the ingratitude of the times which left in neglect the family of the most learned and perfect poet that England, or perhaps the whole world has ever produced.”

P. cxlvi. Mr. Coleridge has protested against profaning the “awful name of Milton by associating it with the epithet *Puritan*.” Yet he would not have wholly departed from the opinion of a well known writer, now among us, who calls “this puritanism of ours,”—that is, the thing itself in its pure, rather than *puritanical* form, “among the noblest heroisms that ever transacted itself on this earth.”—v. *Appendix to Coleridge's Biographia Literaria*, vol. i. p. 11, p. 335. On the proper meaning of the word *Puritan*, see Burnet's *Life of Bedell*, p. 361. “Perhaps you have met with some more fanatical *Brownists* or *Anabaptists*, whom here you call *Puritans*. But these that are

commonly so called, which differ from the Church of England about church-government and ceremonies *only*, give indeed too little to the authority of those how truly learned or ancient soever; which is their fault, and their great fault," &c.—*App.* p. 380. "That also is false in the assertion that the *Puritans* deny the Church of England to be a true church. Unless the *Puritans* and *Brownists* be with you all one, which you have made divers sects above, and then you were to blame thus to multiply names before, so now again to confound them."

P. clv. In the *Mélanges de Critique et Philologie par S. Chardon de la Rochette*, vol. ii. p. 302-332, is a very learned and interesting account of Leonard Philaras, the correspondent of Milton, whose name, M. de la Rochette says, does not appear in any Historical Dictionary.—"Aucun de nos dictionnaires historiques, aucun biographe n'a parlé de ce personnage qui pourtant a rempli des missions importantes en Europe, qui aimait et cultivait les lettres et qui était en relation avec les hommes les plus illustres de son temps," &c. He died in 1673. This name is not in the Onomasticon of Saxius.

P. clxxii. *note*. In the verses of Samuel Barrow, which are prefixed to most editions of *Paradise Lost*, I do not know why, in the first line,

Qui legis *Amissam Paradisum*, &c.

the Poet has made "*Paradisum*" of the feminine gender, the Greek Παράδεισος being masculine. Prudentius in *Cathemerinon*, x. 161.

Patet ceu fidelibus *ampli*

Via lucida jam *Paradisi*.

*Paulinus*, Poem 37, ad Severum ad Picturam Martyrum,

"Inter *floriferi* cœleste nemus *Paradisi*."

And an auctor incertus de Bebiani Baptisino, who copies him,

"Manat et ætherii cœleste nemus *Paradisi*."

What authority there may be on the other side I am ignorant. I may here observe, that Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, iv. 143, has an expression describing Paradise, which has not met the attention of the commentators.

"Yet higher than their tops

The verdurous *wall* of Paradise upsprung."

But in the works of a Latin Poet of the Christian ages we find the same expression on the same subject.

"Illic floret humus semper sub vere perenni

Arboreis hinc inde comis vestitur amœne,

Fronibus intextis *ramorum murus opacus*

Stringitur, atque omni pendet ex arbore fructus."

See *Dracontii Carm. de Deo*, i. 185.



And being on the subject of Milton's poetical expressions, I may add, that in the description of the Indian fig tree (the Banian) Mr. Todd, in his *Variorum Editions*, has not observed that the similitude in the following line,

“Those leaves

They gathered, broad as *Amazonian targe*,”  
is taken from *Pliny, Nat. Hist. xii. c. 5*, describing the same tree—  
“*Foliarum latitudo Peltæ effigiem Amazoniæ habet.*” The leaves of this tree, however, are about the *size*, though not exactly the shape of the *laurel*. Neither Pliny nor Milton had ever seen the tree *which* they here describe.

*Additional Note.*

P. lxiii. On the question of “Unlicensed Printing,” in its benefits and its abuses, we may trace the progress of opinion during nearly two centuries, which have elapsed since Milton's noble defence of a free press, in the following observations, to be found in a late work of great merit and high authority, proceeding from one who now fills that eminent situation so long and ably held by him “who must be considered the most prominent legal character, and the brightest ornament to the profession of the law that appeared in England during the past century.”\*  
“No one born in the reign of *Queene Anne* ought to be severely blamed for entertaining apprehensions for the safety of the state from permitting juries to determine what publications are innocent or criminal. We should reflect that Lord Somers and the leaders of the Revolution of 1688, would not venture for some years to allow printing without a previous license, and that in the opinion of many of the most enlightened men of the next generation, a licenser could only be dispensed with upon the condition that the sentence upon writings after they were published, should be pronounced by permanent functionaries, whom the Crown should select for having a sufficient horror of every thing approaching to sedition. It was not till after a struggle for half a century, and under a minister then highly liberal (although he afterwards tried to hang a few of his brother reformers who continued steady in the cause) that the bill passed, directing that on a trial for libel, the jury, in giving their verdict, should have a right to take into consideration the character and the tendency of the paper alleged to be libellous. Still the truth of the facts stated in the publication complained of could not be inquired into; for half a century longer the maxim pleaded—‘The greater the truth, the greater the libel,’—and it was only in the year 1845 that ‘Lord Campbell's Libel

\* Lord Mansfield.

Bill' passed, permitting the truth to be given in evidence, and referring it to the jury to decide whether the defendant was actuated by malice, or by a desire for the good of the community. These successive alterations of the law are now admitted to have operated beneficially—not only being favourable to free discussion, but really tending to restrain the licentiousness of the press. Candour however requires the confession that they were attended with some hazard, and we must not confound excessive caution with bigotry or a love of arbitrary government. *The great problem for free states now to consider is, how journalism is to be rendered consistent with public tranquillity and the stability of political institutions.* A licenser can never more be endured: and against a journal which daily excites to insurrection and revolution, a prosecution of the proprietor or printer for a libel—to be heard before a jury after the lapse of several months—affords no adequate remedy. If the great capitals of Europe are to be constantly in 'a state of siege,' we may be driven to regret the quiet old times when Royal Gazettes, announcing court appointments, were the only periodicals."—See *Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices (Lord Mansfield)*, vol. ii. p. 544.

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# SAMSON AGONISTES,

## A DRAMATIC POEM.

*Aristot. Poet. Cap. 6.*

Τραγωδία μίμησις τράξεος σπικδαίας, &c.

*Tragœdia est imitatio actionis seriæ, &c. Per misericordiam & metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.*



*Of that sort of Dramatic Poem  
which is call'd Tragedy.*

**T**RAGEDY, as it was antiently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, moral-est, and most profitable of all other Poems: therefore said by *Aristotle* to be of power by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so in Physic things of melancholic hue and quality are us'd against melancholy, sower against sower, salt to remove salt humours. Hence Philosophers and other gravest Writers, as *Cicero*, *Plutarch* and others, frequently cite out of Tragic Poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle *Paul* himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of *Euripides* into the Text of Holy Scripture, 1 *Cor.* 15. 33. and *Paræus* commenting on the *Revelation*, divides the whole Book as a Tragedy, into Acts distinguish'd each by a Chorus of Heavenly Harpings and Song between. Here-



tofore Men in highest dignity have labour'd not a little to be thought able to compose a Tragedy. Of that honour *Dionysius* the elder was no less ambitious, then before of his attaining to the Tyranny. *Augustus Cæsar* also had begun his *Ajax*, but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. *Seneca* the Philosopher is by some thought the Author of those Tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. *Gregory Nazianzen* a Father of the Church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his person to write a Tragedy, which he entitl'd, *Christ suffering*. This is mention'd to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common Interludes; hap'ning through the Poets error of intermixing Comic stuff with Tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath bin counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratifie the people. And though antient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self defence, or explanation, that which *Martial* calls an Epistle; in behalf of this Tragedy coming forth after the antient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before-hand may be Epistl'd; that *Chorus* is here introduc'd after the Greek manner, not antient only but modern, and still in use among the *Italians*. In the modelling therefore of this Poem, with good reason, the Antients and *Italians* are rather follow'd, as of much more authority and

fame. The measure of Verse us'd in the Chorus is of all sorts, call'd by the Greeks *Monostrophic*, or rather *Apolelymenon*, without regard had to *Strophe*, *Antistrophe* or *Epod*, which were a kind of Stanza's fram'd only for the Music, then us'd with the Chorus that fung; not essential to the Poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into Stanza's or Pauses, they may be call'd *Allæostropha*. Division into Act and Scene referring chiefly to the Stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole Drama be found not produc't beyond the fifth Act, of the style and uniformitie, and that commonly call'd the Plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such œconomy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with *Æschulus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, the three Tragic Poets unequall'd yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumscription of time wherein the whole Drama begins and ends, is according to antient rule, and best example, within the space of 24 hours.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**S**AMSON *made Captive, Blind, and now in the Prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common work-house, on a Festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open Air, to a place nigh, somewhat retir'd there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old Father Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this Feast was proclaim'd by the Philistins as a day of Thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian Lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a publick Officer to require his coming to the Feast before the Lords and People, to play or shew his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the publick Officer with absolute denial to come; at length perswaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him; the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joyful hope, to procure e're long his Sons deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Ebrew comes in haste confusedly at first; and afterward more distinctly relating the Catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistins, and by accident to himself; wherewith the Tragedy ends.*

## THE PERSONS.

Samfon.

Manoa *the Father of* Samfon.

Dalila *his Wife.*

Harapha *of* Gath.

Publick Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus *of* Danites.

*The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.*



# Samson Agonistes.

*Samson.*



LITTLE onward lend thy guiding  
hand

To these dark steps, a little further on ;

For yonder bank hath choice of Sun  
or shade,

There I am wont to sit, when any chance  
Relieves me from my task of servile toyl,  
Daily in the common Prison else enjoyn'd me,  
Where I a Prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw  
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,  
Unwholsom draught : but here I feel amends, 9  
The breath of Heav'n fresh-blowing, pure and sweet,  
With day-spring born ; here leave me to respire.  
This day a solemn Feast the people hold  
To *Dagon* their Sea-Idol, and forbid  
Laborious works, unwillingly this rest  
Their Superstition yields me ; hence with leave  
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek  
This unfrequented place to find some ease,  
Ease to the body some, none to the mind  
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm

Of Hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone, 20  
 But rush upon me thronging, and present  
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now.  
 O wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold  
 Twice by an Angel, who at last in fight  
 Of both my Parents all in flames ascended  
 From off the Altar, where an Off'ring burn'd,  
 As in a fiery column charioting  
 His Godlike presence, and from some great act  
 Or benefit reveal'd to *Abraham's* race?  
 Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd 30  
 As of a person separate to God,  
 Design'd for great exploits; if I must dye  
 Betray'd, Captiv'd, and both my Eyes put out,  
 Made of my Enemies the scorn and gaze;  
 To grind in Brazen Fetters under task  
 With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious  
 Put to the labour of a Beast, debas't [strength  
 Lower then bondslave! Promise was that I  
 Should *Israel* from *Philistian* yoke deliver;  
 Ask for this great Deliverer now, and find him 40  
 Eyeless in *Gaza* at the Mill with slaves,  
 Himself in bonds under *Philistian* yoke;  
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt  
 Divine Prediction; what if all foretold  
 Had been fulfilld but through mine own default,  
 Whom have I to complain of but my self?  
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,  
 In what part lodg'd, how easily hereft me,  
 Under the Seal of silence could not keep,  
 But weakly to a woman must reveal it, 50  
 O'ecome with importunity and tears.



O impotence of mind, in body strong !  
But what is strength without a double share  
Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensome,  
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
By weakest fittleties, not made to rule,  
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.  
God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal  
How slight the gift was, hung it in my Hair.  
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will 60  
Of highest dispensation, which herein  
Happ'y had ends above my reach to know :  
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
And proves the source of all my miseries ;  
So many, and so huge, that each apart  
Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,  
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !  
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
Dungeon, or beggery, or decrepit age !  
Light the prime work of God to me is extinct, 70  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annul'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,  
Inferiour to the vilest now become  
Of man or worm ; the vilest here excel me,  
They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd  
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,  
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
In power of others, never in my own ;  
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, 80  
Irrecoverably dark, total Eclipse  
Without all hope of day !  
O first created Beam, and thou great Word,

Let there be light, and light was over all ;  
 Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree ?  
 The Sun to me is dark  
 And silent as the Moon,  
 When she deserts the night  
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
 Since light so necessary is to life,  
 And almost life itself, if it be true  
 That light is in the Soul,  
 She all in every part ; why was the fight  
 To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd ?  
 So obvious and so easie to be quench't,  
 And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,  
 That she might look at will through every pore ?  
 Then had I not been thus exil'd from light ;  
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,  
 To live a life half dead, a living death,  
 And buried ; but O yet more miserable !  
 My self, my Sepulcher, a moving Grave,  
 Buried, yet not exempt  
 By privilege of death and burial  
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,  
 But made hereby obnoxious more  
 To all the miseries of life,  
 Life in captivity  
 Among inhuman foes.  
 But who are these ? for with joint pace I hear 110  
 The tread of many feet steering this way ;  
 Perhaps my enemies who come to stare  
 At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,  
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.

*Chor.* This, this is he ; softly a while,

Let us not break in upon him ;  
 O change beyond report, thought, or belief !  
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,  
 With languish't head unpropt,  
 As one past hope, abandon'd 120  
 And by himself given over ;  
 In flavish habit, ill-fitted weeds  
 O're worn and soild ;  
 Or do my eyes misrepresent ? Can this be hee,  
 That Heroic, that Renown'd,  
 Irresistible *Samson* ? whom unarm'd [withstand ;  
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could  
 Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid,  
 Ran on embattel'd Armies clad in Iron,  
 And weaponless himself, 130  
 Made Arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd Cuirass,  
*Chalybean* temper'd steel, and frock of mail  
 Adamantean Proof ;  
 But safest he who stood aloof,  
 When insupportably his foot advanc't,  
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,  
 Spurn'd them to death by Troops. The bold *As-*  
*calonite*

Fled from his Lion ramp, old Warriors turn'd  
 Their plated backs under his heel ; 140  
 Or grov'ling soild their crested helmets in the dust.  
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,  
 The Jaw of a dead Ass, his sword of bone,  
 A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of *Palestin*  
 In *Ramath-lechi* famous to this day : [bore  
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders

The Gates of *Azza*, Post, and maffie Bar  
 Up to the Hill by *Hebron*, feat of Giants old,  
 No journey of a Sabbath day, and loaded so ; 149  
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heav'n.  
 Which shall I first bewail,  
 Thy Bondage or lost Sight,  
 Prison within Prison  
 Inseparably dark ?  
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment ! )  
 The Dungeon of thy self ; thy Soul  
 (Which Men enjoying fight oft without cause  
 Imprison'd now indeed, [complain)  
 In real darkness of the body dwells,  
 Shut up from outward light 160  
 To incorporate with gloomy night ;  
 For inward light alas  
 Puts forth no visual beam.  
 O mirror of our tickle state,  
 Since man on earth unparallel'd !  
 The rarer thy example stands,  
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,  
 Strongest of mortal men,  
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.  
 For him I reckon not in high estate 170  
 Whom long descent of birth  
 Or the spear of fortune raises ;  
 But thee whose strength, while vertue was her mate,  
 Might have subdu'd the Earth,  
 Universally crown'd with highest praises.

*Sam.* I hear the sound of words, their sense the air  
 Dissolves unjointed e're it reach my ear.

*Chor.* Hee speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless  
 in might,

The glory late of *Israel*, now the grief; 179  
 We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown  
 From *Eshtaol* and *Zora's* fruitful Vale  
 To visit or bewail thee, or if better,  
 Counsel or Consolation we may bring,  
 Salve to thy Sores, apt words have power to swage  
 The tumors of a troubl'd mind,  
 And are as Balm to fester'd wounds.

*Sam.* Your coming, Friends, revives me, for I  
 Now of my own experience, not by talk, [learn  
 How counterfeit a coin they are who friends  
 Bear in their Superfcription (of the most 190  
 I would be understood) in prosperous days  
 They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head  
 Not to be found, though sought. Yec see, O friends,  
 How many evils have enclos'd me round;  
 Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,  
 Blindness, for had I fight, confus'd with shame,  
 How could I once look up, or heave the head,  
 Who like a foolish Pilot have shipwreck't,  
 My Vessel trusted to me from above,  
 Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear, 200  
 Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God  
 To a deceitful Woman: tell me Friends,  
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a Fool  
 In every street, do they not say, how well  
 Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?  
 Immeasurable strength they might behold  
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;  
 This with the other should, at least, have paird,  
 These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

*Chor.* Tax not divine disposal, wisest Men 210

Have err'd, and by bad Women been deceiv'd ;  
 And shall again, pretend they ne're so wise.  
 Deject not then so overmuch thy self,  
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides ;  
 Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder  
 Why thou shouldst wed *Philistian* women rather  
 Than of thine own Tribe fairer, or as fair,  
 At least of thy own Nation, and as noble.

*Sam.* The first I saw at *Timna*, and she pleas'd  
 Mee, not my Parents, that I fought to wed, 220  
 The daughter of an Infidel : they knew not  
 That what I motion'd was of God ; I knew  
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd  
 The Marriage on ; that by occasion hence  
 I might begin *Israel's* Deliverance,  
 The work to which I was divinely call'd ;  
 She proving false, the next I took to Wife  
 (O that I never had ! fond wish too late)  
 Was in the Vale of *Sorec*, *Dalila*,  
 That specious Monster, my accomplisht snare. 230  
 I thought it lawful from my former act,  
 And the same end ; still watching to oppress  
*Israel's* oppressours : of what now I suffer  
 She was not the prime cause, but I my self,  
 Who vanquisht with a peal of words (O weakness!)  
 Gave up my fort of silence to a Woman.

*Chor.* In seeking just occasion to provoke  
 The *Philistine*, thy Countries Enemy,  
 Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness :  
 Yet *Israel* still serves with all his Sons. 240

*Sam.* That fault I take not on me, but transfer  
 On *Israel's* Governours, and Heads of Tribes,



Who seeing those great acts which God had done  
 Singly by me against their Conquerours  
 Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd  
 Deliverance offerd : I on th' other side  
 Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds, [dooer ;  
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the  
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem 249  
 To count them things worth notice, till at length  
 Their Lords the *Philistines* with gather'd powers  
 Enterd *Judea* seeking mee, who then  
 Safe to the rock of *Etham* was retir'd,  
 Not flying, but fore-casting in what place  
 To set upon them, what advantag'd best ;  
 Mean while the men of *Judah* to prevent  
 The harrafs of their Land, beset me round ;  
 I willingly on some conditions came  
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me  
 To the uncircumcis'd a welcom prey, 260  
 Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threds  
 Toucht with the flame: on their whole Host I flew  
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd  
 Their choicest youth ; they only liv'd who fled.  
 Had *Judah* that day join'd, or one whole Tribe,  
 They had by this possess'd the Towers of *Gath*,  
 And lorded over them whom now they serve ;  
 But what more oft in Nations grown corrupt,  
 And by their vices brought to servitude,  
 Then to love Bondage more then Liberty, 270  
 Bondage with ease then strenuous liberty ;  
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect  
 Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd  
 As their Deliverer ; if he aught begin,

How frequent to desert him, and at last  
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

*Chor.* Thy words to my remembrance bring  
How *Succoth* and the Fort of *Penuel*  
Their great Deliverer contemn'd,  
The matchless *Gideon* in pursuit 280  
Of *Madian* and her vanquish't Kings :  
And how ingrateful *Ephraim*  
Had dealt with *Jephtha*, who by argument,  
Not worse then by his shield and spear  
Defended *Israel* from the *Ammonite*,  
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride  
In that fore battel when so many dy'd  
Without Reprieve adjudg'd to death,  
For want of well pronouncing *Shibboleth*.

*Sam.* Of such examples adde mee to the roul,  
Mee easily indeed mine may neglect, 291  
But Gods propos'd deliverance not so.

*Chor.* Just are the ways of God,  
And justifiable to Men ;  
Unless there be who think not God at all,  
If any be, they walk obscure ;  
For of such Doctrine never was there School,  
But the heart of the Fool,  
And no man therein Doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,  
As to his own edicts, found contradicting, 301  
Then give the rains to wandring thought,  
Regardless of his glories diminution ;  
Till by their own perplexities involv'd  
They ravel more, still less resolv'd,  
But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine th' interminable,  
 And tie him to his own prescript,  
 Who made our Laws to bind us, not himself,  
 And hath full-right to exempt  
 Whom so it pleases him by choice  
 From National obstriction, without taint  
 Of sin, or legal debt ;  
 For with his own Laws he can best dispence.

He would not else who never wanted means,  
 Nor in respect of the enemy just cause  
 To set his people free,  
 Have prompted this Heroic *Nazarite*,  
 Against his vow of strictest purity,  
 To seek in marriage that fallacious Bride,  
 Unclean, unchaste.

Down Reason then, at least vain reasonings down,  
 Though Reason here aver  
 That moral verdict quits her of unclean :  
 Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.

But see here comes thy reverend Sire  
 With careful step, Locks white as downe,  
 Old *Manoah* : advise  
 Forthwith how thou oughtst to receive him.

*Sam.* Ay me, another inward grief awak't, 330  
 With mention of that name renews th' assault.

*Man.* Brethren and men of *Dan*, for such ye seem,  
 Though in this uncouth place ; if old respect,  
 As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,  
 My Son now Captive, hither hath inform'd  
 Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age  
 Came lagging after ; say if he be here.

*Chor.* As signal now in low dejected state,

As earst in highest, behold him where he lies.

*Man.* O miserable change! is this the man,  
 That invincible *Samson*, far renown'd, 341  
 The dread of *Israel's* foes, who with a strength  
 Equivalent to Angels walk'd their streets,  
 None offering fight; who single combatant  
 Duell'd their Armies rank't in proud array,  
 Himself an Army, now unequal match  
 To save himself against a coward arm'd  
 At one spears length. O ever failing  
 In mortal strength! and oh what not in man  
 Deceivable and vain! Nay what thing good 350  
 Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?  
 I pray'd for Children, and thought barrenness  
 In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a Son,  
 And such a Son as all Men hail'd me happy;  
 Who would be now a Father in my stead?  
 O wherefore did God grant me my request,  
 And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?  
 Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt  
 Our earnest Prayers, then giv'n with solemn hand  
 As Graces, draw a Scorpions tail behind? 360  
 For this did the Angel twice descend? for this  
 Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a Plant;  
 Select, and Sacred, Glorious for a while,  
 The miracle of men: then in an hour  
 Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,  
 Thy Foes derision, Captive, Poor, and Blind  
 Into a Dungeon thrust, to work with Slaves?  
 Alas methinks whom God hath chosen once  
 To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,  
 He should not so o'whelm, and as a thrall 370

Subject him to so foul indignities,  
Be it but for honours sake of former deeds.

*Sam.* Appoint not heavenly disposition, Father,  
Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me  
But justly; I my self have brought them on,  
Sole Author I, sole cause: if aught seem vile,  
As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd  
The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge  
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,  
A *Canaanite*, my faithless enemy. 380

This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,  
But warn'd by oft experience: did not she  
Of *Timna* first betray me, and reveal  
The secret wrested from me in her highth  
Of Nuptial Love profess, carrying it strait  
To them who had corrupted her, my Spies,  
And Rivals? In this other was there found  
More Faith? who also in her prime of love,  
Spoufal embraces, vitiated with Gold,  
Though offer'd only, by the sent conceiv'd 390  
Her spurious first-born; Treason against me?  
Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers and sighs,  
And amorous reproaches to win from me  
My capital secret, in what part my strength  
Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might know:  
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport  
Her importunity, each time perceiving  
How openly, and with what impudence  
She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse  
Then undissembl'd hate) with what contempt 400  
She sought to make me Traytor to my self;  
Yet the fourth time, when mustering all her wiles,

With blandisht parlies, feminine assaults,  
 Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night  
 To storm me over-watch't, and wearied out.  
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,  
 I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,  
 Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd  
 Might easily have shook off all her snares :  
 But foul effeminacy held me yok't      410  
 Her Bond-slave ; O indignity, O blot  
 To Honour and Religion ! servil mind  
 Rewarded well with servil punishment !  
 The base degree to which I now am fall'n,  
 These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base  
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,  
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,  
 True slavery, and that blindness worse then this,  
 That saw not how degeneratly I serv'd.      419

*Man.* I cannot praise thy Marriage choises, Son,  
 Rather approv'd them not ; but thou didst plead  
 Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st  
 Find some occasion to infest our Foes.  
 I state not that ; this I am sure ; our Foes  
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee  
 Their Captive, and their triumph , thou the sooner  
 Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms  
 To violate the sacred trust of silence  
 Deposited within thee ; which to have kept  
 Tacit, was in thy power ; true ; and thou bear'st  
 Enough, and more the burden of that fault ;      431  
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying  
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,  
 This day the *Philistines* a popular Feast



Here celebrate in *Gaza* ; and proclaim  
 Great Pomp, and Sacrifice, and Praises loud  
 To *Dagon*, as their God who hath deliver'd  
 Thee *Samson* bound and blind into their hands,  
 Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.  
 So *Dagon* shall be magnifi'd, and God, 440  
 Besides whom is no God, compar'd with Idols,  
 Disglorifi'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn  
 By th' Idolatrous rout amidst their wine ;  
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,  
*Samson*, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,  
 Of all reproach the most with shame that ever  
 Could have befall'n thee and thy Fathers house.

*Sam.* Father, I do acknowledge and confess  
 That I this honour, I this pomp have brought  
 To *Dagon*, and advanc'd his praises high 450  
 Among the Heathen round ; to God have brought  
 Dishonour, obloquie, and op't the mouths  
 Of Idolists, and Atheists ; have brought scandal  
 To *Israel*, diffidence of God, and doubt  
 In feeble hearts, propense anough before  
 To waver, or fall off and joyn with Idols ;  
 Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,  
 The anguish of my Soul, that suffers not  
 Mine eie to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.  
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife 460  
 With me hath end ; all the contest is now  
 'Twixt God and *Dagon* ; *Dagon* hath presum'd,  
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,  
 His Deity comparing and preferring  
 Before the God of *Abraham*. He, be sure,  
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,

But will arise and his great name assert :  
*Dagon* must stoop, and shall ere long receive  
 Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him  
 Of all these boasted Trophies won on me,      470  
 And with confusion blank his Worshippers.

*Man.* With cause this hope relieves thee, and  
 I as a Prophecy receive : for God,      [these words  
 Nothing more certain, will not long defer  
 To vindicate the glory of his name  
 Against all competition, nor will long  
 Endure it, doubtful whether God be Lord,  
 Or *Dagon*. But for thee what shall be done ?  
 Thou must not in the mean while here forgot  
 Lie in this miserable loathsome plight      480  
 Neglected. I already have made way  
 To some *Philistian* Lords, with whom to treat  
 About thy ransom : well they may by this  
 Have satisfi'd their utmost of revenge  
 By pains and slaveries, worse then death inflicted  
 On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

*Sam.* Spare that proposal, Father, spare the  
 Of that sollicitation ; let me here,      [trouble  
 As I deserve, pay on my punishment ;  
 And expiate, if possible, my crime,      490  
 Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd  
 Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,  
 How hainous had the fact been, how deserving  
 Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded  
 All friendship, and avoided as a blab,  
 The mark of fool set on his front ?  
 But I Gods counsel have not kept, his holy secret  
 Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,

Weakly at least, and shamefully: A sin  
That Gentiles in their Parables condemn 500  
To their abyſs and horrid pains confin'd.

*Man.* Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,  
But act not in thy own affliction, Son,  
Repent the sin, but if the punishment  
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids ;  
Or th' execution leave to high disposal,  
And let another hand, not thine, exact  
Thy penal forfeit from thy self ; perhaps  
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt ;  
Who evermore approves and more accepts 510  
(Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)  
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,  
Then who self-rigorous chooses death as due ;  
Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd  
For self-offence, more then for God offended.  
Reject not then what offerd means, who knows  
But God hath set before us, to return thee  
Home to thy countrey and his sacred house,  
Where thou mayst bring thy off'rings, to avert  
His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd.

*Sam.* His pardon I implore ; but as for life,  
To what end should I seek it ? when in strength  
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes  
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts  
Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits,  
Full of divine instinct, after some proof  
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond  
The Sons of *Anac*, famous now and blaz'd,  
Fearless of danger, like a petty God  
I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded 530

On hostile ground, none daring my affront.  
 Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell  
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,  
 Softn'd with pleasure and voluptuous life ;  
 At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge  
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap  
 Of a deceitful Concubine who shorn me  
 Like a tame Weather, all my precious fleece,  
 Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,  
 Shav'n, and disarm'd among my enemies.      540

*Chor.* Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,  
 Which many a famous Warriour overturns,  
 Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing Rubie  
 Sparkling, out-pow'rd, the flavor, or the smell,  
 Or taste that cheers the heart of Gods and men,  
 Allure thee from the cool Crystalline stream.

*Sam.* Where ever fountain or fresh current flow'd  
 Against the Eastern ray, translucent, pure.  
 With touch ætherial of Heav'n's fiery rod  
 I drank, from the clear milkie juice allaying      550  
 Thirst, and refresh't ; nor envy'd them the grape  
 Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

*Chor.* O madness, to think use of strongest wines  
 And strongest drinks our chief support of health,  
 When God with these forbid'n made choice to rear  
 His mighty Champion, strong above compare,  
 Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

*Sam.* But what avail'd this temperance, not com-  
 Against another object more enticing ?      [pleat  
 What boots it at one gate to make defence,      560  
 And at another to let in the foe  
 Effeminatly vanquish't? by which means,

Now blind, disheartn'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,  
 To what can I be useful, wherein serve  
 My Nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd,  
 But to sit idle, on the household hearth,  
 A burdenous drone ; to visitants a gaze,  
 Or pitied object, these redundant locks  
 Robustious to no purpose clustring down,  
 Vain monument of strength ; till length of years  
 And sedentary numness craze my limbs 571  
 To a contemptible old age obscure.

Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,  
 Till vermin or the draff of servil food  
 Consume me, and oft-invocated death  
 Hast'n the welcom end of all my pains.

*Man.* Wilt thou then serve the *Philistines* with  
 that gift

Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them ?  
 Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,  
 Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn. 580  
 But God who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer  
 From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay  
 After the brunt of battel, can as easie  
 Cause light again within thy eies to spring,  
 Wherewith to serve him better then thou hast ;  
 And I perswade me so ; why else this strength  
 Miraculous yet remaining in those locks ?  
 His might continues in thee not for naught,  
 Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus. 589

*Sam.* All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,  
 That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,  
 Nor th' other light of life continue long,  
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand :

So much I feel my genial spirits droop,  
 My hopes all flat, nature within me seems  
 In all her functions weary of herself;  
 My race of glory run, and race of shame,  
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest. [ceed

*Man.* Believe not these suggestions which pro-  
 From anguish of the mind and humours black,  
 That mingle with thy fancy. I however 601  
 Must not omit a Fathers timely care  
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance  
 By ransom or how else: mean while be calm,  
 And healing words from these thy friends admit.

*Sam.* O that torment should not be confin'd  
 To the bodies wounds and fores  
 With maladies innumerable  
 In heart, head, brest, and reins;  
 But must secret passage find 610  
 To th' inmost mind,  
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,  
 And on her purest spirits prey,  
 As on entrails, joints, and limbs,  
 With answerable pains, but more intense,  
 Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me  
 As a lingring disease,  
 But finding no redress, ferment and rage,  
 Nor less then wounds immedicable 620  
 Ranckle, and fester, and gangrene,  
 To black mortification.

Thoughts my Tormenters arm'd with deadly stings  
 Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,  
 Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise



Dire inflammation which no cooling herb  
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,  
Nor breath of Vernal Air from snowy *Alp*.  
Sleep hath forsok and giv'n me o're  
To deaths benumbing Opium as my only cure.  
Thence faintings, fwoonings of despair, 631  
And sense of Heav'ns desertion.

I was his nursling once and choice delight,  
His destin'd from the womb,  
Promisd by Heavenly message twice descending.  
Under his special eie  
Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain ;  
He led me on to mightiest deeds  
Above the nerve of mortal arm  
Against the uncircumcis'd, our enemies. 640  
But now hath cast me off as never known,  
And to those cruel enemies,  
Whom I by his appointment had provok't,  
Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss  
Of fight, reserv'd alive to be repeated  
The subject of their cruelty, or scorn.  
Nor am I in the list of them that hope ;  
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless ;  
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,  
No long petition, speedy death, 650  
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

*Chor.* Many are the sayings of the wise  
In antient and in modern books enroll'd ;  
Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude ;  
And to the bearing well of all calamities,  
All chances incident to mans frail life  
Consolatories writ

With studied argument, and much perswasion  
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought, [fought  
 But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound 660  
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune,  
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,  
 Unless he feel within  
 Some source of consolation from above ;  
 Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,  
 And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our Fathers, what is man !  
 That thou towards him with hand so various,  
 Or might I say contrarious, 669  
 Temperst thy providence through his short course,  
 Not evenly, as thou rul'st  
 The Angelic orders and inferiour creatures mute,  
 Irrational and brute.  
 Nor do I name of men the common rout,  
 That wandring loose about  
 Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,  
 Heads without name no more rememberd,  
 But such as thou hast solemnly elected,  
 With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd  
 To some great work, thy glory, 680  
 And peoples safety, which in part they effect :  
 Yet toward these thus dignifi'd, thou oft  
 Amidst their highth of noon,  
 Changeest thy countenance, and thy hand with no  
 Of highest favours past [regard  
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit  
 To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,  
 But throw'st them lower then thou didst exalt them  
 high,

Unseemly falls in human eie, 690  
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission,  
 Oft leav'ft them to the hostile sword  
 Of Heathen and prophane, their carkasses  
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd :  
 Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,  
 And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.  
 If these they scape, perhaps in poverty  
 With sickness and disease thou bow'ft them down,  
 Painful diseases and deform'd,  
 In crude old age ; 700

Though not difordinate, yet causeless suffering  
 The punishment of dissolute days, in fine,  
 Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,  
 For oft alike, both come to evil end. [pion,

So deal not with this once thy glorious Cham-  
 The Image of thy strength, and mighty minister.  
 What do I beg ? how hast thou dealt already ?  
 Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn  
 His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land ?  
 Femal of sex it seems, 711

That so bedeckt, ornate, and gay,  
 Comes this way sailing

Like a stately Ship  
 Of *Tarsus*, bound for th' Isles  
 Of *Javan* or *Gadier*

With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,  
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,  
 An Amber sent of odorous perfume 720  
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind ;

Some rich *Philistian* Matron she may seem,  
 And now at nearer view, no other certain  
 Than *Dalila* thy wife. [near me.

*Sam.* My Wife, my Traytrefs, let her not come

*Cho.* Yet on she moves, now stands & eies thee fixt,  
 About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd  
 Like a fair flower furcharg'd with dew, she weeps  
 And words addrest seem into tears dissolv'd,  
 Wetting the borders of her silk'n veil: 730

But now again she makes addrests to speak.

*Dal.* With doubtful feet and wavering resolution  
 I came, still dreading thy displeasure, *Samson*,  
 Which to have merited, without excuse,  
 I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears  
 May expiate (though the fact more evil drew  
 In the perverse event then I foresaw)  
 My penance hath not slack'n'd, though my pardon  
 No way assur'd. But conjugal affection  
 Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt 740  
 Hath led me on desirous to behold  
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate.  
 If aught in my ability may serve  
 To light'n what thou suffer'st, and appease  
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power,  
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense  
 My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

*Sam.* Out, out *Hyæna*; these are thy wonted arts,  
 And arts of every woman false like thee,  
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray, 750  
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,  
 And reconcilment move with feign'd remorse,  
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change,

Not truly penitent, but chief to try  
 Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,  
 His vertue or weaknes which way to assail:  
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill  
 Again transgresses, and again submits;  
 That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd  
 With goodness principl'd not to reject 760  
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,  
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,  
 Entangl'd with a poyfnous bosom snake,  
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off  
 As I by thee, to Ages an example.

*Dal.* Yet hear me *Samson*; not that I endeavour  
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,  
 But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd  
 By it self, with aggravations not surcharg'd,  
 Or else with just allowance counterpois'd 770  
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find  
 The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.  
 First granting, as I do, it was a weaknes  
 In me, but incident to all our sex,  
 Curiosity, inquisitive, importune  
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity  
 To publish them, both common female faults:  
 Was it not weaknes also to make known  
 For importunity, that is for naught, 779  
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?  
 To what I did thou shewd'st me first the way.  
 But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not.  
 Nor should'st thou have trusted that to womans  
 E're I to thee, thou to thy self wast cruel. [frailty  
 Let weaknes then with weaknes come to parl

So near related, or the same of kind,  
 Thine forgive mine ; that men may censure thine  
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not  
 More strength from me, then in thyself was found.  
 And what if Love, which thou interpret'st hate,  
 The jealousy of Love, powerful of sway 791  
 In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,  
 Caus'd what I did ? I saw thee mutable  
 Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou wouldst leave me  
 As her at *Timna*, fought by all means therefore  
 How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest :  
 No better way I saw then by importuning  
 To learn thy secrets, get into my power  
 Thy key of strength and safety : thou wilt say,  
 Why then reveal'd ? I was assur'd by those 800  
 Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd  
 Against thee but safe custody, and hold :  
 That made for me, I knew that liberty  
 Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,  
 While I at home sat full of cares and fears  
 Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed ;  
 Here I should still enjoy thee day and night  
 Mine and Loves prisoner, not the *Philistines*,  
 Whole to my self, unhazarded abroad,  
 Fearless at home of partners in my love. 810  
 These reasons in Loves law have past for good,  
 Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps ;  
 And Love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much  
 Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd. [wo,  
 Be not unlike all others, not austere  
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.  
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,



In uncompassionate anger do not so.

*Sam.* How cunningly the forcerefs displays  
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine? 820  
That malice not repentance brought thee hither,  
By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example,  
I led the way; bitter reproach, but true,  
I to my self was false e're thou to me,  
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,  
Take to thy wicked deed: which when thou seest  
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,  
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather  
Confess it feign'd, weakness is thy excuse,  
And I believe it, weakness to resist 830

*Philistian* gold if weakness may excuse,  
What Murtherer, what Traytor, Parricide,  
Incestuous, Sacrilegious, but may plead it?  
All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore  
With God or Man will gain thee no remission.  
But Love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage  
To satisfy thy lust: Love seeks to have Love;  
My love how couldst thou hope, who tookst the way  
To raise in me inexpiable hate,  
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd? 840  
In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,  
Or by evasions thy crime uncoverst more.

*Dal.* Since thou determinst weakness for no plea  
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,  
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,  
What sieges girt me round, e're I consented;  
Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of men,  
The constantest to have yielded without blame.  
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,

That wrought with me: thou know'st the Ma-  
gistrates 850

And Princes of my countrey came in person,  
Sollicitated, commanded, threatn'd, urg'd,  
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil Duty  
And of Religion, press'd how just it was,  
How honourable, how glorious to entrap  
A common enemy, who had destroy'd  
Such numbers of our Nation: and the Priest  
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,  
Preaching how meritorious with the gods  
It would be to ensnare an irreligious 860  
Dishonourer of *Dagon*: what had I  
To oppose against such powerful arguments?  
Only my love of thee held long debate;  
And combated in silence all these reasons  
With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim  
So ripe and celebrated in the mouths  
Of wisest men; that to the public good  
Private respects must yield; with grave authority  
Took full possession of me and prevail'd; 869  
Vertue, as I thought, truth, duty so enjoyning.

*Sam.* I thought where all thy circling wiles would  
In feign'd Religion, smooth hypocrisie. [end;  
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,  
Bin, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee  
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.  
I before all the daughters of my Tribe  
And of my Nation chose thee from among  
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,  
Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,  
Not out of levity, but over-powr'd 880

By thy request, who could deny thee nothing ;  
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then  
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband ?  
Then, as since, then, thy countries foe profest :  
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave  
Parents and countrey ; nor was I their subject,  
Nor under their protection but my own,  
Thou mine, not theirs : if aught against my life  
Thy countrey fought of thee, it fought unjustly,  
Against the law of nature, law of nations, 890  
No more thy countrey, but an impious crew  
Of men conspiring to uphold their state  
By worse then hostile deeds, violating the ends  
For which our countrey is a name so dear ;  
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee ;  
To please thy gods thou didst it ; gods unable  
To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes  
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction  
Of their own deity, Gods cannot be : 899  
Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd,  
These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,  
Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear ?

*Dal.* In argument with men a woman ever  
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

*Sam.* For want of words no doubt, or lack of  
breath,

Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

*Dal.* I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken  
In what I thought would have succeeded best.  
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, *Samson*,  
Afford me place to shew what recompence 910  
Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,

Misguided ; only what remains past cure  
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist  
 To afflict thy self in vain : though fight be lost,  
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd  
 Where other senses want not their delights  
 At home in leisure and domestic ease,  
 Exempt from many a care and chance to which  
 Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.  
 I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting 920  
 Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee  
 From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide  
 With me, where my redoubl'd love and care  
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,  
 May ever tend about thee to old age  
 With all things grateful cheer'd, and so suppli'd,  
 That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.

*Sam.* No, no, of my condition take no care ;  
 It fits not ; thou and I long since are twain ;  
 Nor think me so unwary or accurst 930  
 To bring my feet again into the snare  
 Where once I have been caught ; I know thy trains  
 Though dearly to my cost, thy ginns, and toyls ;  
 Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms  
 No more on me have power, their force is null'd,  
 So much of Adders wisdom I have learn't  
 To fence my ear against thy forceries.  
 If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men  
 Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could hate me  
 Thy Husband, slight me, sell me, and forgo me ;  
 How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby  
 Deceiveable, in most things as a child  
 Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,

And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult  
 When I must live uxorious to thy will  
 In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,  
 Bearing my words and doings to the Lords  
 To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?  
 This Gaol I count the house of Liberty 949  
 To thine whose doors my feet shall never enter.

*Dal.* Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

*Sam.* Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance  
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint. [wake  
 At distance I forgive thee, go with that;  
 Bewail thy falshood, and the pious works  
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable  
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives:  
 Cherish thy hast'n'd widowhood with the gold  
 Of Matrimonial treason: so farewell.

*Dal.* I see thou art implacable, more deaf 960  
 To prayers, then winds and seas, yet winds to seas  
 Are reconcil'd at length, and Sea to Shore:  
 Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,  
 Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.  
 Why do I humble thus my self, and suing  
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?  
 Bid go with evil omen and the brand  
 Of infamy upon my name denounc't?  
 To mix with thy concernments I desist  
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.  
 Fame if not double-fac't is double-mouth'd, 971  
 And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds,  
 On both his wings, one black, th' other white,  
 Bears greatest names in his wild aerie flight.  
 My name perhaps among the Circumcis'd

In *Dan*, in *Judah*, and the bordering Tribes,  
 To all posterity may stand defam'd,  
 With malediction mention'd, and the blot  
 Of falshood most unconjugal traduc't.  
 But in my countrey where I most desire, 980  
 In *Ecron*, *Gaza*, *Ajdod*, and in *Gath*  
 I shall be nam'd among the famoufest  
 Of Women, sung at solemn festivals,  
 Living and dead recorded, who to save  
 Her countrey from a fierce destroyer, chose  
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb  
 With odours visited and annual flowers.  
 Not less renown'd then in Mount *Ephraim*,  
*Jael*, who with inhospitable guile  
 Smote *Sisera* sleeping through the Temples nail'd.  
 Nor shall I count it hainous to enjoy 991  
 The public marks of honour and reward  
 Conferr'd upon me, for the piety  
 Which to my countrey I was judg'd to have shewn.  
 At this who ever envies or repines  
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

*Chor.* She's gone, a manifest Serpent by her sting  
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

*Sam.* So let her go, God sent her to debase me,  
 And aggravate my folly who committed 1000  
 To such a viper his most sacred trust  
 Of secrecie, my safety, and my life.

*Chor.* Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange  
 After offence returning, to regain [power,  
 Love once possess'd, nor can be easily  
 Repuls't, without much inward passion felt  
 And secret sting of amorous remorse.



*Sam.* Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,  
Not wedlock-treachery endangering life. 1009

*Chor.* It is not vertue, wisdom, valour, wit,  
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit  
That womans love can win or long inherit ;  
But what it is, hard is to say,

Harder to hit,

(Which way foever men refer it)

Much like thy riddle, *Samson*, in one day  
Or seven, though one should musing sit ;

If any of these or all, the *Timmian* bride  
Had not so soon preferr'd  
Thy Paranymp, worthles to thee compar'd, 1020  
Successour in thy bed,

Nor both so loosely disally'd

Their nuptials, nor this last so trecherously  
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.

Is it for that such outward ornament

Was lavish't on their Sex, that inward gifts  
Were left for hast unfinish't, judgment scant,  
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend

Or value what is best

In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong ? 1030

Or was too much of self-love mixt,

Of constancy no root infixt,

That either they love nothing, or not long ?

What e're it be, to wisest men and best  
Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,  
Soft, modest, meek, demure,  
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn.  
Intestin, far within defensive arms  
A cleaving mischief, in his way to vertue

Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms 1040  
 Draws him awry enslav'd

With dotage, and his sense deprav'd  
 To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.  
 What Pilot so expert but needs must wreck  
 Embarqu'd with such a Stears-mate at the Helm?

Favour'd of Heav'n who finds  
 One vertuous rarely found,  
 That in domestic good combines :  
 Happy that house ! his way to peace is smooth :  
 But vertue which breaks through all opposition,  
 And all temptation can remove, 1051  
 Most shines and most is acceptable above.

Therefore Gods universal Law  
 Gave to the man despotic power  
 Over his female in due awe,  
 Nor from that right to part an hour,  
 Smile she or lowre :  
 So shall he least confusion draw  
 On his whole life, not sway'd  
 By female usurpation, nor dismay'd. 1060

But had we best retire, I see a storm ?

*Sam.* Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

*Chor.* But this another kind of tempest brings.

*Sam.* Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

*Chor.* Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear  
 The bait of honied words ; a rougher tongue  
 Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,  
 The Giant *Harapha* of *Gath*, his look  
 Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.  
 Comes he in peace ? what wind hath blown him hither  
 I less conjecture than when first I saw 1071

The sumptuous *Dalila* floating this way :  
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

*Sam.* Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

*Chor.* His fraught we soon shall know, he now  
arrives.

*Har.* I come not *Samson*, to condole thy chance,  
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,  
Though for no friendly intent. I am of *Gath*,  
Men call me *Harapha*, of stock renown'd  
As *Og* or *Anak* and the *Emims* old 1080  
That *Kiriathaim* held, thou knowst me now  
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard  
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd  
Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,  
That I was never present on the place  
Of those encounters, where we might have tri'd  
Each others force in camp or lifted field :  
And now am come to see of whom such noise  
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,  
If thy appearance answer loud report. 1090

*Sam.* The way to know were not to see but taste.

*Har.* Dost thou already single me; I thought  
Gives and the Mill had tam'd thee? O that fortune  
Had brought me to the field where thou art fam'd  
To have wrought such wonders with an Asses Jaw;  
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,  
Or left thy carcases where the Ass lay thrown :  
So had the glory of Prowess been recover'd  
To *Palestine*, won by a *Philistine* 1099  
From the unforeskin'd race, of whom thou bear'st  
The highest name for valiant Acts, that honour  
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,

I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out. [but do

*Sam.* Boast not of what thou wouldst have done,  
What then thou would'st, thou seest it in thy hand.

*Har.* To combat with a blind man I disdain,  
And thou hast need much washing to be toucht.

*Sam.* Such usage as your honourable Lords  
Afford me assassinated and betray'd,  
Who durst not with their whole united powers  
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd, 1111  
Nor in the house with chamber Ambushes  
Close-banded durst attaque me, no not sleeping,  
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold  
Breaking her Marriage Faith to circumvent me.  
Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd  
Some narrow place enclos'd, where fight may give  
thee,

Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;  
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy Helmet  
And Brigandine of brasse, thy broad Habergeon,  
Vant-brasse and Greves, and Gauntlet, add thy Spear  
A Weavers beam, and seven-times-folded shield,  
I only with an Oak'n staff will meet thee,  
And raise such out-cries on thy clatter'd Iron,  
Which long shall not with-hold mee from thy head,  
That in a little time while breath remains thee,  
Thou oft shalt wish thy self at *Gath* to boast  
Again in safety what thou wouldst have done  
To *Samson*, but shalt never see *Gath* more. 1129

*Har.* Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms  
Which greatest Heroes have in battel worn,  
Their ornament and safety, had not spells  
And black enchantments, some Magicians Art

Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou  
from Heaven

Feign'dst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair,  
Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs  
Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back  
Of chaf't wild Bears, or ruff'd Porcupines.

*Sam.* I know no Spells, use no forbidden Arts;  
My trust is in the living God who gave me 1140  
At my Nativity this strength, diffus'd  
No less through all my sinews, joints and bones,  
Then thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,  
The pledge of my unviolated vow.  
For proof hercof, if *Dagon* be thy god,  
Go to his Temple, invoke his aid  
With solemnest devotion, spread before him  
How highly it concerns his glory now  
To frustrate and dissolve these Magic spells,  
Which I to be the power of *Israel's* God 1150  
Avow, and challenge *Dagon* to the test,  
Offering to combat thee his Champion bold,  
With th' utmost of his Godhead seconded:  
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow  
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

*Har.* Presume not on thy God, what e're he be,  
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off  
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up  
Into thy Enemies hand, permitted them  
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee  
Into the common Prison, there to grind 1161  
Among the Slaves and Asses thy comrades,  
As good for nothing else, no better service  
With those thy boyst'rous locks, no worthy match

For valour to assail, nor by the sword  
Of noble Warriour, so to stain his honour,  
But by the Barbers razor best subdu'd.

*Sam.* All these indignities, for such they are  
From thine, these evils I deserve and more,  
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me  
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon 1171  
Whose ear is ever open ; and his eye  
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant ;  
In confidence whereof I once again  
Defie thee to the trial of mortal fight,  
By combat to decide whose god is God,  
Thine or whom I with *Israel's* Sons adore.

*Har.* Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in  
He will accept thee to defend his cause, [trusting  
A Murtherer, a Revolter, and a Robber. 1180

*Sam.* Tongue-doubtie Giant, how dost thou  
prove me these ?

*Har.* Is not thy Nation subject to our Lords ?  
Their Magistrates confest it, when they took thee  
As a League-breaker and deliver'd bound  
Into our hands : for hadst thou not committed  
Notorious murder on those thirty men  
At *Askalon*, who never did thee harm,  
Then like a Robber stripdst them of their robes ?  
The *Philistines*, when thou hadst broke the league,  
Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,  
To others did no violence nor spoil. 1191

*Sam.* Among the Daughters of the *Philistines*  
I chose a Wife, which argu'd me no foe ;  
And in your City held my Nuptial Feast :  
But your ill-meaning Politician Lords,



Under pretence of Bridal friends and guests,  
 Appointed to await me thirty spies,  
 Who threatning cruel death constrain'd the bride  
 To wring from me and tell to them my secret,  
 That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd. 1200  
 When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,  
 As on my enemies, where ever chanc'd,  
 I us'd hostility, and took their spoil  
 To pay my underminers in their coin.  
 My Nation was subjected to your Lords.  
 It was the force of Conquest; force with force  
 Is well ejected when the Conquer'd can.  
 But I a private person, whom my Countrey  
 As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd  
 Single Rebellion and did Hostile Acts. 1210  
 I was no private but a person rais'd  
 With strength sufficient and command from Heav'n  
 To free my Countrey; if their fervile minds  
 Me their Deliverer sent would not receive,  
 But to their Masters gave me up for nought,  
 Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.  
 I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,  
 And had perform'd it if my known offence  
 Had not disabl'd me, not all your force:  
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant 1220  
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,  
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,  
 As a petty enterprize of small enforce.

*Har.* With thee a Man condemn'd, a Slave enrol'd,  
 Due by the Law to capital punishment?  
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

*Sam.* Can'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,

To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?  
Come nearer, part not hence so flight inform'd;  
But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

*Har.* O *Baal-zebub*! can my ears unus'd  
Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

*Sam.* No man with-holds thee, nothing from thy  
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van, [hand  
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

*Har.* This insolence other kind of answer fits.

*Sam.* Go baff'd coward, lest I run upon thee,  
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,  
And with one buffet lay thy structure low, 1239  
Or swing thee in the Air, then dash thee down  
To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

*Har.* By *Astaroth* e're long thou shalt lament  
These braveries in Irons loaden on thee.

*Chor.* His Giantship is gone somewhat crest-  
Stalking with less unconsci'nable strides, [fall'n,  
And lower looks, but in a fultrie chafe.

*Sam.* I dread him not, nor all his Giant-brood,  
Though Fame divulge him Father of five Sons  
All of Gigantic size, *Goliah* chief.

*Chor.* He will directly to the Lords, I fear,  
And with malicious counsel stir them up 1251  
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

*Sam.* He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight  
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise  
Whether he durst accept the offer or not,  
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.  
Much more affliction then already felt  
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;  
If they intend advantage of my labours

The work of many hands, which earns my keeping  
With no small profit daily to my owners. 1261

But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove  
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,  
The worst that he can give, to me the best.  
Yet so it may fall out, because their end  
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine  
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

*Chor.* Oh how comely it is and how reviving  
To the Spirits of just men long oppress'd!  
When God into the hands of their deliverer 1270  
Puts invincible might  
To quell the mighty of the Earth, th' oppressour,  
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men  
Hardy and industrious to support  
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue  
The righteous and all such as honour Truth;  
He all their Ammunition  
And feats of War defeats  
With plain Heroic magnitude of mind  
And celestial vigour arm'd, 1280  
Their Armories and Magazins contemns,  
Renders them useless, while  
With winged expedition  
Swift as the lightning glance he executes  
His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd  
Lose their defence distract'd and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercise  
Of Saints, the trial of their fortitude,  
Making them each his own Deliverer,  
And Victor over all 1290  
That tyrannie or fortune can inflict,

Either of these is in thy lot,  
*Samson*, with might endu'd  
 Above the Sons of men ; but fight bereav'd  
 May chance to number thee with those  
 Whom Patience finally must crown.  
 This Idols day hath bin to thee no day of rest,  
     Labouring thy mind  
 More then the working day thy hands,  
 And yet perhaps more trouble is behind. 1300  
 For I descry this way  
 Some other tending, in his hand  
 A Scepter or quaint staff he bears,  
 Comes on amain, speed in his look.  
 By his habit I discern him now  
 A Public Officer, and now at hand.  
 His message will be short and voluble.

*Off.* *Ebrews*, the Pris'ner *Samson* here I seek.

*Chor.* His manacles remark him, there he fits.

*Off.* *Samson*, to thee our Lords thus bid me say ;  
 This day to *Dagon* is a solemn Feast, 1311  
 With Sacrifices, Triumph, Pomp, and Games ;  
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,  
 And now some public proof thereof require  
 To honour this great Feast, and great Assembly ;  
 Rise therefore with all speed and come along,  
 Where I will see thee heartn'd and fresh clad  
 To appear as fits before th' illustrious Lords.

*Sam.* Thou knowst I am an *Ebrew*, therefore  
     tell them,

Our Law forbids at their Religious Rites 1320  
 My presence ; for that cause I cannot come.

*Off.* This answer, be assur'd, will not content  
     them.

*Sam.* Have they not Sword-players, and ev'ry fort  
 Of Gymnic Artists, Wrestlers, Riders, Runners,  
 Juglers and Dancers, Antics, Mummers, Mimics,  
 But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,  
 And over-labour'd at their publick Mill,  
 To make them sport with blind activity?  
 Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels  
 On my refusal to distress me more, 1330  
 Or make a game of my calamities?  
 Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

*Off.* Regard thyself, this will offend them highly.

*Sam.* My self? my conscience and internal peace.  
 Can they think me so broken, so debas'd  
 With corporal servitude, that my mind ever  
 Will condescend to such absurd commands?  
 Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,  
 And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief  
 To shew them feats, and play before their god,  
 The worst of all indignities, yet on me 1341  
 Joyn'd with extream contempt? I will not come.

*Off.* My message was impos'd on me with speed,  
 Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

*Sam.* So take it with what speed thy message needs.

*Off.* I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

*Sa.* Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

*Chor.* Consider, *Samson*; matters now are strain'd  
 Up to the highth, whether to hold or break;  
 He's gone, and who knows how he may report  
 Thy words by adding fuel to the flame? 1351  
 Expect another message more imperious,  
 More Lordly thund'ring then thou well wilt bear.

*Sam.* Shall I abuse this Consecrated gift

Of strength, again returning with my hair  
 After my great transgression, so requite  
 Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin  
 By prostituting holy things to Idols;  
 A *Nazarite* in place abominable 1359  
 Vaunting my strength in honour to their *Dagon*?  
 Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,  
 What act more execrably unclean, prophane?

*Chor.* Yet with this strength thou serv'st the *Phi*-  
 Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean. [listines,

*Sam.* Not in their Idol-worship, but by labour  
 Honest and lawful to deserve my food  
 Of those who have me in their civil power. [file not.

*Chor.* Where the heart joins not, outward acts de-

*Sam.* Where outward force constrains, the sen-  
 tence holds ; 1369

But who constrains me to the Temple of *Dagon*,  
 Not dragging? the *Philistian* Lords command.  
 Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,  
 I do it freely ; venturing to displease  
 God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,  
 Set God behind : which in his jealousy  
 Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.  
 Yet that he may dispense with me or thee  
 Present in Temples at Idolatrous Rites  
 For some important cause, thou needst not doubt.

*Chor.* How thou wilt here come off surmounts my

*Sam.* Be of good courage, I begin to feel [reach.  
 Some rousing motions in me which dispose  
 To something extraordinary my thoughts.  
 I with this Messenger will go along,  
 Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour



Our Law, or stain my vow of *Nazarite*.  
 If there be aught of presage in the mind,  
 This day will be remarkable in my life  
 By some great act, or of my days the last. 1389

*Chor.* In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns.

*Off.* *Samson*, this second message from our Lords  
 To thee I am bid say. Art thou our Slave,  
 Our Captive, at the public Mill our drudge,  
 And dar'st thou at our sending and command  
 Dispute thy coming? come without delay;  
 Or we shall find such Engines to assail  
 And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,  
 Though thou wert firmler fastn'd then a rock.

*Sam.* I could be well content to try their Art,  
 Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.  
 Yet knowing their advantages too many, 1401  
 Because they shall not trail me through their streets  
 Like a wild Beast, I am content to go.  
 Masters commands come with a power resistless  
 To such as owe them absolute subjection;  
 And for a life who will not change his purpose?  
 (So mutable are all the ways of men)  
 Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply  
 Scandalous or forbidden in our Law. 1409

*Off.* I praise thy resolution, doff these links:  
 By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords  
 To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

*Sam.* Brethren farewell, your company along  
 I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them  
 To see me girt with Friends; and how the sight  
 Of me as of a common Enemy,  
 So dreaded once, may now exasperate them

I know not. Lords are Lordliest in their wine ;  
 And the well-feasted Priest then soonest fir'd  
 With zeal, if aught Religion seem concern'd : 1420  
 No less the people on their Holy-days  
 Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable ;  
 Happ'n what may, of me expect to hear  
 Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy  
 Our God, our Law, my Nation, or my self,  
 The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

*Chor.* Go, and the Holy One  
 Of *Israel* be thy guide  
 To what may serve his glory best, & spread his name  
 Great among the Heathen round : 1430  
 Send thee the Angel of thy Birth, to stand  
 Fast by thy side, who from thy Fathers field  
 Rode up in flames after his message told  
 Of thy conception, and be now a shield  
 Of fire ; that Spirit that first rusht on thee  
 In the Camp of *Dan*  
 Be efficacious in thee now at need.  
 For never was from Heaven imparted  
 Measure of strength so great to mortal feed,  
 As in thy wond'rous actions hath been seen. 1440  
 But wherefore comes old *Manoah* in such haste  
 With youthful steps ? much livelier than e're while  
 He seems : supposing here to find his Son,  
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news ?

*Man.* Peace with you brethren ; my inducement  
 Was not at present here to find my Son, [hither  
 By order of the Lords new parted hence  
 To come and play before them at their Feast. #  
 I heard all as I came, the City rings

And numbers thither flock, I had no will, 1450  
 Left I should see him forc't to things unseemly.  
 But that which moved my coming now, was chiefly  
 To give ye part with me what hope I have  
 With good success to work his liberty. [take

*Chor.* That hope would much rejoyce us to part  
 With thee ; say reverend Sire, we thirst to hear.

*Man.* I have attempted one by one the Lords  
 Either at home, or through the high street passing,  
 With supplication prone and Fathers tears 1459  
 To accept of ransom for my Son their pris'ner,  
 Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,  
 Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite ;  
 That part most reverenc'd *Dagon* and his Priests,  
 Others more moderate seeming, but their aim  
 Private reward, for which both God and State  
 They easily would set to sale, a third  
 More generous far and civil, who confess'd  
 They had enough reveng'd, having reduc't  
 Their foe to misery beneath their fears,  
 The rest was magnanimity to remit, 1470  
 If some convenient ransom were propos'd.

What noise or shout was that? it tore the Skie.

*Chor.* Doubtless the people shouting to behold  
 Their once great dread, captive, & blind before them,  
 Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

*Man.* His ransom, if my whole inheritance  
 May compass it, shall willingly be paid  
 And numberd down : much rather I shall chuse  
 To live the poorest in my Tribe, then richest,  
 And he in that calamitous prison left. 1480  
 No, I am fixt not to part hence without him.

For his redemption all my Patrimony,  
 If need be, I am ready to forgo  
 And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

*Chor.* Fathers are wont to lay up for their Sons,  
 Thou for thy Son art bent to lay out all;  
 Sons wont to nurse their Parents in old age,  
 Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy Son.  
 Made older then thy age through eye-sight lost.

*Man.* It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,  
 And view him sitting in the house, enobl'd 1491  
 With all those high exploits by him atchiev'd,  
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks,  
 That of a Nation arm'd the strength contain'd:  
 And I perswade me God had not permitted  
 His strength again to grow up with his hair  
 Garrison'd round about him like a Camp  
 Of faithful Souldicry, were not his purpose  
 To use him further yet in some great service,  
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift 1500  
 Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.

And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,  
 God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

*Chor.* Thy hopes are not ill founded nor seem  
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon [vain  
 Conceiv'd, agreeable to a Fathers love,  
 In both which we, as next participate. [noise!

*Man.* I know your friendly minds and—O what  
 Mercy of Heav'n what hideous noise was that!  
 Horribly loud unlike the former shout. 1510

*Chor.* Noise call you it or universal groan  
 As if the whole inhabitation perish'd,  
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,

Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

*Man.* Of ruin indeed methought I heard the  
Oh it continues, they have slain my Son. [noise,

*Chor.* Thy Son is rather slaying them, that outcry  
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

*Man.* Some dismal accident it needs must be ;  
What shall we do, stay here or run and see? 1520

*Chor.* Best keep together here, lest running thither  
We unawares run into dangers mouth.

This evil on the *Philistines* is fall'n,  
From whom could else a general cry be heard?

The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,  
From other hands we need not much to fear.

What if his eye-sight (for to *Israels* God  
Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,  
He now be dealing dole among his foes,  
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way? 1530

*Man.* That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

*Chor.* Yet God hath wrought things as incredible  
For his people, of old ; what hinders now ?

*Man.* He can I know, but doubt to think he will ;  
Yet Hope would fain subscribe, and tempts Belief.  
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

*Chor.* Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner ;  
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.  
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,  
An *Ebrew*, as I guess, and of our Tribe. 1540

*Mess.* O whither shall I run, or which way flee  
The sight of this so horrid spectacle  
Which earst my eyes beheld and yet behold ;  
For dire imagination still pursues me.  
But providence or instinct of nature seems,

Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted  
 To have guided me aright, I know not how,  
 To thee first reverend *Manoa*, and to these  
 My Countreymen, whom here I knew remaining,  
 As at some distance from the place of horror,  
 So in the sad event too much concern'd. 1551

*Man.* The accident was loud, & here before thee  
 With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not,  
 No Preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

*Mess.* It would burst forth, but I recover breath  
 And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

*Man.* Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

*Mess.* *Gaza* yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n,  
 All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

*Man.* Sad, but thou knowst to *Israelites* not saddest  
 The desolation of a Hostile City. 1561

*Mess.* Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfeit.

*Man.* Relate by whom.    *Mess.* By *Samson*.

*Man.* That still lessens  
 The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

*Mess.* Ah *Manoa* I refrain, too suddenly  
 To utter what will come at last too soon;  
 Left evil tidings with too rude irruption  
 Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

*Man.* Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

*Mess.* Then take the worst in brief, *Samson* is dead.

*Man.* The worst indeed, O all my hope's defeated  
 To free him hence! but death who sets all free  
 Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.  
 What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd  
 Hopeful of his Delivery, which now proves  
 Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring



Nipt with the lagging rear of winters frost.  
 Yet e're I give the rains to grief, say first,  
 How dy'd he? death to life is crown or shame.  
 All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he,  
 What glorious hand gave *Samson* his deaths wound?

*Mess.* Unwounded of his enemies he fell. [plain.

*Man.* Wearied with slaughter then or how? ex-

*Mess.* By his own hands. *Man.* Self-violence?  
 what cause

Brought him so soon at variance with himself  
 Among his foes? *Mess.* Inevitable cause  
 At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;  
 The Edifice where all were met to see him  
 Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

*Man.* O lastly over-strong against thy self! 1590  
 A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.  
 More then anough we know; but while things yet  
 Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,  
 Eye-witness of what first or last was done,  
 Relation more particular and distinct.

*Mess.* Occasions drew me early to this City,  
 And as the gates I enter'd with Sun-rise,  
 The morning Trumpets Festival proclaim'd  
 Through each high street: little I had dispatch't  
 When all abroad was rumour'd that this day 1600  
~~*Samson* should be brought forth to shew the people~~  
 Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;  
 I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded  
 Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious Theatre  
 Half round on two main Pillars vaulted high,  
 With seats where all the Lords and each degree

Of fort, might fit in order to behold,  
The other side was op'n, where the throng  
On banks and scaffolds under Skie might stand ;  
I among these aloof obscurely stood. 1611

The Feast and noon grew high, and Sacrifice  
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high chear, & wine,  
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately  
Was *Samson* as a public servant brought,  
In their state Livery clad ; before him Pipes  
And Timbrels, on each side went armed guards,  
Both horse and foot before him and behind  
Archers, and Slingers, Cataphracts and Spears.

At sight of him the people with a shout 1620  
Rifted the Air clamouring their god with praise,  
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.  
He patient but undaunted where they led him,  
Came to the place, and what was set before him  
Which without help of eye, might be assay'd,  
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd  
All with incredible, stupendious force,  
None daring to appear Antagonist.

At length for intermission sake they led him  
Between the pillars ; he his guide requested 1630  
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)

As over-tir'd to let him lean a while  
With both his arms on those two massie Pillars  
That to the arched roof gave main support.  
He unsuspecting led him ; which when *Samson*  
Felt in his arms, with head a while enclin'd,  
And eyes fast fix'd he stood, as one who pray'd,  
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd.  
At last with head erect thus cryed aloud,

Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd  
 I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying, 1641  
 Not without wonder or delight beheld.

Now of my own accord such other tryal  
 I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater ;  
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold.

This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,  
 As with the force of winds and waters pent,  
 When Mountains tremble, those two massie Pillars  
 With horrible convulsion to and fro, 1649

He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew  
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder  
 Upon the heads of all who fate beneath,

Lords, Ladies, Captains, Councillors, or Priests,  
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only  
 Of this but each *Philistian* City round

Met from all parts to solemnize this Feast.

*Samson* with these immixt, inevitably

Pulld down the same destruction on himself ;

The vulgar only scap'd who stood without. 1659

*Chor.* O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious !  
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd

The work for which thou wast foretold

To *Israel*, and now ly'st victorious

Among thy slain self-kill'd

Not willingly, but tangl'd in the fold,

Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd

Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more

Then all thy life had slain before.

*Semichor.* While their hearts were jocund and sub-  
 Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with Wine, [lime,  
 And fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats, 1671

Chaunting their Idol, and preferring  
 Before our living Dread who dwells  
 In *Silo* his bright Sanctuary :  
 Among them he a spirit of phrenzie sent,  
 Who hurt their minds,  
 And urg'd them on with mad desire  
 To call in hast for their destroyer ;  
 They only set on sport and play  
 Unweetingly importun'd 1580  
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.  
 So fond are mortal men  
 Fall'n into wrath divine,  
 As their own ruin on themselves to invite,  
 Infensate left, or to sense reprobate,  
 And with blindness internal struck.

*Semichlor.* But he though blind of sight,  
 Despis'd and thought extinguish't quite,  
 With inward eyes illuminated  
 His fieric vertue rous'd 1690  
 From under ashes into sudden flame,  
 And as an ev'ning Dragon came,  
 Assailant on the perched roosts,  
 And nests in order rang'd  
 Of tame villatic Fowl ; but as an Eagle  
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.  
 So vertue giv'n for lost,  
 Deprest, and overthrown, as seem'd,  
 Like that self-begott'n bird  
 In the *Arabian* woods embost, 1700  
 That no second knows nor third,  
 And lay e're while a Holocaust,  
 From out her ashie womb now teem'd

Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most  
 When most unactive deem'd,  
 And though her body die, her fame survives,  
 A secular bird ages of lives.

*Man.* Come, come, no time for lamentation now,  
 Nor much more cause, *Samson* hath quit himself  
 Like *Samson*, and heroicly hath finish'd 1710  
 A life Heroic, on his Enemies  
 Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,  
 And lamentation to the Sons of *Caphtor*.  
 Through all *Philistian* bounds. To *Israel*  
 Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them  
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion,  
 To himself and Fathers house eternal fame;  
 And which is best and happiest yet, all this  
 With God not parted from him, as was feard,  
 But favouring and assisting to the end. 1720  
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
 Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,  
 Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,  
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble.  
 Let us go find the body where it lies  
 Sok't in his enemies blood, and from the stream  
 With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off  
 The clotted gore. I with what speed the while  
 (*Gaza* is not in plight to say us nay)  
 Will send for all my kindred, all my friends 1730  
 To fetch him hence and solemnly attend  
 With silent obsequie and funeral train  
 Home to his Fathers house: there will I build him  
 A Monument, and plant it round with shade  
 Of Laurel ever green, and branching Palm,

With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd  
 In copious Legend, or sweet Lyric Song.  
 Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,  
 And from his memory inflame their breasts  
 To matchless valour, and adventures high: 1740  
 The Virgins also shall on feastful days  
 Visit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing  
 His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,  
 From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

*Chor.* All is best, though we oft doubt,  
 What th' unsearchable dispose  
 Of highest wisdom brings about,  
 And ever best found in the close.  
 Oft he seems to hide his face,  
 But unexpectedly returns 1750  
 And to his faithful Champion hath in place  
 Bore witness gloriously; whence *Gaza* mourns  
 And all that band them to resist  
 His uncontrollable intent,  
 His servants he with new acquit  
 Of true experience from this great event  
 With peace and consolation hath dismiss,  
 And calm of mind all passion spent.

*The End*



# A MASK

*Presented at Ludlow-Castle, 1634, before  
John Earl of Bridgewater, then  
President of Wales.*

## THE PERSONS.

The attendant Spirit afterwards in the habit of *Thyrsis*.  
*Comus* with his crew.

The Lady.

1. Brother.

2. Brother.

*Sabrina* the Nymph.

*The chief persons which presented, were*

The Lord *Bracy*,

Mr. *Thomas Egerton* his Brother,

The Lady *Alice Egerton*.



## A Mask.

The first Scene discovers a wilde Wood.

*The attendant Spirit descends or enters.*

**B**EFORE the starry threshold of *Joves*  
Court [shapes  
My mansion is, where those immortal  
Of bright aerial Spirits live insphar'd  
In Regions milde of calm and serene Air,  
Above the smoak and stirr of this dim spot,  
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care  
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,  
Strive to keep up a frail, and Feaverish being  
Unmindfull of the crown that vertue gives  
After this mortal change, to her true Servants 10  
Amongst the enthron'd gods on Sainted seats.  
Yet som there be that by due steps aspire  
To lay their just hands on that Golden Key  
That ope's the Palace of Eternity :  
To such my errand is, and but for such,  
I would not foil these pure Ambrosial weeds,  
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.

But to my task. *Neptune* besides the sway  
Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing stream,

Took in by lot 'twixt high, and neather *Jove*, 20  
 Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iles  
 That like to rich, and various gemms inlay  
 The unadorned boosom of the Deep,  
 Which he to grace his tributary gods  
 By course commits to feveral government,  
 And gives them leave to wear their Saphire crowns,  
 And wield their little tridents, but this Ile  
 The greatest, and the best of all the main  
 He quarters to his blu-hair'd deities,  
 And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun 30  
 A noble Peer of mickle trust, and power  
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide  
 An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms:  
 Where his fair off-spring nurs't in Princely lore,  
 Are coming to attend their Fathers state,  
 And new-entrusted Scepter, but their way  
 Lies through the perplex't paths of this drear Wood,  
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
 Threats the forlorn and wandring Passinger.  
 And here their tender age might suffer peril, 40  
 But that by quick command from Sovcran *Jove*  
 I was dispatcht for their defence, and guard;  
 And listen why, for I will tell you now  
 What never yet was heard in Tale or Song  
 From old, or modern Bard in Hall, or Bowr.

*Bacchus* that first from out the purple Grape,  
 Crush't the sweet poyson of mis-used Wine  
 After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform'd  
 Coasting the *Tyrrhene* shore, as the winds lifted,  
 On *Circes* Iland fell (who knows not *Circe* 50  
 The daughter of the Sun? Whose charmed Cup

Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,  
 And downward fell into a groveling Swine)  
 This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustering locks,  
 With Ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,  
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son  
 Much like his Father, but his Mother more,  
 Whom therefore she brought up and *Comus* nam'd,  
 Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,  
 Roaving the *Celtick*, and *Iberian* fields, 60  
 At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,  
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbowr'd,  
 Excells his Mother at her mighty Art,  
 Offring to every weary Traveller,  
 His orient Liquor in a Crystal Glafs,  
 To quench the drouth of *Phæbus*, which as they taste  
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)  
 Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,  
 Th' exprefs resemblance of the gods, is chang'd  
 Into some brutish form of Woolf, or Bear, 70  
 Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,  
 All other parts remaining as they were,  
 And they, so perfect is their misery,  
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
 But boast themselves more comely then before,  
 And all their friends, and native home forget  
 To roule with pleasure in a sensual stie.  
 Therefore when any favour'd of high *Jove*,  
 Chances to pass through this adventrous glade,  
 Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star, 80  
 I shoot from Heav'n to give him safe convoy,  
 As now I do : But first I must put off  
 These my skie robes spun out of *Iris* Wooff,

And take the Weeds and likenes of a Swain,  
 That to the fervice of this houle belongs,  
 Who with his foft Pipe, and fmooth dittied Song,  
 Well knows to ftill the wilde winds when they roar,  
 And hush the waving Woods, nor of lefs faith,  
 And in this office of his Mountain watch,  
 Likeliest, and neareft to the present ayd 90  
 Of this occafion. But I hear the tread  
 Of hatefull fteps, I muft be viewles now.

*Comus enters with a Charming Rod in one hand,  
 his Glafs in the other, with him a rout of Mon-  
 fters, headed like sundry forts of wilde Beasts, but  
 otherwife like Men and Women, their Apparel  
 gliftering, they come in making a riotous and unruly  
 noife, with Torches in their hands.*

*Comus.* The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,  
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,  
 And the gilded Car of Day,  
 His glowing Axle doth allay  
 In the fteep *Atlantick* ftream,  
 And the flope Sun his upward beam  
 Shoots againft the dusky Pole,  
 Pacing toward the other gole 100  
 Of his Chamber in the Eaft.  
 Mean while welcom Joy, and Feaft,  
 Midnight shout and revelry,  
 Tipfie dance, and Jollity.  
 Braid your Locks with rofie Twine  
 Dropping odours, dropping Wine.  
 Rigor now is gon to bed,  
 And Advice with fcrupulous head,



Strict Age, and fowre Severity,  
 With their grave Saws in slumber lie. 110  
 We that are of purer fire  
 Imitate the Starry Quire,  
 Who in their nightly watchfull Sphears,  
 Lead in swift round the Months and Years.  
 The Sounds, and Seas with all their finny drove  
 Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,  
 And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,  
 Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;  
 By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,  
 The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daifies trim, 120  
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:  
 What hath night to do with sleep?  
 Night hath better sweets to prove,  
*Venus* now wakes, and wak'ns Love.  
 Com let us our rights begin,  
 'Tis onely day-light that makes Sin  
 Which these dun shades will ne're report,  
 Hail Goddess of Nocturnal sport  
 Dark vail'd *Cotytto*, t' whom the secret flame 129  
 Of mid-night Torches burns; mysterious Dame  
 That ne're art call'd, but when the Dragon woom  
 Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,  
 And makes one blot of all the air,  
 Stay thy cloudy Ebon chair,  
 Wherin thou rid'st with *Hecat*', and befriend  
 Us thy vow'd Priests, till utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,  
 Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,  
 The nice Morn on th' *Indian* steep  
 From her cabin'd loop-hole peep, 140

And to the tell-tale Sun discry  
 Our conceal'd Solemnity.  
 Com, knit hands, and beat the ground,  
 In a light fantaſtick round.

*The Measure.*

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace,  
 Of ſom chaſt footing near about this ground.  
 Run to your ſhrouds, within theſe Brakes and Trees,  
 Ournumber may affright: Some Virgin ſure  
 (For ſo I can diſtinguiſh by mine Art)  
 Benighted in theſe Woods. Now to my charms,  
 And to my wily trains, I ſhall e're long 151  
 Be well ſtock't with as fair a herd as graz'd  
 About my Mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl  
 My dazling Spells into the ſpungy ayr,  
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illuſion,  
 And give it falſe preſentments, leſt the place  
 And my quaint habits breed aſtoniſhment,  
 And put the Damſel to ſuſpicious flight,  
 Which muſt not be, for that's againſt my courſe;  
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160  
 And well-plac't words of glozing courteſie  
 Baited with reaſons not unplauſible  
 Wind me into the eaſie-hearted man,  
 And hug him into ſnares. When once her eye  
 Hath met the vertue of this Magick duſt  
 I ſhall appear ſome harmles Villager  
 And hearken, if I may her buſines hear.  
 But here ſhe comes, I fairly ſtep aſide.

*The Lady enters.*

This way the noiſe was, if mine ear be true.

My best guide now, me thought it was the found  
Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment, 171

Such as the jocund Flute, or gamefom Pipe  
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd Hinds,

When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full  
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous *Pan*,

And thank the gods amifs. I should be loath  
To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence

Of such late Waffailers; yet O where els

Shall I inform my unacquainted feet

In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood? 180

My Brothers when they saw me wearied out

With this long way, resolving here to lodge

Under the spreading favour of these Pines,

Stept as they se'd to the next Thicket side

To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit

As the kind hospitable Woods provide.

They left me then, when the gray-hooded Eev'n

Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weed

Rose from the hindmost wheels of *Phæbus* wain.

But where they are, and why they came not back,

Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest

They had ingag'd their wandring steps too far,

And envious darknes, e're they could return,

Had stole them from me; els O theevish Night

Why shouldst thou, but for somi fellonious end,

In thy dark Lantern thus close up the Stars,

That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps

With everlasting oil, to give due light

To the misled and lonely Traveller?

This is the place, as well as I may guefs, 200

Whence eev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth

Was rife, and perfet in my list'ning ear,

Yet nought but fingle darknes do I find.  
 What might this be? A thoufand fantasies  
 Begin to throng into my memory  
 Of calling fshapes, and beckning fhadows dire,  
 And airy tongues, that fyllable mens names  
 On Sands, and Shoars, and defert Wilderneffes.  
 Thefe thoughts may ftartle well, but not aftound  
 The vertuous mind, that ever walks attended 210  
 By a ftrong fiding champion Confcience.—  
 O welcom pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,  
 Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,  
 And thou unblemifh't form of Chafteity,  
 I fee ye vifibly, and now believe  
 That he, the Supreme good, t'whom all things ill  
 Are but as flavifh officers of vengeance,  
 Would fend a gliftring Guardian if need were  
 To keep my life and honour unaffail'd.  
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud 220  
 Turn forth her filver lining on the night?  
 I did not err, there does a fable cloud  
 Turn forth her filver lining on the night,  
 And cafts a gleam over this tufted Grove.  
 I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but  
 Such noife as I can make to be heard fartheft  
 Ile venter, for my new enliv'nd fpirits  
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

## SONG.

*Sweet Echo, fweeteft Nymph that liv'ft unfeen*  
*Within thy airy fhell* 230  
*By flow Meander's margent green,*  
*And in the violet imbroider'd vale*

*Where the love-lorn Nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well.  
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair  
 That liketh thy Narcissus are?  
 O if thou have  
 Hid them in som flowery Cave,  
 Tell me but where  
 Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear,  
 So maist thou be translated to the skies, 241  
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'ns Harmonies.*

*Com.* Can any mortal mixture of Earths mould  
 Breath such Divine enchanting ravishment?  
 Sure something holy lodges in that brest,  
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
 To testifie his hidd'n residence;  
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night  
 At every fall smoothing the Raven doune 250  
 Of darknes till it smil'd: I have oft heard  
 My Mother *Circe* with the Sirens three,  
 Amid't the flowry-kirtl'd *Naiades*  
 Culling their potent hearbs, and balefull drugs,  
 Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,  
 And lap it in *Elysium*, *Scylla* wept,  
 And chid her barking waves into attention,  
 And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd soft applause:  
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,  
 And in sweet madnes rob'd it of it self, 260  
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,  
 Such sober certainty of waking blifs  
 I never heard till now. Ile speak to her

And she shall be my Queen. Hail forren wonder  
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed  
 Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine  
 Dwell'ft here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by blest Song  
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog  
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood.

*La.* Nay gentle Shepherd ill is lost that praise  
 That is addrest to unattending Ears, 271  
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
 How to regain my fever'd company  
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo  
 To give me answer from her mossie Couch.

*Co.* What chance good Lady hath bereft you thus?

*La.* Dim darknes, and this leavie Labyrinth.

*Co.* Could that divide you from neer-usher-  
 guides?

*La.* They left me weary on a grassie terf.

*Co.* By falshood, or discourtesie, or why? 280

*La.* To seek i'th vally som cool friendly Spring.

*Co.* And left your fair side all unguarded Lady?

*La.* They were but twain, and purpos'd quick  
 return.

*Co.* Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.

*La.* How easie my misfortune is to hit!

*Co.* Imports their loss, beside the present need?

*La.* No less then if I should my brothers loose.

*Co.* Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

*La.* As smooth as *Hebe's* their unrazor'd lips.

*Co.* Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Oxe  
 In his loose traces from the furrow came, 291  
 And the swink't hedger at his Supper fate;  
 I saw them under a green mantling vine



That crawls along the side of yon small hill,  
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,  
 Their port was more than human, as they stood;  
 I took it for a faëry vision  
 Of some gay creatures of the element  
 That in the colours of the Rainbow live  
 And play i'th plighted clouds. I was aw-struck,  
 And as I past, I worshipt: if those you seek 301  
 It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,  
 To help you find them. *La.* Gentle villager  
 What readiest way would bring me to that place?

*Co.* Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

*La.* To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,  
 In such a scant allowance of Star-light,  
 Would overtask the best Land-Pilots art,  
 Without the sure guess of well-practiz'd feet.

*Co.* I know each lane, and every alley green,  
 Dingle, or bushy dell of this wilde Wood, 311  
 And every bosky bourn from side to side  
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,  
 And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,  
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know  
 Ere morrow wake, or the low roosted lark  
 From her thatch't pallat rowse, if otherwise  
 I can conduct you Lady to a low  
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe  
 Till further quest' *La.* Shepherd I take thy word,  
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie, 321  
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
 With smoaky rafters, then in tapstry Halls  
 And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,  
 And yet is most pretended: In a place

Less warranted then this, or less secure  
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it,  
 Eie me blest Providence, and square my triall  
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd lead on.—

*The two Brothers.*

*Eld. Bro.* Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair  
 Moon

That wontst to love the travellers benizon, 331  
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
 And disinherit *Chaos*, that rains here  
 In double night of darknes, and of shades;  
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up  
 With black usurping mists, som gentle taper  
 Though a rush Candle from the wicker hole  
 Of som clay habitation visit us  
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,  
 And thou shalt be our star of *Arcady*, 340  
 Or *Tyrian* Cynosure. 2. *Bro.* Or if our eyes  
 Be barr'd that happines, might we but hear  
 The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,  
 Or found of pastoral reed with oaten stops,  
 Or whistle from the Lodge, or Village Cock  
 Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,  
 'Twould be som solace yet som little chearing  
 In this close dungeon of innumeros bowes.  
 But O that haples virgin our lost sister 349  
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her  
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles?  
 Perhaps som cold bank is her boulder now  
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of som broad Elm  
 Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears,

What if in wild amazement, and affright,  
Or while we speak within the direful grasp  
Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat?

*Eld. Bro.* Peace. Brother, be not over-exquisite  
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils ; 359  
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,  
What need a man forestall his date of grief,  
And run to meet what he would most avoid ?  
Or if they be but false alarms of Fear,  
How bitter is such self-delusion ?  
I do not think my sister so to seek,  
Or so unprincipl'd in virtues book,  
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,  
As that the single want of light and noise  
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) 369  
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,  
And put them into mis-becoming plight.  
Vertue could see to do what vertue would  
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon  
Were in the flat Sea funk. And Wisdoms self  
Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,  
Where with her best nurse Contemplation  
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings  
That in the various bustle of resort  
Were all to ruff'd, and sometimes impair'd.  
He that has light within his own clear breast 380  
May sit i'th center, and enjoy bright day,  
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts  
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun ;  
Himself is his own dungeon.

2. *Bro.* 'Tis most true  
That musing meditation most affects

The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
 Far from the cheerfull haunt of men, and herds,  
 And fits as safe as in a Senat house,  
 For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,  
 His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Dish, 390  
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?  
 But beauty like the fair Hesperian Tree  
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
 Of dragon watch with uninchanted eye,  
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit  
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.  
 You may as well spread out the unfun'd heaps  
 Of Misers treasure by an out-laws den,  
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope  
 Danger will wink on Opportunity, 400  
 And let a single helpless maiden pass  
 Uninjur'd in this wilde surrounding waft.  
 Of night, or loneliness it recks me not,  
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,  
 Left some ill greeting touch attempt the person  
 Of our unowned sister.

*Eld. Bro.* I do not, Brother,  
 Inferred, as if I thought my sisters state  
 Secure without all doubt, or controversy:  
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear  
 Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is 410  
 That I encline to hope, rather than fear,  
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.  
 My sister is not so defenceless left  
 As you imagine, she has a hidden strength  
 Which you remember not.

2. *Bro.* What hidden strength,

Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

*Eld. Bro.* I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength  
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own :  
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :

She that has that, is clad in compleat steel, 420

And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen  
May trace huge Forrests, and unharbour'd Heaths,

Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes,  
Where through the sacred rayes of Chastity,

No savage fierce, Bandite, or Mountaneer  
Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity,

Yea there, where very desolation dwels

By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,

She may pass on with unblench't majesty,

Be it not don in pride, or in presumption. 430

Som say no evil thing that walks by night

In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,

Blew meager Hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,

That breaks his magick chains at *curfeu* time,

No Goblin, or swart Faëry of the mine,

Hath hurtfull power o're true Virginity.

Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call

Antiquity from the old Schools of *Greece*

To testifie the arms of Chastity?

Hence had the huntress *Dian* her dred bow 440

Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chaste,

Wherewith she tam'd the brindcd lions

And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought

The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*, gods and men

Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen oth'

Woods.

What was that snaky-headed *Gorgon* shield

That wise *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,  
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone?  
 But rigid looks of Chast' austeriety,  
 And noble grace that dash't brute violence 450  
 With sudden adoration, and blank aw.  
 So dear to Heav'n is Saintly chastity,  
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
 A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,  
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
 And in cleer dream, and solemn vision  
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,  
 Till oft convers with heav'nly habitants  
 Begin to cast a beam on th'outward shape,  
 The unpolluted temple of the mind, 460  
 And turns it by degrees to the souls essence,  
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust  
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
 But most by leud and lavish act of sin,  
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts  
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite loose  
 The divine property of her first being.  
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp  
 Oft seen in Charnel vaults, and Sepulchers 470  
 Lingerin', and sitting by a new made grave,  
 As loath to leave the Body that it lov'd,  
 And link't it self by carnal sensuality  
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

2. *Bro.* How charming is divine Philosophy!  
 Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,  
 But musical as is *Apollo's* lute,  
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,



Where no crude furfet raigns. *Eld. Bro.* Lift,  
lift, I hear

Som far of hallow break the filent Air. 480

2. *Bro.* Me-thought so too ; what should it be ?

*Eld. Bro.* For certain

Either som one like us night-founder'd here,  
Or els som neighbour Wood-man, or at worst,  
Som roaving Robber calling to his fellows.

2. *Bro.* Heav'n keep my sifter, agen, agen, and  
Best draw, and stand upon our guard. [neer,

*Eld. Bro.* Ile hallow,

If he be friendly he comes well, if not,  
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

*The attendant Spirit habited like a Shepherd.*

That hallow I should know, what are you ? speak ;  
Com not too neer, you fall on iron stakes else. 490

*Spir.* What voice is that, my young Lord ?  
speak agen.

2. *Bro.* O brother, 'tis my father Shepherd sure.

*Eld. Bro.* *Thyrsis* ? Whose artful strains have oft

The hudling brook to hear his madrigal, [delaid  
And sweetn'd every muskrose of the dale,

How cam'st thou here good Swain ? hath any Ram

Slipt from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,

Or straggling Weather the pen't flock forfook ?

How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook ?

*Spir.* O my lov'd Masters heir, and his next joy,  
I came not here on such a trivial toy 501

As a stray'd Ewe, or to pursue the stealth

Of pilfering Woolf, not all the fleecy wealth.

That doth enrich these Downs, is worth a thought

To this my errand, and the care it brought.  
 But O my Virgin Lady, where is she?  
 How chance she is not in your company?

*Eld. Bro.* To tell thee sadly Shepherd, without  
 Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. [blame,

*Spir.* Ay me unhappy then my fears are true.

*Eld. Bro.* What fears good *Thyrsis*? Prethee  
 briefly shew. 511

*Spir.* Ile tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,  
 (Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)  
 What the sage Poets taught by th' heav'nly Muse,  
 Storied of old in high immortal vers  
 Of dire *Chimera's* and enchanted Iles,  
 And rifted Rocks whose entrance leads to Hell,  
 For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navil of this hideous Wood,  
 Immur'd in cypress shades a Sorcerer dwels 520  
 Of *Bacchus*, and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,  
 Deep skill'd in all his mothers witcheries,  
 And here to every thirsty wanderer,  
 By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,  
 With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison  
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
 And the inglorious likenes of a beast  
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reasons mintage  
 Character'd in the face; this have I learn't  
 Tending my flocks hard by i'th hilly crofts, 530  
 That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night  
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl  
 Like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
 Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*  
 In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres,

Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells  
To inveigle and invite th'unwary sense  
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.  
This evening late by then the chewing flocks  
Had ta'n their supper on the savoury Herb 540  
Of Knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,  
I fate me down to watch upon a bank  
With Ivy canopied, and interwove  
With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began  
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy  
To meditate upon my rural minstrelsie,  
Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close  
The wonted roar was up amidst the Woods,  
And fill'd the Air with barbarous dissonance  
At which I ceas't, and listen'd them a while, 550  
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence  
Gave respite to the drowsie frightened steeds  
That draw the litter of close curtain'd sleep;  
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound  
Rose like a stream of rich distill'd perfumes,  
And stole upon the Air, that even Silence  
Was took e're she was ware, and wist she might  
Deny her nature, and be never more  
Still to be so displac't. I was all ear,  
And took in strains that might create a soul 560  
Under the ribs of Death, but O ere long  
Too well I did perceive it was the voice  
Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.  
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,  
And O poor hapless Nightingale thought I,  
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!  
Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong haste

Through paths, and turnings oft'n trod byday,  
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place  
 Where that damn'd wifard hid in fly disguise 570  
 (For so by certain signes I knew) had met  
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,  
 The aidless innocent Lady his wish't prey,  
 Who gently ask't if he had seen such two,  
 Supposing him som neighbour villager ;  
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I gues's't  
 Ye were the two she mean't, with that I sprung  
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,  
 But further know I not. 2. *Bro.* O night and shades,  
 How are ye joyn'd with Hell in tripple knot 580  
 Against th'unarm'd weaknes of one Virgin  
 Alone, and helpless ! is this the confidence  
 You gave me Brother? *Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep  
 Lean on it safely, not a period [it still,  
 Shall be unpaid for me : against the threats  
 Of malice or of forcery, or that power  
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,  
 Vertue may be assail'd, but never hurt,  
 Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd,  
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,  
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory. 591  
 But evil on it self shall back recoyl,  
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last  
 Gather'd like scum, and setl'd to it self  
 It shall be in eternal restless change  
 Self-fed, and self-consum'd, if this fail,  
 The pillar'd firmament is rott'nness,  
 And earths base built on stubble. But com let's on.  
 Against th'opposing will and arm of Heav'n

May never this juſt ſword be lifted up, 600  
 But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt  
 With all the grieveſly legions that troop  
 Under the footy flag of *Acheron*,  
*Harpyes* and *Hydra's*, or all the monſtrous forms  
 'Twixt *Africa* and *Inde*, Ile find him out,  
 And force him to reſtore his purchaſe back,  
 Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,  
 Curs'd as his life.

*Spir.* Alas good ventrous youth,  
 I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprife,  
 But here thy ſword can do thee little ſtead, 610  
 Far other arms, and other weapons muſt  
 Be thoſe that quell the might of helliſh charms,  
 He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,  
 And crumble all thy ſinews.

*Eld. Bro.* Why piethée Shepherd  
 How durſt thou then thy ſelf approach ſo neer  
 As to make this Relation?

*Spir.* Care and utmoſt ſhifts  
 How to ſecure the Lady from ſurprifal,  
 Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad  
 Of ſmall regard to ſee to, yet well ſkill'd  
 In every vertuous plant and healing herb 620  
 That ſpreads her verdant leaf to th'morning ray,  
 He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me ſing,  
 Which when I did, he on the tender graſs  
 Would fit, and hearken even to extaſie,  
 And in requital ope his leathern ſcrip,  
 And ſhew me ſimples of a thouſand names  
 Telling their ſtrange and vigorous faculties;  
 Amongſt the reſt a ſmall unfightly root.

But of divine effect, he cull'd me out ;  
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it, 630  
 But in another Countrey, as he said,  
 Bore a bright golden flowre, but not in this soyl :  
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain  
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,  
 And yet more med'cinal is it then that *Moly*  
 That *Hermes* once to wise *Ulysses* gave ;  
 He call'd it *Hæmony*, and gave it me,  
 And had me keep it as of sov'ran use  
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp  
 Or gastly furies apparition ; 640  
 I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made,  
 Till now that this extremity compell'd,  
 But now I find it true ; for by this means  
 I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd,  
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
 And yet came off : if you have this about you  
 (As I will give you when we go) you may  
 Boldly assault the necromancers hall ;  
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood, 649  
 And brandish't blade rush on him, break his glass,  
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,  
 But sease his wand, though he and his curst crew  
 Fierce signe of battail make, and menace high,  
 Or like the Sons of *Vulcan* vomit smoak,  
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

*Eld. Bro. Thyrsis* lead on apace, Ile follow thee,  
 And som good angel bear a shield before us.



*The Scene changes to a stately Palace, set out with  
all manner of deliciousness: soft Musick, Tables  
spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his  
rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted Chair, to  
whom he offers his Glass, which she puts by, and  
goes out to rise.*

*Comus.* Nay Lady, if I but wave this wand,  
Your senses are all in Alablaster,

And you a statue, or as I was 660

Root-bound, that fled from Earth.

*Enter Charm.* I do not boast:

Thou canst not touch the freedom of my minde

With all thy charms, although this corporal rinde

Thou hast immancled, while Heav'n sees good.

*Charm.* Why are you vext Lady? why do you frown?

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates

Sorrow flies far: See here be all the pleasures

That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts,

When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns

Brisk as the April buds in Primrose-season. 670

And first behold this cordial Julep here

That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds

With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrops mixt.

Not that *Nepenthes* which the wife of *Thone*,

In *Egypt* gave to *Jove-born Helena*

Is of such power to stir up joy as this,

To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.

Why should you be so cruel to your self,

And to those dainty limms which nature lent

For gentle usage, and soft delicacy? 680

But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,

And harshly deal like an ill borrower  
 With that which you receiv'd on other terms,  
 Scorning the unexempt condition  
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,  
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
 That have been tir'd all day without repast,  
 And timely rest have wanted, but fair Virgin  
 This will restore all fees.

*La.* 'Twill not falsify, and honestly  
 That thou hast said from thy tongue, *690*  
 Was this the cot that in the safe above  
 Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these  
 These roughly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!  
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver,  
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence  
 With visor'd falsehood, and base forgery,  
 And would'st thou seek again to trap me here  
 With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute?  
 Were it a draft for *Juno* when she banquets, *700*  
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none  
 But such as are good men can give good things,  
 And that which is not good, is not delicious  
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

*Co.* O foolishness of men! that lend their ears  
 To those budge Doctors of the *Stoick* Furr,  
 And fetch their precepts from the *Cynick* Tub,  
 Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.  
 Wherefore did Nature powre her bounties forth,  
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand, *710*  
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,  
 Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,

But all to please, and sate the curious taste?  
 And set to work millions of spinning Worms,  
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd  
 To deck her Sons, and that no corner might [filk  
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns  
 She hutch't th'all-worshipt ore, and precious gems  
 To store her children with; if all the world  
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse, 720  
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Freize,  
 Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,  
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,  
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,  
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,  
 And live like Natures bastards, not her sons,  
 Who would be quite furcharg'd with her own  
 And strangl'd with her waste fertility; [weight,  
 Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with  
 plumes,

The herds would over-multitude their Lords, 730  
 The Sea o'refraught would swel, and th'unfought  
 diamonds

Would so emblaze the forehead of the Deep,  
 And so bestudd with Stars, that they below  
 Would grow inur'd to light, and com at last  
 To gaze upon the Sun with shameles brows.  
 Lift Lady be not coy, and be not cosen'd  
 With that same vaunted name Virginity,

Beauty is natures coyn, must not be hoorded,  
 Must be currant, and the good thereof

Consists in mutual and partak'n blifs,

740

Unfavoury, in th'injoyment of it self

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose

It withers on the stalk with languish't head.  
 Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown  
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities  
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;  
 It is for homely features to keep home,  
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions  
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply  
 The sampler, and to teize the huswives wooll. 750  
 What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that  
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?  
 There was another meaning in these gifts,  
 Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

*La.* I had not thought to have unlockt my lips  
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler  
 Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes,  
 Obtruding false rules pranckt in reasons garb.  
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,  
 And vertue has no tongue to check her pride: 760  
 Impostor do not charge most innocent nature,  
 As if she would her children should be riotous  
 With her abundance; she good caters  
 Means her provision only to the good  
 That live according to her sober laws,  
 And holy dictate of spare Temperance:  
 If every just man that now pines with want  
 Had but a moderate and befitting share  
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury  
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess, 770  
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispenc't  
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
 And she no whit encomber'd with her store,  
 And then the giver would be better thank't,

His praise due paid, for swinish gluttony  
 Ne're looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,  
 But with besotted base ingratitude  
 Cramms, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?  
 Or have I said anow? To him that dares 779  
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words  
 Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity;  
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?  
 Thou hast nor Ear, nor Soul to apprehend  
 The sublime notion, and high mystery  
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage  
 And serious doctrine of Virginity,  
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know  
 More happiness than this thy present lot.  
 Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetorick 789  
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,  
 Thou art not fit to hear thy self convinc't;  
 Yet should I try, the uncontrouled worth  
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rap't spirits  
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,  
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,  
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and  
 shake,

Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,  
 Were shatter'd into heaps o're thy false head.

Co. She fables not, I feel that I do fear  
 Her words set off by som superior power; 800  
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddring dew  
 Dips me all o're, as when the wrath of *Jove*  
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*  
 To some of *Saturns* crew. I must dissemble,  
 And try her yet more strongly. Com, no more,

This is meer moral babble, and direct  
 Against the canon laws of our foundation ;  
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees  
 And fetlings of a melancholy blood ;  
 But this will cure all streight, one sip of this 810  
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight  
 Beyond the blifs of dreams. Be wise, and taste.

*The Brothers rush in with Swords drawn, wrest his  
 Glass out of his hand, and break it against the  
 ground ; his rout make sign of resistance, but are  
 all driven in ; The attendant Spirit comes in.*

*Spir.* What, have you let the false Enchanter  
 scape ?

O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand  
 And bound him fast ; without his rod revers't,  
 And backward mutters of dislevering power,  
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here  
 In stony fetters fixt, and motionless ;  
 Yet stay ; be not disturb'd, now I bethink me,  
 Som other means I have which may be us'd, 820.  
 Which once of *Melibæus* old I learnt  
 The footest Shepherd that ere pip't on plains.

There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,  
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn  
*Sabrina* is her name, a Virgin pure, [stream,  
 Whilom she was the daughter of *Locrine*,  
 That had the Scepter from his Father *Brute*.  
 The guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit  
 Of her enraged stepdam *Guendolen*,  
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood . 830  
 That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course,



The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid,  
 Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,  
 Bearing her straight to aged *Nereus* Hall,  
 Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,  
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe  
 In nectar'd lavers strew'd with *Asphodil*,  
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense  
 Dropt in Ambrosial Oils till she reviv'd,  
 And underwent a quick immortal change 840  
 Made Goddess of the River; still she retains  
 Her virgin gentleness, and on that Eve  
 Wanders the herds along the twilight meadows;  
 Driving all urchin blasts, and ill luck signs  
 That the shrewd meddling Elfe delights to make,  
 Which she with precious viold liquors heals.  
 For which the Shepherds at their festivals  
 Carrol her goodnes lowd in rustick layes,  
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream  
 Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy *Daffadils*. 850  
 And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock  
 The clasp'ing charm, and thaw the numming spell,  
 If she be right invok't in warbled Song,  
 For maid'nhood she loves, and will be swift  
 To aid a Virgin such as was her self.  
 In hard besetting need, she will I try  
 And adde the power of my admiring verse.

*Sabrina*

*Listen*

*Under the glassy flood she lies,*

*In twisted braids of Lillies knitting*

*The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,  
Listen for dear honours sake,  
Goddess of the silver lake,  
Listen and save.*

Listen and appear to us  
 In name of great *Oceanus*,  
 By the earth-shaking *Neptune's* mace,  
 And *Tethy's* grave majestic pace,  
 By hoary *Nereus's* wrinkled look,  
 And the *Phorcus's* beard's hook,  
 By *Idalus's* winding shell,  
 And old *Booth-faying Glaucus's* spell,  
 By *Leuco's* lovely hands,  
 And her son that rules the *Strands*,  
 By *Thetis's* tinol-slipper'd feet,  
 And the Songs of *Sirens* sweet,  
 By dead *Parthenope's* dear tomb,  
 And fair *Ligea's* golden comb,  
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks  
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,  
 By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance  
 Upon thy firs with wily glance,  
 Rise, rise, and heave thy noble head  
 From thy couch of *ivy* and *reed*,  
 And bridle *Phaeton's* flaming race,  
 Till thou shalt see the *sun* have  
 The *sun* have.

Sabrina rises, looks at her watch, and sings.

By the ~~Willow and the Osier dank,~~ 889  
Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,

*My sliding Chariot stays,  
Thickset with Agat, and the azurn sheen  
Of Turkis blew, and Emrauld green  
That in the channel strays,  
Whilst from off the waters fleet  
Thus I set my printless feet  
O're the Cowslips Velvet head,  
That bends not as I tread,  
Gentle swain at thy request  
I am here.*

900

*Spir.* Goddess dear  
We implore thy powerful hand  
To undo the charmed band  
Of true Virgin here distressed,  
Through the force, and through the wile  
Of unblest inchanter vile.

*Sab.* Shepherd 'tis my office best  
To help insnared chastity ;  
Brightest Lady look on me,  
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
Drops that from my fountain pure,  
I have kept of pretious cure,  
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,  
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,  
Next this marble venom'd seat  
Smear'd with gums of glutenous heat  
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold,  
Now the spell hath lost his hold ;  
And I must haste ere morning hour  
To wait in *Amphitrite's* bower.

910

920

*Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.*

*Spir.* Virgin, daughter of *Locrine*  
 Sprung of old *Anchises* line,  
 May thy brimmed waves for this  
 Their full tribute never miss  
 From a thousand petty rills,  
 That tumbled down the snowy hills :  
 Summer drouth, or finged air  
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
 Nor wet *Octobers* torrent flood  
 Thy molten crystal fill with mudd, 930  
 May thy billows rowl ashoar  
 The beryl, and the golden ore,  
 May thy lofty head be crown'd  
 With many a tower and terras round,  
 And here and there thy banks upon  
 With Groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.  
 Com Lady while Heaven lends us grace,  
 Let us fly this curst place,  
 Left the Sorcerer us entice  
 With som other new device. 940  
 Not a waste, or needle's found  
 Till we com to holier ground,  
 I shall be your faithfull guide  
 Through this gloomy covert wide,  
 And not many furlongs thence  
 Is your Fathers residence,  
 There this night are met in state  
 Many a friend to gratulate  
 His wish't presence, and beside  
 All the Swains that there abide, 950

With Jiggs, and rural dance resort,  
 We shall catch them at their sport,  
 And our sudden coming there  
 Will double all their mirth and chere;  
 Com let us haste, the Stars grow high,  
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the  
 Presidents Castle, then com in Country-Dancers,  
 after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Bro-  
 thers and the Lady.*

## SONG.

Spir. *Back Shepherds, back, anough your play,  
 Till next Sun-shine holiday,  
 Here be without duck or nod  
 Other trippings to be trod 960  
 Of lighter toes, and such Court guise  
 As Mercury did first devise  
 With the mincing Dryades  
 On the Lawns, and on the Leas.*

This second Song presents them to their Father  
 and Mother.

*Noble Lord, and Lady bright,  
 I have brought ye new delight,  
 Here behold so goodly grown  
 Three fair branches of your own,  
 Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth,  
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth, 970  
 And sent them here through hard assays  
 With a crown of deathless Praise,*

*To triumph in victorious dance  
O're sensual Folly, and Intemperance.*

*The dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes.*

*Spir.* To the Ocean now I fly,  
And those happy climes that ly  
Where day never shuts his eye,  
Up in the broad fields of the sky :  
There I suck the liquid air  
All amidst the Gardens fair 980  
Of *Hesperus*, and his daughters three  
That sing about the golden tree :  
Along the crisped shades and bowres  
Revels the spruce and jocond Spring,  
'The Graces, and the rotie-boosom'd Flowres,  
Thither all their bounties bring.  
There eternal Summer dwels,  
And West winds, with musky wing  
About the cedar'n alleys fling  
*Nard*, and *Cassia's* balmy smells. 990  
*Iris* there with humid bow,  
Waters the odorous banks that blow  
Flowers of more mingled hew  
'Then her purfl'd scarf can shew,  
And drenches with *Elysian* dew  
(Lift mortals if your ears be true)  
Beds of *Hyacinth*, and *Roses*  
Where young *Adonis* oft repofes,  
Waxing well of his deep wound  
In slumber soft ; and on the ground 1000  
Sadly sits th' *Assyrian* Queen ;  
But far above in spangled sheen



Celestial *Cupid* her fam'd Son advanc't  
 Holds his dear *Psyche* sweet ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup>tranc't  
 After her wandring labours long,  
 Till free consent the gods among  
 Make her his eternal Bride,  
 And from her fair unspotted side  
 Two blisful twins are to be born,  
 Youth and Joy; so *Jove* hath sworn.

1010

But now my task is smoothly don,  
 I can fly, or I can run  
 Quickly to the green earths end,  
 Where the bow'd welkin flow doth bend,  
 And from thence can soar as soon  
 To the corners of the Moon.

Mortals that would follow me,  
 Love vertue, she alone is free,  
 She can teach ye how to clime  
 Higher then the Spheary chime;  
 Or if Vertue feeble were;  
 Heav'n it self would stoop to her.

1020



## Lycidas.

*In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend,  
unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester  
on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by occasion fore-  
tells the ruine of our corrupted Clerg when in their  
height.*

**L**ET once more, O ye Lambs, and once  
more  
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never fear,  
I com to pluck your Berries huth and crude,  
And with forc'd fingers rude,  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
Bitter complaint, and sad occasion dear,  
Compells me to disturb your scation due.  
For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer  
Who would not sing for *Lycidas*? he knew 10  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
He must not flote upon his watry bear  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the ineed of som melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,  
That from beneath the seat of *Jove* doth spring,  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,  
 So may some gentle Muse  
 With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn, 20  
 And as he passes turn,  
 And bid fair peace be to my sable throwd.  
 For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,  
 Fed the same flock; by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd  
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,  
 We drove a field, and both together heard  
 What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
 Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright, 30  
 Toward Heav'n's descent had stop'd his wettering  
 wheel.

Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,  
 Temper'd to th' Oaten Flute;  
 Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fauns* with clov'n heel,  
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,  
 And old *Dametas* lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,  
 Now thou art gon, and never must return!  
 Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,  
 With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'rgrown,  
 And all their echoes mourn, 41  
 The Willows, and the Hazle Copfes green,  
 Shall now no more be seen,  
 Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes.  
 As killing as the Canker to the Rose,  
 Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,  
 Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,  
 When first the White Thorn blows;

Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds ear. [deep

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless  
Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd *Lycidas*? 51

For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids*, ly,  
Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,  
Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wifard stream:  
Ay me, I fondly dream!

Had ye bin there— for what could that have don?

What could the Muse her self that *Orpheus* bore,  
The Muse her self for her enchanting son

Whom Universal nature did lament, 60

When by the rout that made the hideous roar,

His goary vilage down the stream was sent,

Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* shore.

Alas! What boots it with uncessant care

To end the homely slighted Shepherds trade,

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse,

Were it not better don as others use,

To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,

Or with the tangles of *Neera's* hair?

*Fame* is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70

(That last infirmity of Noble mind)

To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes;

But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

Comes the blind *Fury* with th'abhorred shears,

And flits the thin spun life. But not the praise,

*Phæbus* repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;

*Fame* is no plant that grows on mortal soil,

Nor in the glistening foil

Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies, 80

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
 And perfect witness of all-judging *Jove* ;  
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
 Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O Fountain *Arethuse*, and thou honour'd flood,  
 Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocal reeds,  
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood :

But now my Oat proceeds,

And listens to the Herald of the Sea

That came in *Neptune's* plea, 90

He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon Winds,

What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain ?

And question'd every gust of rugged wings

That blows from off each beaked Promontory ;

They knew not of his story,

And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,

That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,

The Air was calm, and on the level brine,

Leek *Panope* with all her sisters play'd.

It was that fatal and perfidious Bark 100

Built in th'eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,

That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing slow,

His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,

Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge

Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.

Ah ; Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge ?

Last came, and last did go,

The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake,

Two massy Keyes he bore of metals twain, 110

(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)

He shook his Miter'd locks, and stern bespake,

How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,  
 Anow of such as for their bellies sake,  
 Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?  
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,  
 Then how to scramble at the shearers feast,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;  
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how  
     to hold

A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the least  
 That to the faithfull Herdmans art belongs! 121  
 What recks it them? What need they? They are  
     sped;

And when they list, their lean and flathy songs  
 Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw,  
 The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,  
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:  
 Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing sed,  
 But that two-handed engine at the door, 130  
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return *Alpheus*, the dread voice is past,  
 That shrunk thy streams; Return *Sicilian* Muse,  
 And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast  
 Their Bells, and Flourets of a thousand hues.  
 Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use,  
 Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
 On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,  
 Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes, 139  
 That on the green turf suck the honied showres,  
 And purple all the ground with vernal-flowres.  
 Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies.



The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,  
The white Pink, and the Pansie freakt with jeat,  
The glowing Violet.

The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine,  
With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears :

Bid *Amarantus* all his beauty shed,  
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150  
To strew the Laureat Herse where *Lycid* lies.

For so to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
Ay me ! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas  
Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurl'd,  
Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*

Where thou perhaps under the welming tide  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;  
Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,  
Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old, 160  
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount  
Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona's* hold ;  
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.  
And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the haples youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,  
For *Lycidas* your sorrow is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor,  
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky : 171  
So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high, [waves  
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the  
Where other groves, and other streams along,

With *Nectar* pure his oozy Lock's he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,  
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the Saints above,  
In solemn troops, and sweet Societies  
That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180  
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
Now *Lycidas* the Shepherds weep no more;  
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,  
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
'To all that wander in that perilous flood. [rills,  
Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th'Okes and  
While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,  
He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,  
With eager thought warbling his *Doric* lay:  
And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,  
And now was dropt into the Western Bay; 191  
At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:  
To morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.



## Il Penferoso.

**H**ENCE vain deluding joyes,  
The brood of folly without father bred,  
How little you bested,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your toyes ;  
Dwell in some idle brain,

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,  
Or likest hovering dreams

The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus* train. 10

But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,

Hail divinest Melancholy,

Whose Sainly visage is too bright

To hit the Sense of human sight ;

And therefore to our weaker view,

Ore laid with black staid Wisdoms hue.

Black, but such as in esteem,

Prince *Memnon*s sister might beseeem,

Or that starr'd *Ethiope* Queen that strove

To set her beauties praise above. 20

The Sca Nymphs, and their powers offended,

Yet thou art higher far descended,

Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore,

To solitary *Saturn* bore ;

His daughter she (in *Saturns* raign,  
 Such mixture was not held a stain)  
 Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody *Ida's* inmost grove,  
 While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.  
 Compensive Nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
 All in a robe of darkest grain,  
 Flowing with majestick train,  
 And table stole of *Cipres* Lawn,  
 Over thy decent shouldets drawn.  
 Com, but keep thy wonted state,  
 With even step, and musing gait,  
 And looks commercing with the skies,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes  
 There held in holy passion  
 Forget thy self to Majesty  
 With a sad Leaden downward cast,  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.  
 And joyn with thee even Peace and Quiet,  
 Spare Harts, that beat with gods desire,  
 And hallow such Muses vaine desire,  
 Ay round about her waist  
 And add to the rapt feature  
 That in *tempe* Gardens takes his pleasure,  
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
 The Cherub Contemplation,  
 And the mute Silence hist along,  
 \*Less *Philomel* will deign a Song,

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In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
 While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,  
 Gently o're th'accustom'd Oke ; 60  
 Sweet Bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
 Most musical, most Melancholy!  
 Thee Chauntress oft the Woods among,  
 I woo to hear thy Even-Song ;  
 And missing thee, I walk unseen  
 On the dry smooth-shaven Green,  
 To behold the wandring Moon,  
 Riding neer her highest noon,  
 Like one that had bin led astray  
 Through the Heav'ns wide pathles way ; 70  
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
 Oft on a Plat of rising ground,  
 I hear the far-off *Curfeu* sound,  
 Over some wide-water'd shoar,  
 Swinging slow with fullen roar ;  
 Or if the Ayr will not permit,  
 Som still removed place will fit,  
 Where glowing Embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80  
 Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the Cricket on the hearth,  
 Or the Belmans drowsie charm,  
 To bless the dores from nightly harm :  
 Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,  
 Be seen in some high lonely Towr,  
 Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,  
 With thrice great *Hermes*, or unsphear

The spirit of *Plato* to unfold  
 What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold 90  
 The immortal mind that hath forfok  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook :  
 And of those *Dæmons* that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent  
 With Planet, or with Element.  
 Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy  
 In Scepter'd Pall com sweeping by,  
 Presenting *Thebs*, or *Pelops* line,  
 Or the tale of *Troy* divine. 100  
 Or what (though rare) of later age,  
 Ennobled hath the Buskind stage.  
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
 Might raise *Musæus* from his bower,  
 Or bid the soul of *Orpheus* sing  
 Such notes as warbled to the string,  
 Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,  
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek.  
 Or call up him that left half told  
 The story of *Cambuscan* bold, 110  
 Of *Camball*, and of *Algarsife*,  
 And who had *Canace* to wife,  
 That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glafs,  
 And of the wondrous Hors of Brass,  
 On which the *Tartar* King did ride ;  
 And if ought els, great *Bards* beside,  
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
 Of Turneys and of Trophies hung ;  
 Of Forests, and enchantments drear,  
 Where more is meant then meets the ear, 120



Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil-suited Morn appeer,  
 Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,  
 With the Attick Boy to hunt,  
 But Cherchef't in a comely Cloud,  
 While rocking Winds are Piping loud,  
 Or usher'd with a shower still,  
 When the gulf hath blown his fill,  
 Ending on the rustling Leaves,  
 With minute drops from off the Eaves.  
 And when the Sun begins to fling  
 His flaming beams, me Goddes bring  
 To arched walks of twilight groves,  
 And shadows brown that *Sylvan* loves  
 Of Pine, or monumental Oake,  
 Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke,  
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,  
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
 There in close covert by some Brook,  
 Where no prophaner eye may look,  
 Hide me from Day's garish eie,  
 While the Bee with Honied thie,  
 That at her flowry work doth sing,  
 And the Waters murmuring  
 With such consort as they keep,  
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;  
 And let som strange mysterious dream,  
 Wave at his Wings in Airy stream,  
 Of lively portrature display'd,  
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.  
 And as I wake, sweet musick breath  
 Above, about, or underneath,

130

140

150

Sent by som spirit to mortals good,  
Or th'unseen Genius of the Wood.  
But let my due feet never fail,  
To walk the studious Cloysters pale.  
And love the high embowed Roof,  
With antick Pillars massy proof,  
And storied Windows richly dight,  
Casting a dimm religious light. 160  
There let the pealing Organ blow,  
To the full voic'd Quire below,  
In Service high, and Anthems cleer,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into extasies,  
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.  
And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peacefull hermitage,  
The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell 170  
Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,  
And every Herb that sips the dew;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like Prophetic strain.  
These pleasures *Melancholy* give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.



## L'Allegro.

**H**ENCE loathed Melancholy  
Of *Cerberus*, and blackest midnight  
In *Stygian* Cave forlorn. [born,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights  
Find out some uncouth cell; [unholy,  
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous  
And the night-Raven sings; [wings,  
There under *Ebon* shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,  
As ragged as thy Locks,  
In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell. 10  
But com thou, Goddess fair and free,  
In Heaven plac'd *Euphrosyne*,  
And by some sweet-singing Muse  
Whom *Love* and *Soft* *Serenity*  
With thee his *Chorus* here  
To Ivy *Wreaths* and *Flow'rs*  
Or where the *Warbling*  
The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,  
*Zephir* with *Aurora* playing,  
As he met her once a Maying, 20  
There on Beds of Violets blew,  
And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,  
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
So buckfom, blith, and debonair.

Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest and youthful Jollity,  
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
 Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple's sleek;  
 Sport that wrincled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides  
 Com, and trip, it as you go  
 On the light fantastick toe,  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,  
 The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;  
 And if I give thee honour due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unreproved pleasures free;  
 To hear the Lark begin his flight,  
 And trigging startle the dull night,  
 From his perch high in the skies,  
 True hallelujahs doth rise;  
 The sun doth come of morn,  
 And the old moon doth set of even,  
 The merry bells ring out the cheer,  
 On the first of January.  
 When the old year doth fall  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
 And to the stack, or the Parn dore,  
 Stoutly struts his Dames before,  
 Oft list'ning how the Hounds and Horn  
 Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,  
 From the side of som Hoar Hill,  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.

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Som time walking not unseen  
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,  
Right against the Eastern gate,  
Where the great Sun begins his state,  
Roab'd in flames, and Amber light,  
The clouds in thousand Liveries dight,  
While the Plowman neer at hand,  
Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,  
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the Mower whets his fithe,  
And every Shepherd tells his tale  
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.  
Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,  
Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,  
Where the nibling flocks do stray,  
Mountains on whose barren brest  
The labouring clouds do often rest :  
Meadows trim with Daiesies pide,  
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide,  
Towers, and Battlements it sees  
Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,  
Wher perhaps som beauty lies,  
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.  
Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,  
From betwixt two aged Oakes,  
Where *Corydon* and *Thyrsis* met,  
Are at their savory dinner fet  
Of Hearbs, and other Country Messes,  
Which the neat-handed *Phyllis* dresses ;  
And then in haste her Bower she leaves,  
With *Thestylis* to bind the Sheaves ;

60

70

80

Or if the earlier season lead  
 To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead, 90  
 Some times with secure delight  
 The up-land Hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry Bells ring round,  
 And the jocond rebecks found  
 To many a youth, and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the Chequer'd shade ;  
 And young and old com forth to play  
 On a Sunshine Holyday,  
 Till the live-long day-light fail,  
 Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale, 100  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How *Faery Mab* the junkets eat,  
 She was pincht, and pull'd she fed,  
 And by the Friars Lanthorn led  
 Tells how the drudging *Goblin* swet,  
 To ern his Cream-bowle duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimps of morn,  
 His shadowy Flail hath thresh'd the Corn,  
 That ten day-labourers could not end,  
 Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend. 110  
 And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;  
 And Crop-full out of dores he flings,  
 Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.  
 Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering Winds soon lull'd asleep.  
 Towred Citics please us then,  
 And the busie humm of men,  
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,  
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold, 120



With store of Ladies, whose bright eies  
 Rain influence, and judge the prise,  
 Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend  
 To win her Grace, whom all commend.  
 There let *Hymen* oft appear  
 In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With mask, and antique Pageantry,  
 Such fights as youthful Poets dream  
 On Summer eves by haunted stream. 130  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If *Jonsons* learned Sock be on,  
 Or sweetest *Shakespear* fancies childe,  
 Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,  
 And ever against cating Cares,  
 Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires,  
 Married to immortal verse  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of lincked sweetnesss long drawn out, 140  
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running;  
 Untwisting all the chains that ty  
 The hidden soul of harmony.  
 That *Orpheus* self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heapt *Elysian* flowres, and hear  
 Such streins as would have won the ear  
 Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free  
 His half regain'd *Eurydice*. 150  
 These delights, if thou canst give,  
 Mirth with thee, I mean to live.



## Arcades.

*Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Darby at Harefield, by some Noble Persons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in Pastoral Habit, moving toward the seat of State, with this Song.*

### I. SONG.

**L**OOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look,  
What sudden blaze of Majesty  
Is that which we from hence descry  
Too divine to be mistook :

This this is she  
To whom our vows and wishes bend,  
Hear our solemn search hath end.

Fame that her high worth to raise,  
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,  
We may justly now accuse  
Of detraction from her praise,  
Less than half we find exprest,  
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,  
In circle round her shining throne,  
Shooting her beams like silver threds,  
This this is she alone,

Sitting like a Goddess bright,  
In the center of her light.

Might she the wife *Latona* be, 20  
Or the towred *Cybele*,  
Mother of a hundred gods;  
*Juno* dare's not give her odds;  
Who had thought this clime had held  
A deity so unparalel'd?

*As they com forward, the Genius of the Wood appears,  
and turning toward them, speaks.*

*Gen.* Stay gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,  
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,  
Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and sprung  
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,  
Divine *Alpheus*, who by secret fluse, 30  
Stole under Seas to meet his *Arethuse*;  
And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood,  
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,  
I know this quest of yours, and free intent  
Was all in honour and devotion ment  
To the great Mistres of yon princely shrine,  
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,  
And with all helpful service will comply  
To further this nights glad solemnity;:  
And lead ye where ye may more near behold 40  
What shallow-searching *Fame* hath left untold;  
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone  
Have fate to wonder at, and gaze upon:  
For know by lot from *Jove* I am the powr  
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bowr,  
To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove,  
With Ringlets quaint; and wanton windings wove.

And all my Plants I save from nightly ill,  
Of noisom winds, and blasting vapours chill,  
And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew, 50  
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,  
Or what the cross dire-looking Planet smites,  
Or hurtfull Worm with canker'd venom bites.  
When Ev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round  
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground;  
And early ere the odorous breath of morn  
Awakes the slumbring leaves, or tasseld horn  
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout 59  
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless,  
But els in deep of night when drowlines  
Hath lock't up mortal sense, then listen I  
To the celestial *Sirens* harmony,  
That sit upon the nine enfolded Sphears,  
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,  
And turn the Adamantine spindle round,  
On which the fate of gods and men is wound  
Such sweet compulsion doth in musick ly,  
To lull the daughters of *Necessity*,  
And keep unsteddy Nature to her law, 70  
And the low world in measur'd motion draw  
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear  
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear;  
And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze  
The peerles height of her immortal praise,  
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,  
If my inferior hand or voice could hit  
Inimitable founds, yet as we go,  
What ere the skill of lesser gods can show,  
I will assay, her worth to celebrate, 80

And so attend ye toward her glittering state;  
Where ye may all that are of noble stemm  
Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hemm.

2. SONG.

O'er the smooth enamel'd green  
Where no print of step hath been,  
Follow me as I sing,  
And touch the wondrous string.  
Under the shady roof  
Of branching Elm-Shrub-wood,  
Follow me,  
I will bring you where she sits  
Young Glad in splendor as befits  
Young Her deity.

90

Such a rural Queen

All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

3. SONG.

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more  
By fandy *Edon's* Lillied banks,  
On old *Lycæus* or *Cyllene* hoar,  
Trip no more in twilight ranks,  
Though *Erymanth* your loss deplores did thin,  
A better foy that sheve, thou wast divine,  
From the stony *Mænatus*,  
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,  
Here ye shall have greater grace,  
To serve the Lady of this place.  
Though *Syrinx* your *Pans* Mistres were,  
Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.  
Such a rural Queen  
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

100



## Miscellaneous Poems.

Ætatis 17.

On the Death of a fair Infant  
dying of a Cough.



FAIREST flower no sooner blow but  
blasted,  
Soft silken Primrose fading timeleslie,  
Summers chief honour if thou hadst outlasted,  
Bleak winters force that made thy blossom drie;  
For he being amorous on that lovely die.

That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss  
But kill'd alas, and then bewayl'd his fatal blifs.

After the heave

By human mould with gross water  
By boudoir rape the man dāmsel got,  
He thought it toucht his Deitie full neer,  
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot,

Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,  
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach  
was held.



3.

So mounting up in ycie-pearled carr,  
Through middle empire of the freezing aire  
He wanderd long, till thee he spy'd from farr,  
There ended was his quest, there ceast his care.  
Down he descended from his Snow-soft chaire,  
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace 20  
Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair biding place.

4.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;  
For so *Apollo*, with unweeting hand  
Whilome did slay his dearly loved mate  
Young *Hyacinth* born on *Eurota's* strand,  
Young *Hyacinth* the pride of *Spartan* land;  
But then transform'd him to a purple flower  
Alack that so to change thee winter had no power

5.

Yet can I not perswade me thou art dead  
Or that thy coarſe corrupts in earths dark wombe,  
Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed, 30  
Hid from the world in a low delved tombe;  
Could Heav'n for pittie thee so stricktly doom?  
Oh no? for something in thy face did shine  
Above mortalitie that shew'd thou wast divine.

6.

Resolve me then oh Soul most surely blest  
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)  
Tell me bright Spirit where e're thou hoverest,  
Whether above that high first-moving Spheare  
Or in the Elisian fields (if such there were.) 40

Oh say me true if thou wert mortal wight  
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

## 7.

Wert thou some Starr which from the ruin'd rooffe  
Of shak't Olympus by mischance didst fall;  
Which carefull *Jove* in natures true behoofe  
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?  
Or did of late earths Sonnes besiege the wall

Of sheenie Heav'n, and thou some goddes fled  
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head.

## 8.

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before 50  
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth  
And can'st again to visit us once more?  
Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth!  
Or that crown'd Matron sage white-robed truth?

Or any other of that heav'nly brood [good.  
Let down in clowdie throne to do the world some

## 9.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoast,  
Who having clad thy self in humane weed,  
To earth from thy præfixed seat didst poast,  
And after short abode flie back with speed, 60  
As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,

Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire  
To scorn the fordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire.

## 10.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below  
To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence,  
To flake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe


To turn Swift-rushing black perdition hence,  
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,  
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?  
But thou canst best perform that office where thou  
art.

11.

Then thou the mother of so sweet a child  
Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,  
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;  
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,  
And render him with patience what he lent;  
This if thou do he will an off-spring give,  
That till the worlds last-end shall make thy name  
to live.

Anno Ætatis 19.

At a Vacation Exercise in the Colledge,  
part *Latin*, part *English*. The *Latin*  
speeches ended, the *English* thus began.

 ALL native Language, that by finews weak  
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue  
to speak,  
And mad'st imperfect words with childish tripps,  
Half unpronounc't, slide through my infant-lipps,  
Driving dum silence from the portal dore,  
Where he had mutely sat two years before:  
Here I salute thee and thy pardon ask,  
That now I use thee in my latter task:

Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,  
 I know my tongue but little Grace can do thee :  
 'Thou needst not be ambitious to be first, 11  
 Believe me I have thither packt the worst :  
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
 The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.  
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aide  
 For this same small neglect that I have made :  
 But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure,  
 And from thy wardrope bring thy chiefest treasure;  
 Not those new fangled toys, and trimming flight  
 Which takes our late fantasticks with delight, 20  
 But cull those richest Robes, and gay'st attire  
 Which deepest Spirits, and choicest Wits desire :  
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about  
 And loudly knock to have their passage out ;  
 And wearie of their place do only stay  
 Till thou hast deck't them in thy best array ;  
 That so they may without suspect or fears  
 Fly swiftly to this fair Assembly's ears ;  
 Yet I had rather if I were to chuse,  
 Thy service in some graver subject use, 30  
 Such as may make thee scarc'ly thy coffers round,  
 Before thou cloath my fancy in fit sound :  
 Such where the deep transported mind may soare  
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'ns dore  
 Look in, and see each blisful Deitie  
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,  
 Listening to what unshorn *Apollo* sings  
 To th'touch of golden 'wires, while *Hebe* brings  
 Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire : 39  
 Then passing through the Spherse of watchful fire,

And mistie Regions of wide air next under,  
 And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder,  
 May tell at length how green-ey'd *Neptune* raves,  
 In Heav'ns defiance mustering all his waves;  
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass  
 When Beldam Nature in her cradle was;  
 And last of Kings and Queens and *Hero's* old,  
 Such as the wise *Demodocus* once told  
 In solemn Songs at King *Alcinous* feast,  
 While sad *Ulysses* soul and all the rest 50  
 Are held with his melodious harmonie  
 In willing chains and sweet captivitie.  
 But fie my wandring Muse how thou dost stray!  
 Expectance calls thee now another way,  
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent  
 To keep in compass of thy Predicament:  
 Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,  
 That to the next I may resign my Roome.

*Then Ens is represented as Father of the Prædicaments his ten Sons, whereof the Eldest stood for Substance with his Canons, which Ens thus speaking, explains.*

Good luck befriend thee Son; for at thy birth  
 The Faery Ladies daunc't upon the hearth; 60  
 Thy drowsie Nurse hath sworn she did them spie  
 Come tripping to the Room where thou didst lie;  
 And sweetly singing round about thy Bed  
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping Head.  
 She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st  
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible, [still  
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear,

For once it was my dismal hap to hear  
 A *Sybil* old, bow-bent with crooked age,  
 That far events full wisely could prefage, 70  
 And in times long and dark Prospective Glafs  
 Fore-saw what future dayes should bring to pass,  
 Your Son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)  
 Shall subject be to many an Accident.  
 O're all his Brethren he shall Reign as King,  
 Yet every one shall make him underling,  
 And those that cannot live from him afunder  
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,  
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,  
 Yet being above them, he shall be below them ; 80  
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,  
 Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Cloathing.  
 To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,  
 And peace shall lull him in her flowry lap ;  
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his dore  
 Devouring war shall never cease to roare :  
 Yea it shall be his natural property  
 To harbour those that are at enmity.  
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not  
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot ?

*The next Quantity and Quality, spake in Prose,  
 then Relation was call'd by his Name.*

RIVERS arise ; whether thou be the Son, 91  
 Of utmost *Tweed*, or *Oose*, or gulphie *Dun*,  
 Or *Trent*, who like some earth-born Giant spreads  
 His thirty Armes along the indented Meads,  
 Or fullen *Mole* that runneth underneath,  
 Or *Severn* swift, guilty of Maidens death,



Or Rockie *Avon*, or of Sedgie *Lee*,  
 Or Coaly *Tine*, or antient hollowed *Dee*,  
 Or *Humber* loud that keeps the *Scythians* Name,  
 Or *Medway* smoothe, or Royal Towred *Thame*. 100

*The rest was Prose.*

## On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.

I.



THIS is the Month, and this the happy  
 morn  
 Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,  
 Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,  
 Our great Redemption from above did bring;  
 For so the holy Sages once did sing,  
 That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
 And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

2.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,  
 And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty, 9  
 Wherewith he went at Heav'n's high Council-  
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity, [Table,  
 He laid aside; and here with us to be,  
 Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,  
 And chose with us a darksome House of mortal Clay.

3.

Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
 Afford a Present to the Infant God?

Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
 To welcome him to this his new abode,  
 Now while the Heav'n by the Suns team untrod,  
     Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20  
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons  
     bright?

## 4.

See how from far upon the Eastern rode  
 The Star-led Wizards haste with odours sweet,  
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;  
 Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,  
     And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,  
 From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

*THE HYMN.*

## 1.

IT was the Winter wilde,  
 While the Heav'n-born childe, 30  
     All meanly wrapt in, the rude manger lies;  
 Nature in awe to him  
 Had doff't her gawdy trim,  
     With her great Master so to sympathize:  
 It was no season then for her  
 To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

## 2.

Only with speeches fair  
 She woo's the gentle Air  
     To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,  
 And on her naked shame, 40

Pollute with finfull blame,

The Saintly Veil of Maiden white to throw,  
Confounded, that her Makers eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

3.

But he her fears to cease,

Sent down the meek-cy'd Peace,

She crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding  
Down through the turning sphear  
His ready Harbinger,

With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,  
And waving wide her mirtle wand, 51  
She strikes a universal Peace through Sea and Land.

4.

No War, or Battels found

Was heard the World around,

The idle Spear and Shield were high up hung,  
The hooked Chariot stood  
Unstain'd with hostile blood,

The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,  
And Kings sat still with awfull eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

5.

But peacefull was the night 61

Wherein the Prince of light

His reign of peace upon the earth began :  
The Winds with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kist,

Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,

Who now hath quite forgot to rave, [wave.  
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed

## 6.

The Stars with deep amaze  
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze, . 70

Bending one way their pretious influence,  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,

Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence ;  
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,  
Untill their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

## 7.

And though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,

The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame, 80  
As his inferiour flame,

The new enlightn'd world no more should need ;  
He saw a greater Sun appear [bear.  
Then his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could

## 8.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,  
Or ere the point of dawn,

Sate simply chatting in a rustick row ;  
Full little thought they than,  
That the mighty *Pan*

Was kindly come to live with them below ; 90  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

9.

When such musick sweet  
 Their hearts and ears did greet,  
 As never was by mortal finger strook,  
 Divinely-warbl'd voice  
 Answering the stringed noise,  
 As all their souls in blisfull rapture took :  
 The Air such pleasure loth to lose, [close.  
 With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly

10. •

Nature that heard such sound 100  
 Beneath the hollow round  
 Of *Cynthia's* feat, the Airy region thrilling,  
 Now was almost won  
 To think her part was done,  
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;  
 She knew such harmony alone  
 Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

11.

At last furrounds their sight  
 A Globe of circular light, 110  
 That with long beams the shame-fac't night ar-  
 The helmed Cherubim [ray'd,  
 And sworded Seraphim,  
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,  
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
 With unexpressive notes to Heav'ns new-born Heir.

12. •

Such Musick (as 'tis said)  
 Before was never made,

But when of old the fons of morning fung,  
 While the Creator great 120  
 His Constellations fet,

And the well-ballanc't world on hinges hung,  
 And cast the dark foundations deep, [keep.  
 And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel

## 13.

Ring out ye Cryftall fphears,  
 Once blefs our humane ears,  
 (If ye have power to touch our fenfes fo)  
 And let your filver chime  
 Move in melodious time ;

And let the Bafe of Heav'n's deep Organ blow,  
 And with your ninefold harmony 131  
 Make up full confort to th' Angelike fymphony.

## 14.

For if fuch holy Song  
 Enwrap our fancy long,  
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,  
 And fpeckl'd vanity  
 Will ficken foon and die,  
 And leprous fin will melt from earthly mould,  
 And Hell it felf will pafs away,  
 And leave her dolorous manfions to the peering day.

## 15.

Yea Truth, and Juftice then 141  
 Will down return to men,  
 Orb'd in a Rain-bow ; and like glories wearing  
 Mercy will fit between,  
 'Thron'd in Celeftial fheen,



With radiant feet the tiffued clouds down steering,  
And Heav'n as at some Festivall;  
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

16.

But wisest Fate faves no,  
This must not yet be so, 150

The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss;

So both himself and us to glorifie:  
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep, [the deep.  
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through

17.

With such a horrid clang  
As on mount *Sinai* rang [brake:

While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out  
The aged Earth agast 160  
With terrour of that blast,

Shall from the surface to the center shake;  
When at the worlds last session, [throne.  
The dreadful Judge in middle Air shall spread his

18.

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,

But now begins; for from this happy Day  
Th'old Dragon under ground  
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his'usurped sway, 170  
And wroth to see his Kingdom fail,  
Swindges the scaly Horror of his foulded tail.

## 19.

The Oracles are dum,  
No voice or hideous humm

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.  
*Apollo* from his shrine  
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the sleep of *Delphos* leaving  
No nightly trance, or breathed spell, 179  
Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

## 20.

The lonely mountains o're,  
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;  
From haunted spring, and dale  
Edg'd with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing sent,  
With flowre-inwov'n tresses torn [mourn.  
'The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets

## 21.

In consecrated Earth,  
And on the holy Hearth, 190

The *Lars* and *Lemures*, noan with midnight  
In Urns, and Altars round, [plaint,  
A drear and dying sound

Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint;  
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar power forgocs his wonted seat.

## 22.

*Peor*, and *Baalim*,  
Forfake their Temples dim,

With that twice batter'd god of *Palestine*,  
And mooned *Ashtaroth*,  
Heav'ns Queen and Mother both,

Now sits not girt with Tapers holy shine,  
The Libyc *Hammou* shrinks his horn, | mourn.  
In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamuz*

And fullen *Moloch* fled,  
Hath left in shadows died,  
His burning Idol all of blackest hue;

In vain with Cymbals ring,  
They tell the grisly King,  
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;  
The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,  
*Isis*, and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis* hast.

Nor is *Oytrix* for him  
In *Memphian* Chave  
Trampling the ungodly  
Nor can he be at rest  
Within his sacred chest,

Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shrine  
In vain with *Thamuz* his dark  
The false-tol'd Sorcerers bear his worshipt Ark

He feels from *Juda's* Land  
The dredded Infants hand,

The rayes of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky cyn;  
Nor all the Gods beside,  
Longer dare abide,

Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine :  
 Our Babe to shew his Godhead true, [crew.  
 Can in his swadling bands controul the damned

26.

So when the Sun in bed,  
 Curtain'd with cloudy red, 239

Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,  
 The flocking shadows pale,  
 Troop to th'infernal Jail,  
 Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his several grave,  
 And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*, [maze.  
 Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd

27.

But see the Virgin blest,  
 Hath laid her Babe to rest. [ing,

Time is our tedious song should here have end-  
 Heav'n's youngest twinkling Star, 240

Hath fixt her position. [ing:

Her sleeping Babe with Handmaid Lamp attend,  
 And all about the courtly Stable,  
 Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

## The Passion

I.

**F**RE-WHILE of Musick, and Ethereal  
 mirth, [ring,  
 Wherewith the stage of Ayr and Earth did  
 And joyous news of heav'nly Infants birth.

My muse with Angels did divide to sing;  
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,

In Wintry solstice like the shortn'd light  
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living  
night.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,  
And set my Harp to notes of saddest wo,  
Which on our dearest Lord did cease er'e long, 10  
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse then so,  
Which he for us did freely undergo.

Most perfect *Heroe*, try'd in heaviest plight  
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human  
wight.

5.

He sov'ran Priest stooping his regal head  
That dropt with' odorous oil down his fair eyes,  
Poor fleshly 'Tabernacle entered,  
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;  
O what a mask was there, what a disguise! 19

Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,  
Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens  
side.

These latest scenes confine my roving vers,  
To this Horizon is my *Phæbus* bound;  
His Godlike acts; and his temptations fierce,  
And former sufferings other where are found;  
Loud o're the rest *Cremóna's* Trump doth found;  
Me softer airs besit, and softer strings  
Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

## 5.

Befriend me night best Patroness of grief,  
 Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw, 30  
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,  
 That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo;  
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know:

The leaves should all be black wheron I write,  
 And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish  
 white.

## 6.

See see the Chariot, and those rushing wheels,  
 That whirl'd the Prophet up at *Chebar* flood,  
 My spirit som transporting *Cherub* feels,  
 To bear me where the Towers of *Salem* stood,  
 Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltless blood;

There doth my soul in holy vision sit 41  
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

## 7.

Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock  
 That was the Casket of Heav'n's richest store,  
 And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,  
 Yet on the softned Quarry would I score  
 My plaining vers as lively as before;

For sure so well instructed are my tears,  
 That they would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

## 8.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing, 50  
 Take up a weeping on the Mountains wilde,  
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring  
 Would soon unbosom all their Echoes milde,



And I (for grief is easily beguild)

Might think th'infection of my sorrows loud,  
Had got a race of mourners on som pregnant cloud.

*This Subject the Author finding to be above his  
yeers he had, when he wrote it, and nothing  
satisfi'd with what was begun, left it unfinished.*

## On Time.

**E**LVENIOUS *Time*, till thou run out thy race,  
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,  
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets  
pace ;

And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,  
Which is no more then what is false and vain,  
And meerly mortal dross ;  
So little is our loss,  
So little is thy gain.

For, when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,  
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd, 10  
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss  
With an individual kiss ;

And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
When every thing that is sincerely good  
And perfectly divine,  
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine  
About the supreme Throne  
Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone,  
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,

Then all this Earthy grofnefs quit, 20  
 Attir'd with Stars, we fhall for ever fit,  
 Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee  
 O Time.

## Upon the Circumcifion.

**Y**E flaming Powers, and winged Warriours  
 bright, [fong  
 That erft with Mufick, and triumphant  
 Firft heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,  
 So sweetly fung your Joy the Clouds along  
 Through the foft filence of the lift'ning night;  
 Now mourn, and if fad fhare with us to bear  
 Your fiery effence can diftill no tear,  
 Burn in your fighs, and borrow  
 Seas wept from our deep forrow,  
 He who with all Heav'ns heraldry while ear 15  
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us eafe;  
 Alas, how foon our fin

Sore doth begin

His Infancy to feafe!

O more exceeding love or law more juft?  
 Juft law indeed, but more exceeding love!  
 For we by rightful doom remediles  
 Were loft in death, till he that dwelt above  
 High thron'd in fecret blifs, for us frail duft  
 Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakednes; 20  
 And that great Cov'nant which we ftill tranfgrefs  
 Intirely fatisfi'd,


And the full wrath beside  
Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,  
And seals obedience first with wounding smart  
This day, but O ere long  
Huge pangs and strong  
Will pierce more near his heart.

### At a solemn Musick.

**B**LEST pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'n's  
joy, [and Vers,  
Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice,  
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ,  
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,  
And to our high-rais'd phantasie present,  
That undisturbed Song of pure concent,  
Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne  
To him that sits thereon  
With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubily,  
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row 10  
Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,  
And the Cherubick host in thousand quires  
Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,  
With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms,  
Hymns devout and holy Psalms  
Singing everlastingly;  
That we on Earth with undiscording voice  
May rightly answer that melodious noise;  
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin  
Jarr'd against natures chime, and with harsh din

Broke the fair musick that all creatures made 21  
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd  
 In perfect Diapason, whilst they stood  
 In first obedience, and their state of good.  
 O may we soon again renew that Song,  
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long  
 To his celestial comfort us unite,  
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn: of light.

## An Epitaph on the Marchioness of *Winchester.*

 HIS rich Marble doth enterr  
 The honour'd Wife of *Winchester*,  
 A Vicounts daughter, an Earls heir,  
 Besides what her vertues fair  
 Added to her noble birth,  
 More then she could own from Earth.  
 Summers three times eight save one  
 She had told, alas too soon,  
 After so short time of breath,  
 To house with darkness, and with death. 10  
 Yet had the number of her days  
 Bin as compleat as was her praise,  
 Nature and fate had had no strife  
 In giving limit to her life.  
 Her high birth, and her graces sweet,  
 Quickly found a lover meet;  
 The Virgin quire for her request  
 The God that sits at marriage feast;

He at their invoking came  
 But with a scarce-wel-lighted flame ; 20  
 And in his Garland as he stood,  
 Ye might discern a Cypress bud.  
 Once had the early Matrons run  
 To greet her of a lovely son,  
 And now with second hope she goes,  
 And calls *Lucina* to her throws ;  
 But whether by mischance or blame  
*Atropos* for *Lucina* came ;  
 And with remorseful cruelty,  
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree : 30  
 'The haples Babe before his birth  
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth,  
 And the languisht Mothers Womb  
 Was not long a living Tomb.  
 So have I seen some tender slip  
 Sav'd with care from Winters nip,  
 'The pride of her carnation train,  
 Pluck't up by some unheedy swain,  
 Who onely thought to crop the flower  
 New, shot up from vernal shour ; 40  
 But the fair blossom hangs the head  
 Side-ways as on a dying bed,  
 And those Pearls of dew she wears,  
 Prove to be prefaging tears  
 Which the sad morn had let fall  
 On her hast'ning funerall.  
 Gentle Lady may thy grave  
 Peace and quiet ever have ;  
 After this thy travel fore  
 Sweet rest feast thee evermore, 50

That to give the world encrease,  
 Shortned haft thy own lives leafe ;  
 Here, befides the forrowing  
 That thy noble Houfe doth bring,  
 Here be tears of perfect moan  
 Weept for thee in *Helicon*,  
 And ſom Flowers, and ſome Bays,  
 For thy Hears to ſtrew the ways,  
 Sent thee from the banks of *Came*,  
 Devoted to thy vertuous name ; 60  
 Whilſt thou bright Saint high fit'ſt in glory.  
 Next her much like to thee in ſtory,  
 That fair *Syrian* Shepherdſs,  
 Who after yeers of barrenneſs,  
 The highly favour'd *Joſeph* bore  
 To him that ſerv'd for her before,  
 And at her next birth much like thee,  
 Through pangs fled to felicity,  
 Far within the boſom bright  
 Of blazing Majeſty and Light, 70  
 There with thee, new welcom Saint,  
 Like fortunes may her ſoul acquaint,  
 With thee there clad in radiant ſheen,  
 No Marchionefs, but now a Queen.



Song. On *May* Morning.

**N**OW the bright morning Star, Dayes har-  
 binger, [with her  
 Comes dancing from the East, and leads  
 The Flowry *May*, who from her green lap throws  
 The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.  
 Hail bounteous *May* that dost inspire  
 Mirth and youth and warm desire,  
 Woods and Groves are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and Dale doth boast thy blessing.  
 Thus we salute thee with our early Song,  
 And welcom thee, and wish thee long. 10

On *Shakespear*. 1630.

**W**HAT needs my *Shakespear* for his ho-  
 nour'd Bones,  
 The labour of an age in piled Stones,  
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid  
 Under a Star-ypointing *Pyramid*?  
 Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame,  
 What need'st thou such weak witnesses of thy name?  
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
 Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.  
 For whilst to th'shame of slow-endeavouring art,  
 Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart 10  
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,

Those Delphick lines with deep impressi<sup>o</sup>n took,  
 Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving,  
 Dost make us Marble with too much conceaving;  
 And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,  
 That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

On the University Carrier,  
 who sickn'd in the time of his vacancy,  
 being forbid to go to *London*,  
 reason of the Plague.

**H**ERE lies old *Hobson*, Death hath broke  
 his girt,  
 And here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,  
 Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,  
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.  
 'Twas such a snifter, that if truth were known,  
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;  
 For he had any time this ten yeers full,  
 Dodg'd with him, betwixt *Cambridge* and the Bull.  
 And surely, Death could never have prevail'd,  
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd; 10  
 But lately finding him so long at home,  
 And thinking now his journeys end was come,  
 And that he had tane up his latest Inne,  
 In the kind office of a Chamberlin  
 Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,  
 Pull'd of his Boots, and took away the light:  
 If any ask for him, it shall be sed,  
*Hobson* has supt, and's newly gon to bed.

## Another on the same.

**T**HERE lieth one who did most truly prove,  
That he could never die while he could  
move,

So hung his destiny never to rot  
While he might still jogg on and keep his trot,  
Made of sphear-metal, never to decay  
Untill his revolution was at stay.  
'Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime  
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:  
And like an Engin mov'd with wheel and waight,  
His principles being ceast, he ended strait,  
Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,  
And too much breathing put him out of breath;  
Nor were it contradiction to affirm  
Too long vacation hastned on his term.  
Meerly to drive the time away he sickn'd,  
Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd,  
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,  
If I may not carry, sure I'll ne're be teach'd,  
But vow though the cross Doctors all stood hearers,  
For one Carrier put down to make six bearers. 20  
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,  
He di'd for heavine's that his Cart went light,  
His leasure told him that his time was com,  
And lack of load, made his life-burdenfom,  
That even to his last breath (ther be that say't)  
As he were prest to death, he cry'd more waight;  
But had his doings lasted as they were,

He had been an immortal Carrier.  
 Obedient to the Moon he spent his date  
 In cours reciprocal, and had his fate 30  
 Linkt to the mutual flowing of the Seas,  
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:  
 His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,  
 Only remains this superscription.

## The Fifth Ode of *Horace*. Lib. 1.

*Quis multa gracilis te puer in Rosa, Rendred  
 almost word for word without Rhyme according to  
 the Latin Measure, as near as the Language will  
 permit.*

**W**HAT slender Youth bedew'd with liquid  
 odours [Cave,  
 Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant  
*Pyrrha* for whom bindst thou  
 In wreaths thy golden Hair,  
 Plain in thy neatness; O how oft shall he  
 On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas  
 Rough with black winds and storms  
 Unwonted shall admire:  
 Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,  
 Who alwayes vacant, alwayes amiable 10  
 Hopes thee; of flattering gales  
 Unmindfull. Hapless they  
 To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd  
 Picture the sacred wall declares t'have hung  
 My dank and dropping weeds  
 To the stern God of Sea.

*Geoffrey of Monmouth.*

*Brutus thus addresses Diana in the country of  
Leogecia.*

**G**ODDESS of Shades, and Huntress, who  
at will [through the deep,  
Walk'st on the rowling Sphear, and  
On thy third Reign the Earth look now, and tell  
What Land, what Seat of rest thou bidst me seek,  
What certain Seat, where I may worship thee  
For aye, with 'Temples vow'd, and Virgin quires.

*To whom sleeping before the Altar, Diana in a Vision  
that night thus answer'd.*

*Brutus* far to the West, in th' Ocean wide  
Beyond the Realm of *Gaul*, a Land there lies,  
Sea-girt it lies, where Giants dwelt of old,  
Now void, it fits thy People; thither bend  
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting seat,  
There to thy Sons another *Troy* shall rise,  
And *Kings* be born of thee, whose dædèd might  
Shall aw the World, and conquer Nations bold.

Dante.

**A**II *Constantine*, of how much ill was cause  
Not thy Conversion, but those rich demains  
That the first wealthy *Pope* receiv'd of thee.

Dante.

**F**OUNDED in chaste and humble Poverty,  
 'Gainst them that rais'd thee dost thou lift thy  
 horn,  
 Impudent whoore, where hast thou plac'd thy hope?  
 In thy Adulterers, or thy ill got wealth?  
 Another *Constantine* comes not in hast.

Ariosto.

**T**HEN past he to a flowry Mountain green,  
 Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously;  
 This was that gift (if you the truth will have)  
 That *Constantine* to good *Sylvestro* gave.

Horace.

**W**HOM do we count a good man, whom but  
 he  
 Who keeps the laws and statutes of the Senate,  
 Who judges in great suits and controversies,  
 Whose witness and opinion wins the cause?  
 But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood  
 Sees his foul inside through his whited skin.

Horace.

**T**HE Power that did create, can change the Scene  
 Of things; make mean of great, and great of  
 mean :



The brightest Glory can eclipse with Night ;  
And place the most obscure in dazzling Light.

Horace.

ALL barb'rous People, and their Princes too,  
All Purple Tyrants honour you ;  
The very wandring *Scythians* do.  
Support the Pillar of the *Roman* State,  
Lest all Men be involv'd in one Mans fate.  
Continue us in Wealth and Peace ;  
Let Wars and Tumults ever cease.

Catullus.

THE worst of Poets, I my self declare,  
By how much you the best of Patrons are.

Ovid.

RESTAIN, as Manhood you esteem,  
From *Salmacis* pernicious Stream .  
If but one moment there you stay,  
Too dear you'l for your Bathing pay.—  
Depart nor Man nor Woman, but a Sight  
Disgracing both, a loath'd Hermaphrodite.

Euripides.

THIS is true Liberty, when free-born Men,  
Having to advise the Public, may speak free,

Which he who can, and will, deserv's high praise ;  
 Who neither can nor will, may hold his peace ;  
 What can be juster in a State then this ?

Virgil.

**N**O *Eastern* Nation ever did adore  
 The Majesty of Sovereign Princes more.

Virgil.

**A**ND *Britains* interwove held the Purple  
 Hangings.

Horace.

**L**AUGHING to teach the truth  
 'What hinders? as some teachers give to Boys  
 Junkets and knacks, that they may learne apace.

Horace.

**J**ESTING decides great things  
 Stronglier, and better of, then earnest can.

Sophocles.

**T**IS you that say it, not I ; you do the deeds,  
 And your ungodly deeds find me the words.

Seneca.

THERE can be flaine  
No sacrifice to God more acceptable  
Then an unjust and wicked King.

Terence.

IN silence now, and with attention wait,  
That ye may learn what th'Eunuch has to prate.

Homer.

LAUCUS, in *Lycia* we're adorn'd like Gods :  
What makes 'twixt us and others so great  
odds ?

Epigram on *Salmasius's* Hundreda.

WHO taught *Salmasius*, that *French* chatt'ring  
Pye,  
To aim at *English*, and HUNDREDA cry ?  
The starving Rascal, flusht with just a *Hundred*  
*English* Jacobussies, HUNDREDA blunder'd.  
An out-law'd King's last stock. A hundred more,  
Would make him pimp for th'Antichristian Whore ;  
And in *Rome's* praise Employ his poyson'd Breath,  
Who threatn'd once to stink the Pope to death.

## On the new forcers of Conscience under the Long *Parliament*.

**B**ECAUSE you have thrown of your Pre-  
 late Lord, [turgie  
 And with stiff Vowes renounc'd his Li-  
 To seise the widdow'd whore Pluralitie  
 From them whose sin ye envi'd, not abhor'd,  
 Dare ye for this adjure the Civill Sword  
 To force our Consciences that Christ set free,  
 And ride us with a classic Hierarchy  
 Taught ye by meer *A. S.* and *Rotherford*?  
 Men whose Life, Learning, Faith and pure intent  
 Would have been held in high esteem with *Paul*  
 Must now be nam'd and printed Hereticks 11  
 By shallow *Edwards* and Scotch what d'ye call:  
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks,  
 Your plots and packing wors then those of *Trent*,  
 That so the Parliament  
 May with their wholsom and preventive Shears  
 Clip your Phylacteries, though bauk your Ears,  
 And succour our just Fears  
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge  
*New Presbyter* is but *Old Priest* writ Large.



## Sonnets.

I.



NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy  
Spray [are still,  
Warbl'st at eve, when all the Woods  
Thou with fresh hope the Lovers heart dost fill,  
While the jolly hours lead on propitious *May*,  
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,  
First heard before the shallow Cuckoo's bill  
Portend success in love; O if *Jove's* will  
Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,  
Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate  
Foretell my hopeles doom in som Grove ny:  
As thou from year to year hast sung too late  
For my relief; yet hadst no reason why,  
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,  
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

**D**ONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora  
L'herbosa val di *Rhenò*, e il nobil varco,  
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco  
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,

*Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora  
 De sui atti soavi giamai parco,  
 E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco.  
 La onde l' alta tua virtu s'infiora.  
 Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti  
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,  
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi  
 L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;  
 Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti  
 Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.*

10

## III.

**Q**UAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera  
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella  
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella  
 Che mal si spande a disusata spera  
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,  
 Così amor meco insu la lingua snella  
 Destà il fior novo di strania favella,  
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,  
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso  
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.  
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso  
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.  
 Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno  
 A chi pianta dal ciel sì buon terreno.

10



## CANZONE.

**R**IDONSI donne e giovani amorosi  
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,  
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana  
 Verseggiando d'amor, e come t'osi?  
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,  
 E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;  
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi  
 Altri lidi t' aspettan, & altre onde  
 Nelle cui verdi sponde  
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma  
 L'immortal guiderdon d'eterni frondi  
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?  
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi  
 Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, e il mio cuore  
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

10

## IV.

**D**IODATI, e te'l diro con maraviglia,  
 Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar solea  
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea  
 Già caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.  
 Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia  
 M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova iacea  
 Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,  
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia  
 Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,  
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,  
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero

10

*Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,  
E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco  
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi sia poco.*

## V.

**P**ER certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia  
Esser non puo che non fian lo mie sole  
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole  
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,  
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)  
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,  
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole  
Chiaman sospir ; io non so che si sia :  
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela  
Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco  
Quiui d' attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela  
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge e trovar loco  
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovoſe  
Finche mia Alba riuien colma di roſe.

## VI.

**G**IOVANE piano, e ſemplicitto amante  
Poi che fuggir me ſteſſo indubbio ſono,  
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono  
Faro divoto ; io certo a prove tante  
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, coſtante,  
De penſieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono ;  
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e ſcocca il tuono,  
S'arma di ſe, d' intero diamante,  
Tanto del forſe, e d' invidia ſicuro,

*Di timori, e speranze al popol use*  
*Quanto d'ingegno, e d' alto valor vago,*  
*E di cetra sonora, a delle muse :*  
*Sol troverete in tal parte men duro*  
*Ove amor mise l'insanabil ago.*

## VII.

**H**OW soon hath time the futtle thief of youth,  
 Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth  
 year!

My hasting dayes flie on with full career,  
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.  
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,  
 And inward ripenes doth much less appear,  
 That som more timely-happy spirits indu'th.  
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
 It shall be still in strictest measure eev'n,  
 To that same lot, however mean or high,  
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of  
 All is, if I have grace to use it so, [Heav'n;  
 As ever in my great task Masters eye.

## VIII.

**C**APTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,  
 Whose chance on these defenceless dores  
 may sease,  
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,  
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms,



## X.

**D**AUGHTER to that good Earl, once President  
 Of *Englands* Counsel, and her Treasury,  
 Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee.  
 And left them both, more in himself content,  
 Till the sad breaking of that Parliament  
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
 At *Cheronea*, fatal to liberty  
 Kill'd with report that Old man eloquent,  
 Though later born, then to have known the dayes  
 Wherin your Father flourish'd, yet by you, 10  
 Madam, me thinks I see him living yet;  
 So well your words his noble vertues praise,  
 That all both judge you to relate them true,  
 And to possess them, Honour'd *Margaret*.

## XI.

**A** BOOK was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*;  
 And wov'n close, both matter, form and stile;  
 The Subject new: it walk'd the 'Town a while,  
 Numbring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.  
 Cries the stall-reader, blest us! what a word on  
 A title page is this! and some in file  
 Stand spelling fals, while one might walk to Mile-  
 End Green. Why is it harder 'Sirs then Gordon,  
 Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or 'Galasp? [sleek  
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow  
 That would have made *Quintilian* stare and gasp.

Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek*,  
 Hated not Learning wors then Toad or Asp;  
 When thou taught'st *Cambridge*, and King *Edward*  
*Greek*.

XII. *On the same.*

I DID but prompt the age to quit their cloggs  
 By the known rules of antient libertie,  
 When strait a barbarous noise environs me  
 Of Owles and Cuckoes, Asses, Apes, and Doggs.  
 As when those Hinds that were transform'd to  
 Raild at *Latona's* twin-born progenie [Froggs  
 Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.  
 But this is got by casting Pearl to Hoggs;  
 That bawle for freedom in their fenceless mood,  
 And still revolt when truth would set them free.  
 Licence they mean when they cry libertie;  
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good;  
 But from that mark how far they roave we see  
 For all this wast of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII. *To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Aires.*

HARRY whose tuncful and well measur'd Song  
 First taught our English Musick how to span  
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
 With *Midas* Ears, committing short and long;  
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
 With praise enough for Envy to look wan;  
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man.

That with smooth aire couldst humor best our  
tongue.

Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must send her wing  
To honour thee, the Priest of *Phæbus* Quire  
That tun'st their happiest lines in Hymn, or Story.  
*Dante* shall give Fame leave to set thee higher  
Then his *Casella* whom he woo'd to sing  
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

## XIV. .

WHEN Faith and Love which parted from  
thee never,  
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,  
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load  
Of Death, call'd Life; which us from Life doth  
sever.

Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour  
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;  
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,  
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.  
Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best  
Thy hand-maids, clad them o're with purple  
beams

And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,  
And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams  
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest  
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.



XV. To my Lord *Fairfax*.

**F***AIRFAX*, whose Name in Arms through *Eu-*  
*rope* rings,  
 And fills all Mouths with Envy or with Praise,  
 And all her Jealous Monarchs with Amaze.  
 And Rumours loud which daunt remotest Kings,  
 Thy firm unshaken Valour ever brings  
 Victory home, while new Rebellions raise  
 Their Hydra-heads, and the false *North* displays  
 Her broken League to Imp her Serpent Wings :  
 O yet ! a Nobler task awaits thy Hand,  
 For what can War, but Acts of War still breed,  
 Till injur'd Truth from Violence be freed ;  
 And publick Faith be rescu'd from the Brand  
 Of publick Fraud ; in vain doth Valour bleed,  
 While Avarice and Rapine shares the Land.

XVI. To *Oliver Cromwell*.

**C***ROMWELL* our Chief of Men, that through  
 a Croud,  
 Not of War only, but distractions rude ;  
 Guided by Faith, and Matchless Fortitude :  
 To Peace and Truth, thy Glorious way hast  
 Plough'd,  
 And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud  
 Hast rear'd God's Trophies, and his Work pur-  
 sued, [imbru'd ;  
 While *Darwent* Streams with Blood of *Scots*

And *Dumbarfield* resound thy Praises loud,  
And *Worcester's* Laureat Wreath; yet much remains  
To Conquer still; Peace hath her Victories 10  
No less than those of War; new Foes arise  
Threatning to bind our Souls in secular Chains,  
Help us to save Free Conscience from the paw  
Of Hireling Wolves, whose Gospel is their Maw.

XVII. To Sir *Henry Vane*.

VANE, Young in years, but in Sage Councils  
old,

Then whom a better Senator ne're held  
The Helm of *Rome*, when Gowns, not Arms,  
repell'd

The fierce *Epirote*, and the *African* bold,  
Whether to settle Peace, or to unfold  
The Drift of hollow States, hard to be Spell'd;  
Then to advise how War may best be upheld,  
Mann'd by her Two main Nerves, Iron and Gold,  
In all her Equipage: Besides, to know  
Both Spiritual and Civil, what each means,  
What serves each, thou hast learn'd, which few  
have done.

The bounds of either Sword to thee we owe;  
Therefore on thy Right hand Religion leans,  
And reckons thee in chief her Eldest Son.

XVIII. *On the late Massacher in Piemont.*

AVENGE O Lord thy slaughter'd Saints, whose  
bones

Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,  
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old  
When all our Fathers worship't Stocks and Stones,  
Forget not : in thy book record their groans  
Who were thy Sheep and in their antient Fold  
Slayn by the bloody *Piemontese* that roll'd  
Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their  
moans

The Vales redoubl'd to the Hills, and they  
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow  
O're all th'*Italian* fields where still doth sway  
The triple Tyrant : that from these may grow  
A hunder'd-fold, who having learnt thy way  
Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo.

## XIX.

WHEN I confid er how my light is spent,  
E're half my days, in this dark world and  
wide,

And that one Talent which is death to hide,  
Lodg'd with me uselefs, though my Soul more  
bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, least he returning chide,  
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,  
I fondly ask ; But patience to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need  
 Either man's work or his own gifts, who best  
 Bear his milde yoke, they serve him best, his State  
 Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed  
 And pass o're Land and Ocean without rest:  
 They also serve who only stand and waite.

## XX.

**L**AURENCE of vertuous Father vertuous Son,  
 Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are  
 mire,

Where shall we, sometimes meet, and by the fire  
 Help waite a fullen day; what may be won  
 From the hard Season gaining: time will run  
 On smoother, till *Favonius* re-inspire  
 The frozen earth; and cloth in fresh attire  
 The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.  
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
 Of Attick tast, with Wine, whence we may rise  
 To hear the Lute well toucht, or artfull voice  
 Warble immortal Notes and *Tuskan* Ayre?  
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

## XXI.

**C**YRIACK, whose Grandfire on the Royal Bench  
 Of Brittain *Themis*, with no mean applause  
 Pronounc't and in his volumes taught our Lawes,  
 Which others at their Barr so often wrench:

To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench  
 In mirth, that after no repenting drawes ;  
 Let *Euclid* rest and *Archimedes* pause,  
 And what the *Swede* intend, and what the *French*.  
 To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know  
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way ;  
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,  
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
 And when God sends a cheerful hour, remains.

XXII. To Mr. *Cyriac Skinner*.

Upon his Blindness.

**CYRIAC** this Three years day, these Eyes though  
 clear

To outward view of blemish or of Spot,  
 Bereft of Sight, their Seeing have forgot:  
 Nor to their idle Orbs doth day appear,  
 Or Sun, or Moon, or Star, throughout the Year ;  
 Or Man, or Woman ; yet I argue not  
 Against Heaven's Hand, or Will, nor hate one jot  
 Of Heart or Hope ; but still bear up, and steer  
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask ?  
 The Conscience, Friend, to have lost them over  
 In Liberties Defence, my noble task ; [ply'd  
 Of which all *Europe* rings from side to side.  
 This thought might lead me through this World's  
 vain mask  
 Content, though blind, had I no other Guide.

## XXIII.

**M**ETHOUGHT I saw my late espoused Saint  
Brought to me like a flower from the grave,  
Whom my great Father from the grave,  
Rescued from death by force though a pagan Saint.  
Mine as when wash'd from spot of child's sin,  
Purification in the old Law did save,  
And such, as yet once more I trust to have  
Full sight of her in Heaven without rest.  
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind,  
Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancy  
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shinn'd  
So clear, as in no face with more delight  
But O as to embrace me she inclin'd  
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.



## Psalms.

PSAL. I. *Done into Verse, 1653.*

**B**LESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd  
astray.

In counsel of the wicked, and ith' way  
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat  
Of scorners hath not fate. But in the great  
*Jehovah's* Law is ever his delight,  
And in his Law he studies day and night.  
He shall be as a tree which planted grows  
By watry streams, and in his season knows  
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,  
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all. 10  
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which scap'd  
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand  
In judgment, or abide their tryal then,  
Nor sinners in th'assembly of just men.  
For the Lord knows th'upright way of the just,  
And the way of bad men to ruine must.



PSAL. II. Done Aug. 8. 1653. Terzetti.

**W**HY do the Gentiles tumult, and the Na-  
tions [earth upstand  
Mise a vain thing, the Kings of th'  
With power, and Princes in their Congrega-  
tions

Lay deep their plots together through each Land,  
Against the Lord and, his Messiah dear.

Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand  
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,  
Their twitted cords: he who in Heaven doth  
dwell

Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe  
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell 10

And fierce ire trouble them; but I faith hee  
Anointed have my King (though ye rebell)  
On Sion my holi' hill. A firm decree

I will declare; the Lord to me hath say'd  
Thou art my Son I have begotten thee  
This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;  
As thy possession I on thee bestow

Th'Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd  
Earths utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full  
low

With Iron Scepter bruis'd, and them disperse  
Like to a potters vessel shiyer'd so. 21

And now be wise at length ye Kings averse  
Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear  
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse

With trembling ; kiss the Son lest he appear  
 In anger and ye perish in the way  
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel fere.  
 Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSAL. III. Aug. 9. 1653.

*When he fled from Absalom.*

**L**ORD how many are my foes  
 How many those  
 That in arms against me rise

Many are they

That of my life distrustfully thus say,  
 No help for him in God there lies.

But thou Lord art my shield my glory,  
 Thee through my story

Th' exalter of my head I count

Aloud I cry'd

10

Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd  
 And heard me from his holy mount.

I lay and slept, I wak'd again,

For my sustain

Was the Lord. Of many millions

The populous rout

I fear not though incamping round about  
 They pitch against me their Pavillions.

Rise Lord, save me my God for thou

Hast smote ere now

20

On the check-bone all my foes,

Of men abhor'd

Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the  
 Thy blessing on thy people flows. [Lord ;

PSAL. IV. *Aug. 10. 1653.*

**A**NSWER me when I call  
 God of my righteousness  
 In straights and in distress

Thou didst me disenthral

And set at large; now spare,

Now pity me, and hear my earnest prai'r.

Great ones how long will ye

My glory have in scorn

How long be thus forborn

Still to love vanity,

To love, to seek, to prize

Things false and vain and nothing else but lies

Yet know the Lord hath chose

Chose to himself a part

The good and meek of heart

(For whom to chuse he knows)

Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voyce what time to him I cry.

Be aw'd, and do not sin,

Speak to your hearts alone,

Upon your beds, each one,

And be at peace within.

Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness and in Jehovah trust.

Many there be that say

Who yet will shew us good?

Talking like this world's brood;

But Lord, thus let me pray,

On us lift up the light

Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.

Into my heart more joy

31

And gladness thou hast put

Then when a year of glut

Their stores doth over-cloy

And from their plenteous grounds

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds

In peace at once will I

Both lay me down and sleep

For thou alone dost keep

Me safe where ere I lie

40

As in a rocky Cell

Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSAL. V. *Aug. 12. 1653.*



JEHOVAH to my words give ear

My meditation waigh

The voyce of my complaining hear

My King and God for unto thee I pray.

Jehovah thou my early voyce

Shalt in the morning hear

Ith'morning I to thee with choyce

Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appear.

For thou art not a God that takes

In wickedness delight

10

Evil with thee no biding makes

Fools or mad men stand not within thy fight.

All workers of iniquity

Thou hat'st; and them unblest

Thou wilt destroy that speak a ly  
 The bloodi' and guileful man God doth detest.  
 But I will in thy mercies dear  
     Thy numerous mercies go  
 Into thy house; I in thy fear  
 \*Will towards thy holy temple worship low.      20  
 Lord lead me in thy righteousness  
     Lead me because of those  
 That do observe if I transgress,  
 Set thy wayes right before, where my step goes.  
 For in his faltring mouth, unstable  
     No word is firm or sooth  
 Their infide, troubles miserable;  
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they  
     smooth.  
 God, find them guilty, let them fall  
     By their own counsels quell'd;      30  
 Push them in their rebellions all  
 Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd;  
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring  
     Their joy, while thou from blame  
 Defend'st them, they shall ever sing  
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.  
 For thou Jehoyah wilt be found  
     To bleſs the juſt man ſtill,  
 As with a ſhield thou wilt ſurround  
 Him with thy laſting favour and good will.      40

PSAL. VI. *Aug. 13. 1653.*

**L**ORD in thine anger do not reprehend me  
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;  
 Pity me Lord for I am much deject

Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me,  
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,

Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore  
 And thou O Lord how long? turn Lord, restore

My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake  
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;

Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise? 10  
 Wearied I am with sighing out my dayes,

Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;  
 My Bed I water with my tears; mine Eye

Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark  
 Ith' mid't of all mine enemies that mark.

Depart all ye that work iniquitie.

Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping

The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my  
 prai'r

My supplication with acceptance fair

The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.  
 Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash't 21

With much confusion, then grow red with  
 shame,

They shall return in hal the way they came

And in a moment shall be quite abash't.

PSAL. VII. *Aug. 14, 1653.*

*Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite 'gainst him.*

**L**ORD my God to thee I flie  
 Save me and secure me under  
 Thy protection while I crie  
 Least as a Lion (and no wonder)  
 He hast to tear my Soul afunder  
 Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God if I have thought  
 Or done this, if wickedness  
 Be in my hands, if I have wrought  
 Ill to him that meant me peace,  
 Or to him have render'd less,  
 And not fre'd my foe for naught;

Let th'enemy pursue my soul  
 And overtake it, let him tread  
 My life down to the earth and roul  
 In the dust my glory dead,  
 In the dust and there out spread  
 Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise Jehovah in thine ire  
 Rouze thy self amidst the rage  
 Of my foes that urge like fire;  
 And wake for me, their furi' asswage;  
 Judgment here thou didst ingage  
 And command which I desire.



So th' assemblies of each Nation  
 Will furround thee, seeking right,  
 Thence to thy glorious habitation  
 Return on high and in their fight.  
 Jehovah judgeth most upright  
 All people from the worlds foundation. 30

Judge me Lord, be judge in this  
 According to my righteousness  
 And the innocence which is  
 Upon me: cause at length to cease  
 Of evil men the wickedness  
 And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,  
 Since thou art the just God that tries  
 Hearts and reins. On God is cast  
 My defence, and in him lies 40  
 In him who both just and wise  
 Saves th' upright of Heart at last.

God is a just Judge and severe,  
 And God is every day offended;  
 If th' unjust will not forbear,  
 His Sword he whets, his Bow hath bended  
 Already, and for him intended  
 The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he  
 For them that persecute.) Behold 50  
 He travels big with vanitie,  
 Trouble he hath conceav'd of old  
 As in a womb, and from that mould  
 Hath at length brought forth a Lie.

He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,  
And fell into the pit he made,  
His mischief that due course doth keep,  
Turns on his head, and his ill trade  
Of violence will undelay'd  
Fall on his crown with ruine steep. 60

Then will I Jehovah's praise  
According to his justice raise  
And sing the Name and Deitie  
Of Jehovah the most high.

PSAL. VIII. Aug. 14. 1653.



JEHOVAH our Lord how wondrous  
great [the earth?  
And glorious is thy name through all  
So as above the Heavens thy praise to set  
Out of the tender mouths of latest bearth,  
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou  
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes  
To flint th'enemy, and slack th'avengers brow  
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.  
When I behold thy Heavens, thy Fingers art,  
The Moon and Starrs which thou so bright hast  
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart, [set,  
O what is man that thou remembrest yet,  
And think'st upon him; or of man begot  
That him thou visit'st and of him art found;  
Scarce to be less then Gods, thou mad'st his lot,  
With honour and with state thou hast him  
crown'd.

O're the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,  
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,  
 All Flocks, and Herds, by thy commanding word,  
 All beasts that in the field or forrest meet. 20

Fowl of the Heavens, and Fish that through the wet  
 Sea-paths in shoals do slide. And know no dearth.  
 O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great  
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth.

April, 1648. J. M.

*Nine of the Psalms done into Metre, wherein all but  
 what is in a different Character, are the very  
 words of the Text, translated from the Original.*

PSAL. LXXX.

1

**T**HOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep  
 Give ear in time of need,  
 Who leadest like a flock of sheep  
 Thy loved Josephs feed,  
 That sitt'st between the Cherubs bright  
 Between their wings out-spread  
 Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,  
 And on our foes thy dread  
 2 In Ephraims view and Benjamins,  
 And in Manasse's fight 10  
 Awake<sup>1</sup> thy strength, come, and be seen  
 To save us by thy might.

---

<sup>1</sup> Gnorera.

- 3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*  
*To us O God vouchsafe ;*  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine  
 And then we shall be safe.
- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,  
 How long wilt thou declare  
 Thy <sup>2</sup>smoking wrath, *and angry brow*  
 Against thy peoples praise. 20
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,  
 Their bread with tears they eat,  
 And mak'st them<sup>3</sup> largely drink the tears  
*Wherwith their cheeks are wet.*
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*  
 To every neighbour foe,  
 Among themselves they 'laugh, they 'play,  
 And 'flouts at us they throw.
- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*  
 O God of Hosts *vouchsafe* 30  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A Vine from Ægypt thou hast brought,  
 Thy free love made it *thine,*  
 And drov'st out Nations *proud and haught,*  
 To plant this *lovely Vine.*
- 9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place  
 And root it deep and fast  
 That it *began to grow apace,*  
*And fill'd the land at last.* 40
- 10 With her green shade *that 'cover'd all,*  
 The Hills were *over-spread*

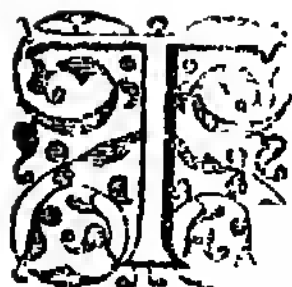
- Her Bows as *high as Cedars tall*  
*Advanc'd their lofty head.*
- 11 Her branches *on the western side*  
 Down to the Sea she sent,  
 And *upward* to that river *wide*  
 Her other branches *went*.
- 12 Why hast thou laid her Hedges low  
 And brok'n down her Fence, 50  
 That all may pluck her, as they go,  
*With rudest violence?*
- 13 The *tusked* Boar out of the wood  
 Up turns it by the roots,  
 While Beasts there brouze, and make their food  
*Her Grapes and tender Shoots.*
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down  
 From Heav'n, thy Seat divine,  
 Behold *us, but without a frown,*  
 And visit this *thy* Vine. 60
- 15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand  
 Hath set, and planted *long,*  
 And the young branch, that for thy self  
 Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consum'd with fire,  
 And cut *with Axes* do vn,  
 They perish at thy dreadfull ire,  
 At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand  
 Let thy *good* hand be *laid,*  
 Upon the Son of Man, whom thou  
 Strong for thyself hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee  
*To wayes of sin and shame,*

Quick'n us thou, then *gladly* wee  
Shall call upon thy Name.

Return us, *and thy grace divine*  
Lord God of Hosts *voutsafe*,  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be fate.

80

PSAL. LXXXI.

 O God our strength sing loud, *and clear*,  
Sing loud to God *our King*,  
To Jacobs God, *that all may bear*  
Loud acclamations ring.

2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song  
The Timbrel hither bring  
'The *cheerfull* P'saltry bring along  
And Harp *with* pleasant *string*,

3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new Moon  
With 'Trumpets *lofty sound*,  
Th' appointed time, the day wheron  
Our solemn Feast *comes round*.

10

4 This was a Statute *giv'n of old*  
For Israel *to observe*  
A Law of Jacobs God, *to hold*  
*From whence they might not ferve.*

5 This he a Testimony ordain'd  
In Joseph, *not to change*,  
When as he pass'd through Ægypt land;  
The Tongue I heard, was strange.

20

6 From burden, *and from slavish toyle*  
I set his shoulder free;

His hands from pots, *and mirie soyle*  
 Deliver'd were *by me*.

7 When trouble did thee fore affaile,  
*On me then* didst thou call,  
 And I to free thee *did not faile*,  
*And led thee out of thrall*.

I answer'd thee in <sup>1</sup>thunder deep  
 With clouds encompass'd round;  
 I tri'd thee at the water *steep*  
*Of Meriba renown'd*.

30

8 Hear O my people, *heark'n well*,  
 I testific to thee  
*Thou antient flock of Israel*,  
 If thou wilt list to mee;

9 Through out the land of thy abode  
 No alien God shall be  
 Nor shalt thou to a forein God  
 In honour bend thy knee.

40

10 I am the Lord thy God which brought  
 Thee out of *Ægypt land*  
 Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,  
 Will grant thy full demand.

11 And yet my people would not *hear*,  
*Nor* hearken to my voice;  
 And Israel *whom I lov'd so dear*  
 Mislik'd me for his choice.

12 Then did I leave them to their will  
 And to their wandering mind;  
 Their own conceits they follow'd still  
 Their own devl'ses blind.


50



- 13 O that my people would *be wise*  
*To serve me all their daies,*  
 And O that Israel would *advise*  
*To walk my righteous waies.*
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes  
*That now so proudly rise,*  
 And turn my hand against *all those*  
*That are their enemies.* 6c
- 15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*  
*To bow to him and bend,*  
 But *they, his People, should remain,*  
*Their time should have no end.*
- 16 And He would feed them *from the shock*  
 With flower of finest wheat,  
 And fatisfie them from the rock  
 With Honey *for their Meat.*

PSAL. LXXXII.

I

-  OD in the <sup>1</sup>great <sup>1</sup>assembly stands  
*Of Kings and kingly States,*  
<sup>2</sup>Among the gods <sup>2</sup>on both his hands  
 He judges and debates.
- 2 How long will ye <sup>3</sup>pervert the right  
 With <sup>3</sup>judgment false and wrong  
 Favouring the wicked *by your might,*  
*Who thence grow bold and strong?*
- 3 <sup>4</sup>Regard the <sup>4</sup>weak and fatherless  
<sup>4</sup>Dispatch the <sup>4</sup>poor mans cause, 10

<sup>1</sup> Bagnadath-el.

<sup>2</sup> Bekerev.

<sup>3</sup> Tishphetu gnavel.

<sup>4</sup> Shiphtu-dal.

- And <sup>5</sup>raise the man in deep distress  
 By <sup>5</sup>just and equal Lawes.  
 4 Defend the poor and desolate,  
 And rescue from the hands  
 Of wicked men the low estate  
 Of him *that help demands*.  
 5 They know not nor will understand,  
 In darkness they walk on,  
 The Earths foundations all are <sup>6</sup>mov'd  
 And <sup>6</sup>out of order gon. 20  
 6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all  
 The Sons of God most high  
 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall  
 As other Princes *die*.  
 8 Rise God, <sup>7</sup>judge thou the earth *in might*,  
 'This *wicked* earth <sup>7</sup>redress,  
 For thou art he who shalt by right  
 The Nations all possess.

## PSAL. LXXXIII.

**B**E not thou silent *now at length*  
 O God hold not thy peace,  
 Sit not thou still O God of *strength*  
*We cry and do not cease*.  
 2 For lo thy *furious* foe *now* <sup>1</sup>swell  
 And <sup>1</sup>storm outrageously,  
 And they that hate thee *proud and fell*  
 Exalt their heads full hie.

- 3 Against thy people they <sup>2</sup>contrive  
<sup>3</sup>Their Plots and Counfels deep, 10  
<sup>4</sup>Them to ensnare they chiefly strive  
<sup>5</sup>Whom thou dost hide and keep.  
4 Come let us cut them off say they,  
Till they no Nation be  
That Israels name for ever may  
Be lost in memory.  
5 For they consult "with all their might,  
And all as one in mind  
Themselves against thee they unite  
And in firm union bind. 20  
6 The tents of Edom, and the brood  
Of *scornful* Ishmael,  
Moab, with them of Hagars blood  
*That in the Desert dwell,*  
7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*  
And *hateful* Amalec,  
The Philistims, and they of Tyre  
*Whose bounds the Sea doth check.*  
8 With them great Aschur also bands  
*And doth confirm the knot,* 30  
*All these have lent their armed hands*  
To aid the Sons of Lot.<sup>1</sup>  
9 Do to them<sup>2</sup> as to Midian *bold*  
*That wasted all the Coast.*  
To Sisera, and as *is told*  
*Thou didst to Jabins boast,*  
*When at the brook of Kishon old*  
*They were repulst and slain,*

<sup>2</sup> Jagnarimu.

<sup>3</sup> Sod.

<sup>4</sup> Jithjagnatsu gnal.

<sup>5</sup> Tsephuneca.

<sup>6</sup> Lev jachdau.

10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd  
As dung upon the plain.

40

11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped  
So let their Princes speed  
As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bled*  
So let their Princes *bleed*.

12 For they amidst their pride have said  
By right now shall we seize  
Gods houses, and *will now invade*  
<sup>7</sup> Their stately Palaces.

13 My God, oh make them as a wheel  
*No quiet let them find,*  
Giddy and *restless* let them reel  
Like stubble from the wind.

50

14 As *when* an aged wood takes fire  
*Which on a sudden straits,*  
The greedy flame runs hier and hier  
Till all the mountains blaze,

15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,  
And with thy tempest chase;

16 <sup>8</sup>And till they <sup>8</sup>yield thee honour due,  
Lord fill with shame their face.

60

17 Asham'd and troubl'd let them be,  
Troubl'd and sham'd for ever,  
Ever confounded, and so die  
With shame, *and scape it never*.

18 Then shall they know that thou whose name  
Jehova is alone,  
Art the most high, *and thou the same*  
O're all the earth *art one*.

<sup>7</sup> Neoth Elohim bears both.    <sup>8</sup> They seek thy Name, *Heb.*

PSAL. LXXXIV.

**N**OW lovely are thy dwellings fair !  
 O Lord of Hoasts, how dear  
 The *pleasant* Tabernacles are !  
*Where thou do'st dwell so near.*

2 My Soul doth long and almost die  
 Thy Courts O Lord to see,  
 My heart and flesh aloud do crie,  
 O living God, for thee.

3 There ev'n the Sparrow *freed from wrong*  
 Hath found a house of *rest*,  
 The Swallow there, to lay her young  
 Hath built her *brooding* nest,  
 Ev'n *by* thy Altars Lord of Hoasts  
*They find their safe abode,*  
*And home they fly from round the Coasts*  
*Toward thee, My King, my God.*

4 Happy, who in thy house reside  
 Where thee they ever praise,


5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth hide,  
 And in their hearts thy "waies.

6 They pass through Baca's *thirstie* Vale,  
*That dry and barren ground*  
 As through a fruitfull watry Dale  
 Where Springs and Showrs abound.

7 They journey on from strength to strength  
*With joy and gladson cheer*  
*Till all before our God at length*  
 In Sion do appear.

- 8 Lord God of Hoasts hear *now* my praier  
 O Jacobs God give ear, 30
- 9 Thou God our shield look on the face  
 Of thy anointed *dear*.
- 10 For one day in thy Courts *to be*  
 Is better, *and more blest*  
 Then *in the joyes of Vanity*,  
 A thousand daies *at best*.  
 I in the temple of my God  
 Had rather keep a dore,  
 Then dwell in Tents, *and rich abode*  
 With Sin *for evermore*. 40
- 11 For God the Lord both Sun and Shield  
 Gives grace and glory *bright*,  
 No good from them shall be with-held  
 Whose waies are just and right.
- 12 Lord God of Hoasts *that raign'st on high*,  
 That man is *truly* blest,  
 Who *only* on thee doth relie,  
 And in thee only rest.

## PSAL. LXXXV.

- HY Land to favour graciously  
 Thou hast not Lord been slack,  
 Thou hast from *hard* Captivity  
 Returned Jacob back.
- 2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive  
 That wrought thy people woe,  
 And all their Sin, *that did thee grieve*  
 Hast hid *where none shall know*.

- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,  
 And *calmly* didst return 10  
 From thy<sup>1</sup> fierce wrath which we had prov'd  
 Far worse then fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace,  
 Turn us, and us restore,  
 Thine indignation cause to cease  
 Toward us, *and chide no more.*
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,  
 For ever angry thus  
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend  
 From age to age on us? 20
- 6 Wilt thou not<sup>2</sup> turn, and *hear our voice*  
 And us again<sup>2</sup> revive,  
 That so thy people may rejoice  
 By thee preserv'd alive.
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness Lord,  
 To us thy mercy shew  
 Thy saving health to us afford  
*And life in us renew.*
- 8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak  
 . I will go *strait* and hear, 30  
 For to his people he speaks peace  
 And to his Saints *full dear,*  
 To his dear Saints he will speak peace,  
 But let them never more  
 Return to folly, *but surcease*  
*To trespass as before.*
- 9 Surely to such as do him fear


<sup>1</sup> Heb. The burning heat of thy wrath.

<sup>2</sup> Heb. Turn to quicken us.



- Salvation is at hand  
 And glory shall *ere long appear*  
*To dwell within our Land.* 40
- 10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd*  
*Now joyfully are met*  
*Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd*  
*And hand in hand are set.*
- 11 Truth from the earth *like to a flower*  
*Shall bud and blossom then,*  
 And Justice from her heavenly bow  
*Look down on mortal men.*
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow  
 Whatever thing is good 50  
 Our Land shall forth in plenty throw  
*Her fruits to be our food.*
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall go  
*His Royal Harbinger,*  
 Then <sup>3</sup> will he come, and not be slow  
 His footsteps cannot err.

## PSAL. LXXXVI.

HY gracious ear, O Lord, encline,  
 O hear me *I thee pray,*  
 For I am poor, and almost pine  
 With need, *and sad decay.*

- 2 Preserve my soul, for <sup>1</sup> I have trod  
 Thy waics, and love the just,

<sup>3</sup> Heb. He will set his steps to the way.

<sup>1</sup> Heb. I am good-loving, a doer of good and holy things.

- Save thou thy servant O my God  
 Who *still* in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pitty me Lord for daily thee  
 I call; 4 O make rejoyce 10  
 Thy Servants Soul; for Lord to thee  
 I lift my soul *and voice*,
- 5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone  
 To pardon, thou to all  
 Art full of mercy, thou *alone*  
 To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication Lord  
 Give ear, and to the crie  
 Of my *incessant* praiers afford  
 Thy hearing graciously. 20
- 7 I in the day of my distrefs  
 Will call on thee *for aid*;  
 For thou wilt *grant* me *free access*  
*And answer, what I pray'd.*
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none  
 O Lord, nor any works  
*Of all that other gods have done*  
 Like to thy *glorious* works.
- 9 'The Nations all whom thou hast made  
 Shall come, *and all shall frame* 30  
 To bow them low before thee Lord,  
 And glorific thy name.
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great  
 By thy strong hand are done,  
 Thou *in thy everlasting Seat*,  
 Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me O Lord thy way *most right*,  
 I in thy truth will bide,

- To fear thy name my heart unite  
*So shall it never slide* 40
- 12 Thee will I praise O Lord my God  
*Thee honour, and adore*  
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad  
Thy name for ever more.
- 13 For great thy mercy is toward me,  
And thou hast free'd my Soul  
Eev'n from the lowest Hell set free  
*From deepest darkness foul.*
- 14 O God the proud against me rise  
And violent men are met 50  
To seek my life, and in their eyes  
No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou Lord art the God most mild  
Readiest thy grace to shew,  
Slow to be angry, and *art stil'd*  
Most mercifull, most true.
- 16 O turn to me *thy face at length,*  
And me have mercy on,  
Unto thy fervant give thy strength,  
And save thy hand-maids Son. 60
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,  
And let my foes *then* see  
And be asham'd, because thou Lord  
Do'st help and comfort me.

## PSAL. LXXXVII.

## I



**A**MONG the holy Mountains *high*  
 Is his foundation fast,  
*There Seated in his Sanctuary,*  
*His Temple there is plac't.*

- 2 Sions *fair* Gates the Lord loves more  
 Then all the dwellings *faire*  
 Of Jacobs Land, though there be store,  
*And all within his care.*
- 3 City of God, most glorious things  
 Of thee *abroad* are spoke ;
- 4 I mention Egypt, where proud Kings  
*Did our forefathers yoke,*  
 I mention Babel to my friends,  
*Philistia full of scorn,*  
 And Tyre with Ethiops *utmost ends,*  
 Lo this man there was born :
- 5 But *twice* that praise shall in our ear  
*Be said of Sion last*  
 This and this man was born in her,  
 High God shall fix her fast.
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a Scrowle  
 That ne're shall be out-worn  
 When he the Nations doth enrowle  
 That this man there was born.
- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance  
*With sacred Songs are there,*  
 In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance*  
*And all my fountains clear.*

## PSAL. LXXXVIII.

I

- L**ORD God that dost me save and keep, .  
 All day to thee I cry ;  
 And all night long, before thee *weep*  
 Before thee *prostrate lie*.
- 2 Into thy presence let my praier  
*With sighs devout ascend*  
 And to my cries, that *ceaseless are*,  
 'Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store  
 Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie, 10  
 My life *at deaths uncherful dore* .  
 Unto the grave draws nigh.
- 4 Reck'n'd I am with them that pass  
 Down to the *dismal* pit  
 I am a 'man, but weak alas  
 And for that name unfit.
- 5 From life discharg'd and parted quite  
 Among the dead *to sleep*,  
 And like the slain *in bloody fight*  
 That in the grave lie *deep*. 20
- Whom thou rememberest no more,  
 Dost never more regard,  
 Them from thy hand deliver'd o're  
*Deaths hideous house hath barr'd*.
- 6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*  
 Hast set me *all forlorn*,

Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,  
In horrid deeps *to mourn*.

7 Thy wrath *from which no shelter saves*  
Full sore doth press on me;

30

<sup>2</sup>Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,  
<sup>2</sup>And all thy waves break me.

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,  
And mak'st me odious,  
Me to them odious, *for they change*,  
And I here pent up thus.

9 'Through sorrow, and affliction great  
Mine eye grows dim and dead,  
Lord all the day I thee entreat,  
My hands to thee I spread.

40

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,  
Shall the deceas'd arise  
And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*  
*With pale and hollow eyes?*

11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell  
On whom the grave *bath hold*,  
Or they *who* in perdition dwell  
Thy faithfulness *unfold?*

12 In darkness can thy mighty hand  
Or wondrous acts be known,  
Thy justice in the *gloomy* land  
Of *dark* oblivion?

50

13 But I to thee O Lord do cry  
*E're yet my life be spent*,  
And *up to thee* my praier *doth lie*  
Each morn, and thee prevent.

- 14 Why wilt thou Lord my foul forsake,  
 And hide thy face from me,  
 15 That am already bruis'd, and <sup>3</sup>shake  
 With terror sent from thee; 60  
 Bruz'd, and afflicted and *so low*  
 As ready to expire,  
 While I thy terrors undergo  
 Astonish'd with thine ire.  
 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow  
 Thy threatnings cut me through.  
 17 All day they round about me go,  
 Like waves they me pursue.  
 18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd  
 And sever'd from me far. 70  
 They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,  
 And as in darknes are.

#### A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

*This and the following Psalm were done by the Author  
 at fifteen years old.*



WHEN the blest seed of *Terah's* faithful Son,  
 After long toil their liberty had won,  
 And past from *Pharian* Fields to *Ca-*  
*naan* Land,  
 Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,  
*Jehovah's* wonders were in *Israel* shown,  
 His praise and glory was in *Israel* known.



That saw the troubled Sea, and shivering fled,  
 And sought to hide his froth becurled head  
 Low in the earth, *Jordans* clear streams recoil,  
 As a faint Host that hath receiv'd the foil. 10  
 The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams  
 Amongst their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.  
 Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Moun-  
 tains? [tains?  
 Why turned *Jordan* toward his Chrystal Foun-  
 Shake earth, and at the presence be agast  
 Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,  
 That glassy fouds from rugged rocks can crush,  
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

PSAL. CXXXVI.

**L**ET us with a gladfom mind  
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind  
 For his mercies ay endure,  
 Ever faithfull, ever sure.

• Let us blaze his Name abroad,  
 For of gods he is the God;  
 For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,  
 Who doth the wrathfull tyrants quell.  
 For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make  
 Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.  
 • For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create  
The painted Heav'ns so full of state.  
For his, &c.

20

Who did the solid Earth ordain  
To rise above the watry plain.  
For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might,  
Did fill the new-made world with light.  
For his, &c.

And caus'd the Golden-tress'd Sun,  
All the day long his course to run.  
For his, &c.

30

The horned Moon to shine by night,  
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.  
For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand,  
Smote the first-born of *Egypt* Land.  
For his, &c.

40

And in despite of *Pharao* fell,  
He brought from thence his *Israel*.  
For, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,  
Of the *Erythraean* main.  
For, &c.

The floods stood still like Walls of Glass,  
While the Hebrew Bands did pass.  
For, &c.

50

But full soon they did devour .  
The Tawny King with all his power.  
For, &c.

His chosen people he did blefs  
In the waftfull Wildernefs.  
For, &c.

60

In bloody battel he brought down  
Kings of prowefs and renown.  
For, &c.

He foild both *Seon* and his hoft  
'That rul'd the *Amorrean* coaft.  
For, &c. •

And large-limb'd *Og* he did fubdue,  
With all his over-hardy crew.  
For, &c.

70

And to his Servant *Israel*,  
He gave their Land therein to dwell.  
For, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye  
Beheld us in our misery.  
For, &c.

80

And freed us from the flavery  
Of the invading enemy.  
For, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,  
And with full hand fupplies their need.  
For, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth  
His mighty Majesty and worth.  
For, &c.

90

That his mansion hath on high  
Above the reach of mortal eye.  
For his mercies ay endure,  
Ever faithfull, ever fure.



## Joannis Miltoni Londinensis Poemata.

Quorum pleraque intra Annum ætatis  
Vigefimum confcripfit.

**H**ÆC quæ fequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de fe quam supra fe effe dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere folent laudare, ut omnia fuis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in fe voluntatem non effe notam; Cum alii præfertim ut id faceret magnopere fuaderent. Dum enim nimia: laudis invidiam totis ab fe viribus amolitur, fibique quod plus æquo eft non attributum effe mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illuftrium quin fummo fibi honori ducat, negare non poteft.

Joannes Baptifta Manfus, Marchio Vil-  
lenfis Neapolitanus ad Joannem  
Miltonium Anglum.

**V***T mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, fi pietas fic,  
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipfe fores.*

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici  
 pocsecos laurea coronandum *Græca* nimirum,  
*Latina*, atque *Hetrusca*, Epigramma  
 Joannis Salfilli Romani.

**C**EDERE Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna ;  
 Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui ;  
 At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,  
 Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

**G**RÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,  
 Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.  
*Sclvaggi.*

Al Signor Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

ODE.

**E**RGIMI all' Etra o Clio  
 Perche di stelle intrecciero corona  
 Non piu del Biondo Dio  
 La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicono,  
 Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,  
 A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo cdace  
 Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore  
 Non puo l' oblio rapace  
 Furar dalle memorie eccelsso onore,  
 Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte  
 Virtù m' addatti, e feriro la morte.

Del Ocean profondo  
 Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anglia risiede

*Separata dal mondo,  
 Però che il suo valor l' umano eccede:  
 Questa seconda sa produrre Eroi,  
 Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.*

*Alla virtù stantata  
 Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,  
 Quella gli e sol gradita,  
 Perché in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto;  
 Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto  
 Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.*

*Lungi dal Patrio lido  
 Spinse Zeusi l' industrie ardente brama;  
 Ch' udio d' Helena il grido  
 Con aurea tromba rimbonbar la fama,  
 E per poterla effigiare al paro  
 Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.*

*Così l' Ape Ingegnosa  
 Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato  
 Dal giglio e dalla rosa,  
 E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;  
 Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,  
 Fan varie voci melodia concorde.*

*Di bella gloria amante  
 Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti  
 Le peregrine piante  
 Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;  
 Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,  
 E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.*

*Fabro quasi divino  
 Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero  
 Vide in ogni confino  
 Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;  
 L' ottimo dal miglior capo scegliea  
 Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' Idea.*

20

30

40



*Quanti nacquero in Flora  
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte, 50  
La cui memoria onora  
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,  
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,  
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.*

*Nell' altera Babelle  
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,  
Che per varie favelle  
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano :  
Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo piu degno Idioma  
Spagna, Francia, l'oscana, e Grecia e Roma.* 60

*Il piu profondi arcani  
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra  
Ch' a Ingegni sovrumani  
Tropo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,  
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine  
Della moral virtude al gran confine.*

*Non batta il Tempo l' ale,  
 Fermisi immoto, e in un sermìn si gl' anni,  
 Che di virtu immortale  
 Scorròn di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;  
 Che s' opre degne di Foema e storia  
 Furon già, l' hai presenti alla memoria.*

*Dammi tua dolce Cetra  
Se vuoi ch' io dica a' del tuo dolce canto,  
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra  
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,  
Il Tamigi il dira che gl' e concesso  
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso.*

*Io che in riva del Arno  
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro  
So che fatico indarno,*

*E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo ;  
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core  
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.*

*Del sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo  
Fiorentino.*

## Joanni Miltoni Londinenfi.

*Juveni Patria, virtutibus eximio,*

**V**IRO qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta, orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet.

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda ; Et jure ea percallet ut admirationes & plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos, intelligat.

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque, sensus ad admirationem commovent, & per ipsam motum cuique auferunt ; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

*Cui in Memoria totus Orbis : In Intellectu Sapientia :  
In voluntate ardor gloriæ : In ore Eloquentia : Harmonices  
caelestium Sphærarum sonitus . Astronomia Duce audienti ;  
Characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo  
describitur magistra . Philosophia legenti ; Antiquitatum la-  
tebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages comite assidua  
autorum Læctione.*

*Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.*

*At cur nitor in arduum ?*

*Illi, in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non suffi-  
ciant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est. Reverentiæ  
& amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tribu-  
tum offert Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus.*

*Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.*



# ELEGIARUM

## Libri Primus.

Elegia prima ad *Carolus Diodatum*.



ANDEM, charè, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,  
Pertulit & voces nuncia charta tuas,  
Pertulit occiduâ *Devæ Cestrensis* ab orâ  
Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.

Multùm crede juvat terras aluisse remotas

Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,  
Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem  
Debet, at unde brevi reddere iussâ velit.

Me tenet urbs reflûâ quam *Thamesis* alluit undâ,  
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.

Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revîsere *Camum*,  
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.

Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,  
Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!

Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri  
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.

Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,  
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,

Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,  
Lætus & exilii conditione fruor.

O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset

Ille *Tomitano* flebilis exul agro ;  
Non tunc *Jonio* quicquam cessisset *Homero*

Neve foret victo laus tibi prima *Maro*.  
 Tempora nam licet hîc placidis dare libera *Mufis*,  
 Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.  
 Excipit hinc fessum finuosi pompa theatri,  
 Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.  
 Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,  
 • Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest, 30  
 Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus  
 Detonat inculto barbara verba foro,  
 Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit fervus amanti,  
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique *Patris* ;  
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores  
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.  
 Sive cruentatum furiosa *Tragœdia* sceptrum  
 Quassat, & effusis crinibus ora rotat,  
 Et dolet, & spectro, juvat & spectasse dolendo,  
 Interdum & lacrymis dulcis amaror inest : 35  
 • Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit  
 Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit,  
 Seu ferus è tenebris iterat *Styga* criminis ultor  
 Conscia funereo pectora torre movens,  
 Seu mæret *Pelopeia* domus, seu nobilis *Ili*,  
 Aut luit incestos aula *Creontis* avos.  
 Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,  
 Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.  
 Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ constitus ulmic  
 •  
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci. 40  
 Sæpius hic blandas spirantia fœdera flammæ  
 Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.  
 Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ  
 Quæ possit senium vel reparare *Jovis* ;  
 •  
 Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,  
 Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus ;  
 Collaque bis vivi *Pelopsis* quæ brachia vincant,  
 •  
 Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,

Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,  
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor. 60  
 Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet  
 Purpura, & ipse tui floris, *Adoni*, rubor.  
 Cedite laudatæ toties *Heroides* olim,  
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica *Jovem*.  
 Cedite *Achæmeniæ* turritâ fronte puellæ,  
 Et quot *Susa* colunt, *Memnoniamque Ninon*.  
 Vos etiam *Danaæ* fasces submitтите *Nymphæ*,  
 Et vos *Iliacæ*, *Romuleæque* nurus.  
 Nec *Pompeianas Tarpëia* Musa columnas  
 Jactet, & *Aufoniis* plena theatra stolis. 70  
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima *Britannis*,  
 Extera fat tibi sit scæmina posse sequi.  
 Tuque urbs *Dardaniis Londinum* structa colonis  
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,  
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis  
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.  
 Non tibi tot cælo scintillant astra sereno  
*Endymionææ* turba ministra deæ,  
 Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auróque puellæ  
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias, 80  
 Creditur huc geminis esse invecta columbis  
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta *Venus*,  
 Huic *Cnidon*, & riguas *Simoentis* flumine valles,  
 Huic *Paphon*, & roseam posthabitura *Cypron*.  
 Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci,  
 Mœnia quàm subitò linquere fausta paro;  
 Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia *Circes*  
 Atria, divini *Molyos* usus ope.  
 Stat quoque juncosas *Cami* remeare paludes,  
 Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire *Scholæ*. 90  
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,  
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

## Elegia secunda, Anno ætatis 17.

*In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiænsis.*

ME, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas  
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,  
 Ultima præconum præconem te quoque fæva  
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.  
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis  
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse *Jovem*,  
 O dignus tamen *Harmonio* juvenescere succo,  
 Dignus in *Æsonios* vivere posse dies,  
 Dignus quem *Stygiis* medicâ revocaret ab undis  
 Arte *Coronides*, sæpe rogante dea. 10  
 Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,  
 Et celer à *Phæbo* nuntius ire tuo,  
 Talis in *Iliacâ* stabat *Cyllenius* aula  
 Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.  
 Talis & *Eurybates* ante ora furentis *Achillei*  
 Rettulit *Atridæ* jussa severa ducis.  
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, fatelles *Averni*  
 Sæva nimis Musis, *Palladi* sæva nimis,  
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,  
 Turba quidem est telis istâ petenda tuis. 20  
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis *Academia* luge,  
 Et madcant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.  
 Fundat & ipsa modos querebunda *Elegeia* tristes,  
 Personet & totis nœnia mœsta scholis.

## Elegia tertia, Anno ætatis 17.

*In obitum Præsulis Wintoniænsis.*

MOESTUS eram, & tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,  
 Hærebantque animo tristitia plura meo,  
 Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis Imago

Fecit in *Angliaco* quam *Libitina*<sup>1</sup> solo ;  
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore tures  
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face ;  
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos & jaspide muros,  
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.  
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi  
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis. 10  
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad ætherâ raptos,  
 Flevit & amissos *Belgia* tota duces.  
 At te præcipuè luxi dignissime præsul,  
*Wintoniæ*que olim gloria magna tuæ ;  
 Delicui fletu, & tristi sic ore querebar,  
 Mors fera *Tartareo* diva secunda *Jovi*,  
 Nonne fatis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,  
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,  
 Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,  
 Et crocus, & pulchræ *Cypridi* sacra rosa, 20  
 Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus  
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ ?  
 Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo  
 Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,  
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,  
 Et quod alunt nutum *Proteos* antra pecus.  
 Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas ;  
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus ?  
 Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,  
 Semideamque animam sede fugasse luâ ? 30  
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,  
 Roscidus occiduis *Hesperus* exit aquis,  
 Et *Tartessiacæ* submerierat æquore currum  
 Phœbus, ab eò littore mensus iter.  
 Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,

<sup>1</sup> *Libitina*] The plague that now raged in *London*, and carried off 35,417 persons. *Whitelock's Mem.* p. 2. *Warton.*



Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos.  
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,

Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.

Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,

Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.

40

Ac veluti cum pandit opes *Thaumantia* proles,

Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.

Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos

*Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris* amata levi.

Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,

Ditior *Hesperio* flavet arena *Tago*.

Serpit odoriferas per opes levis, aura Favoni,

Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.

Talis in extremis terræ *Gangetidis* oris

Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.

50

Ipsæ racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras

Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,

Ecce mihi subito Præsul *Wintonius* astat,

Sydereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar ;

Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,

Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.

Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,

Intremuit læto florea terra sono.

Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cælestia pennis,

Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.

60

Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,

Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos ;

Nate veni, & patrii felix capere gaudia regni,

Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.

Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turnæ,

At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.

Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,

Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

## Elegia quarta. Anno ætatis 18.

*Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem suum, apud  
mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes,  
Pastoris munere fungentem.*

CURRE per immensum subitò mea littera pontum,  
I, pete *Teutonicos* læve per æquor agros,  
Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obftet cuncti,  
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.  
Ipse ego *Sicanio* frænantem carcere ventos  
Æolon, & virides sollicitabo Deos;  
Cæruleamque suis comitatam *Dorida* Nymphis,  
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.  
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi fume jugales,  
Vecta quibus *Colchis* fugit ab ore viri.  
Aut queis *Triptolemus* *Scythicas* devenit in oras  
Gratus *Eleusina* missus ab urbe puer.  
Atque ubi *Germanas* flavere videbis arenas  
Ditis ad *Hamburgæ* mœnia flocte gradum,  
Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab *Ilamâ*,  
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.  
Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore  
Præsul *Christicolæ* pascere doctus oves;  
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,  
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.  
Ilei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjuncti  
Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!  
Charior ille mihi quam tu doctissime *Græcum*  
*Cliniadi*, princeps qui *Telamonis* erat.  
Quàmque *Stagirites* generoso magnus alumno,  
Quem peperit *Libyco* *Chæonis* alma *Jovi*.  
Qualis *Amyntorides*, qualis *Philyræius* Heros  
*Myrmidonum* regi, talis & ille mihi.

Primus ego *Aonios* illo præcunte recessus  
 Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi, 30  
*Pieriosque* hausi latices, *Clioque* favente,  
*Castalio* sparsi læta ter ora mero.  
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis *Aithon*,  
 Induxitque auro lanca terga novo,  
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti *Chlori* senilem  
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes :  
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,  
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.  
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,  
 Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides. 40  
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte sedentem,  
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,  
 Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum  
 Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei.  
 Cælestive animas faturantem rere tenellas,  
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.  
 Utque solet, multam, sit dicere cura salutem,  
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adest, herum.  
 Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,  
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui : 50  
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis  
 Mittit ab *Angliaco* littore fida manus.  
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem ;  
 Fiat & hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.  
 Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit  
 Icaris a lento *Penelopeia* viro.  
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,  
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit.  
 Arguitur tardus merito, noxamque fatetur, 60  
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.  
 Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,  
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.  
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,

Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.  
Sæpe farissiferi crudelia pectora *Thracis*  
Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces.  
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,  
Placat & iratos hostia parva Deos.  
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,  
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.  
Nam vaga fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!  
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis.  
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,  
Et jam *Saxonicos* arma parasse duces.  
Te circum latè campos populatur *Enyo*,  
Et fata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat.  
Germanisque suum concessit *Thracia Martem*,  
Illuc *Odrysius Mars* pater egit equos.  
Perpetuoque comans jam deflorescit oliva,  
Fugit & ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,  
Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo  
Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.  
Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,  
Vivis & ignoto solus inopisque solo;  
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates  
Sede peregrina quæris egenus opem.  
Patria dura parens, & faxis sævior albis  
Spumæ quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,  
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere factus;  
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,  
Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis  
Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,  
Et qui læta ferunt de cælo nuntia, quique  
Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?  
Digna quidem *Stygiis* quæ vivas clausa tenebris,  
Æternæque animæ digna perire fame!  
Haud aliter vates terræ *Thesbitidis* olim  
Preffit inassueto devia tesqua pede,

Desertasque *Arabum* falebras, dum regis *Achabi*  
 Effugit atque tuas, *Sidoni*<sup>1</sup> dira, manus. 100  
 Talis & horrifono laceratus membra flagello,  
*Paulus* ab *Æmathiâ* pellitur urbe *Cilix*.  
 Piscosæque ipsum *Gergessæ* civis *Jesum*  
 Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.  
 At tu fume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis  
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.  
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,  
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,  
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,  
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet. 110  
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,  
 Ille tibi custos, & pugil ille tibi;  
 Ille *Sionææ* qui tot sub mœnibus arcis  
*Assyrios* fudit nocte silente viros;  
 Inque fugam vertit quos in *Samaritidas* oras  
 Misit ab antiquis prisca *Damascus* agris,  
 Terruit & densas pavido rege cohortes,  
 Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,  
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,  
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum, 120  
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,  
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.  
 Et tu (quod superest miseri) sperare memento,  
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vinco mala.  
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,  
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

<sup>1</sup> *Sidoni*] *Jezebel*, the wife of *Ahab*, daughter of *Ethbaal*, king of the *Sidonians*. *Warton*.

## Elegia quinta, Anno ætatis 20.

*In adventum veris.*

**I**N se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro  
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos.  
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,  
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virefcit humus.  
Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,  
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?  
Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo  
(Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.  
Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,  
Et mihi *Pyrenen* somnia nocte ferunt.  
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,  
Et furor, & sonitus me facer intus agit.  
*Delius* ipse venit, video *Penæide* lauro  
Implicitos crines, *Delius* ipse venit.  
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,  
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo.  
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,  
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum.  
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur *Olympo*,  
Nec fugiunt oculos *Tartara* caeca meos.  
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?  
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid facer iste furor?  
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;  
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.  
Jam *Philomela* tuos foliis adoperta novellis  
Instituis modulos, dum filet omne nemus.  
Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,  
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.  
Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores  
Veris, & hoc subcat *Musa* perennis opus.

Jam sol *Æthiopus* fugiens *Tithoniaeque* arva,  
Flectit ad *Arctöas* aurea lora plagas.  
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ  
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.  
Jamque *Lycaonius* plaustrum cæleste *Boötes*  
Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ,  
Nunc etiam solitas circum *Jovis* atria toto  
Excubias agitant sydera rara polo.  
Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte recessit,  
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.  
Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,  
Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,  
Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ  
*Phæbe* tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.  
Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit  
*Cynthia*, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,  
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur  
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.  
Defere, *Phæbus* ait, thalamos *Aurora* seniles,  
Quid juvat effæcto procubuisse toro?  
Te manet *Æolides* viridi venator in herba,  
Surge, tuos ignes altus *Hymettus* habet.  
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,  
Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.  
Exiit invisam *Tellus* rediviva senectam,  
Et cupit amplexus *Phæbe* subire tuos;  
Et cupit, & dignâ est, quid enim formosius illâ,  
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,  
Atque *Arabum* spirat messes, & ab ore venusto  
Mitia cum *Paphiis* fundit amoma rosis.  
Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,  
Cingit ut *Idæam* pinea turris *Opim*;  
Et vario madidos intexit florè capillos,  
Floribus & visa est posse placere suis.  
Floribus effusos ut erat mita capillos



Tenario placuit diva *Sicana* Deo.  
 Aspice *Phæbe* tibi faciles hortantur amores,  
 Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.  
*Cinnamêa Zephyrus* leve plaudit odorifer alâ,  
 Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.  
 Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores  
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,  
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus  
 Præbet, & hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.  
 Quòd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt  
 Munera, (muneribus sæpe coëmptus Amor)  
 Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,  
 Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.  
 Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus *Olympo*  
 In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,  
 Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem *Phæbe* diurno  
*Hesperis* recipit *Carula* mater aquis?  
 Quid tibi cum *Tethy*? Quid cum *Tartesside* lymphâ,  
 Dia quid immundo perluis ora fallo?  
 Frigora *Phæbe* meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,  
 Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.  
 Mollior egclidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,  
 Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.  
 Quâque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurrans,  
 Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.  
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent *Semelëia* fata,  
 Nec *Phæton*teus fumidus axis quo;  
 Cum tu *Phæbe* tuo sapientius uteris igni,  
 Huc ades & gremio lumina pone meo.  
 Sic *Tellus* lasciva suos suspirat amores;  
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.  
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe *Cupido*,  
 Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.  
 Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,  
 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.

Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque *Lyæum*  
 Cantavit brevibus *Tēia* Musa modis,  
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros *Teumesius Evan*,  
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum,  
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,  
 Et volat *Eléo* pulvere fuscus eques.  
 Quadrinioque madens *Lyricen* Romanus *Iaccho*  
 Dulce canit *Glyceran*, flavicomamque *Chloen*.  
 Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratū,  
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.  
 Massica fecundam despumant pocula venam,  
 Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado.  
 Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima *Phæbum*  
 Corda; favent uni *Bacchus*, *Apollo*, *Ceres*.  
 Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te  
 Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.  
 Nunc quoque *Thressa* tibi calato barbitos auro  
 Infonat argutā molliter icta manu;  
 Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,  
 Virgineos tremulā quæ regat arte pedes.  
 Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,  
 Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.  
 Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum  
 Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,  
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere *Phæbum*,  
 Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor;  
 Etque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem  
 Irruet in totos lapsa *Thalia* sinus.  
 Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,  
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;  
 Liber adest elegis; *Eratoque*, *Ceresque*, *Venusque*.  
 Et cum purpureâ matre, tenellus *Amor*.  
 Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,  
 Sæpius & veteri commaduisse mero.  
 At qui bella refert, & adulto sub *Jove* cælum,

Heroasque pios, femideosque duces,  
 Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,  
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,  
 Ille quidem parcè *Samii* pro more magistri  
 Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos ; 60  
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lymphæ catillo,  
 Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.  
 • Additur huic scelerisque vacans, & casta juvenus,  
 Et rigidi mores, & sine labe manus.  
 Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, & lustralibus unctis  
 Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.  
 Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem  
 Luniina *Tiresian*, *Ogygiumque* *Linon*,  
 Et lare devoto profugum *Celchanta*, senemque  
*Orpheon* edomitæ sola per antra feris ; 70  
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor *Homærus*  
*Dulichium* vexit per freta longa virum,  
 Et per Monstrificam *Perseie*<sup>1</sup> *Phæbadis* aulam,  
 Et vada femineis insidiosa sonis,  
 Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro  
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.  
 Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,  
 Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora *Jovem*.  
 At tu si quid agam, scitabere (si modò saltem  
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam) 80  
 Paciferum canimus cælesti femine regem,  
 Fausta que sacratis fœcula pacta libris,  
 Vagitumque Dei, & stabulantem paupere tecto  
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit.  
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,  
 Et subito elisos ad sua fana Deos.

<sup>1</sup> *Perseia*] *Circe* was the daughter of the sun, and as some say, of *Hecate*. *Ov. Met.* vii. 74. *Rem. Amor.* 263. *Warton*.

Dona quidem dedimus *Christi* natalibus illa

Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.

Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,

Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris.

90

Elegia septima, Anno ætatis undevigesimo.

**N**ONDUM blanda tuas leges *Amathusia* nôram,  
Et *Paphio* vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.

Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,

Atque tuum sprevi maxime, numen, *Amor*.

Tu puer imbellis dixi transige columbas,

Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.

Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,

Hæc sunt militæ digna trophæa tuæ:

In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?

Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.

10

Non tulit hoc *Cyprius*, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras

Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.

Ver erat, & summa radians per culmina villæ

Attulerat primam lux tibi *Maie* diem:

At mihi adhuc refugam querebant lumina noctem

Nec matutinum sustinere jubar.

Astat *Amor* lecto, pictis *Amor* impiger alis,

Prodidit astantem mota pharetra *Idcum*:

Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis ocelli,

Et quicquid puero, dignum & *Amore* fuit.

20

Talis in æterno juvenis *Sigeius Olympo*

Miscet amatori pocula plena *Jovi*;

Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas

*Thiodamantæus Naiade* raptus *Ilylas*;

Addideratque iras, sed & has decuisse putares,

Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.

Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutius, inquit,

Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.  
 Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras,  
 Et faciam verò per tua damna fidem.  
 Ipse ego si nescis strato *Pythone* superbum  
 Edomui *Phœbum*, cessit & ille mihi;  
 Et quoties meminit *Peneidos*, ipse fatetur  
 Certius & gravius tela nocere mea.  
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,  
 Qui post terga solet vincere *Parthus* eques.  
*Cydoniusque* mihi cedit venator, & ille  
 Infcius uxori qui necis author erat.  
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus *Orion*,  
*Herculeæque* manus, *Herculeusque* comes.  
*Jupiter* ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,  
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra *Jovis*.  
 Cætera quæ dubitas melius mea tela docebunt,  
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.  
 Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,  
 Nec tibi *Phæbus* porriget anguis opem.  
 Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,  
 Evolat in tepidos *Cypridos* ille sinus.  
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,  
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat,  
 Et modò quæ nostri spatiantur in urbe *Quirites*  
 Et modò villarum proximâ rura placent.  
 Turba frequens, facièque finillima turba dearum  
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.  
 Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,  
 Fallor? an & radios hinc quoque *Phæbus* habet.  
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,  
 Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.  
 Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi  
 Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.  
 Unam forte aliis supereminuisse notabam,  
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.

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60

Sic *Venus* optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,

Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.

Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille *Cupido*,

Solus & hos nobis texuit ante dolos.

Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,

Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus.

Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,

Insilit hinc labiis, infidet inde genis :

Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberat,

Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.

Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,

Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.

Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,

Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.

At ego progredior tacite querebundus, & excors,

Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.

Indor, & hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,

Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat.

Sic dolet amissum proles *funonia* cælum,

Inter *Lemniacos* præcipitata focos.

Talis & abreptum solem respexit, ad *Orcum*

Vectus ab attonitis *Amphiaræus* equis.

Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus, amores

Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.

O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos

Vultus, & coram tristia verba loqui !

Forfitan & duro non est adamante creata,

Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.

Crede mihi nullus sic infelicitè arsit,

Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.

Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,

Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.

Jam tuus O, certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,

Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens :

Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,

. Solus & in superis tu mihi summus eris.  
Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,  
Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans :  
Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,  
Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

**H**ÆC ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino  
Nequitæ posui vana trophæa mea.  
Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,  
Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit.  
Donec *Socraticos* umbrosa' *Acadèmia* rivos  
Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.  
Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,  
Cincta rigent multo pectora nostrâ gelu.  
Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse *Sagittis*,  
Et *Diomedæam* vim timet ipse *Venus*.





## EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER.

### In Proditionem Bombardicam.



UM simul in regem nuper satrapasque *Bri-*  
*annos*  
Ausus es infandum perfide *Fauxe* nefas,  
Fallor? an & mitis voluisti ex parte videri,  
Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus;  
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cæli,  
Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.  
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile *Parci*  
Liquit *Jordanios* turbine raptus agros.

### In eandem.

SICCINE tentasti cælo donâsse *Jacobum*  
Quæ septemgemino *Belya* monte lates?  
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,  
Parce precor donis infidiosa tuis.  
Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adiuvit  
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.  
Sic potiùs fœdos in cælum pelle cucullos,  
Et quot habet brutos *Roma* profana Deos,  
Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,  
Crede mihi cæli vix bene scandet iter.

## In eandem.

**P**URGATOREM animæ derisit *Iacobus* ignem,  
 Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.  
 Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum *Latiale* coronâ  
 Movit & horrificum cornua dena minax.  
 Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra *Britannæ*,  
 Supplicium spretâ relligione dabis.  
 Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,  
 Non nisi per flammâs triste patebit iter.  
 O quam funesto cecinisti proxima vero,  
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!  
 Nam prope *Tartareo* sublimè rotatus ab igni  
 Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

## In eandem.

**Q**UEM modo *Roma* suis devoverat impia diris,  
 Et *Styge* damnarât *Tenariorum* sinu,  
 Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,  
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

## In inventorem Bombardæ.

**J**APETIONIDEAM laudavit cæca vêtustas,  
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;  
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,  
 Et trifidum fulmen furripuisse *Jovi*.

## Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

**A**NGELUS unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)  
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.  
 Quid mirum? *Leonora* tibi si gloria major,

Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.

Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli

Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens ;

Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda

Sensim immortalì assuescere posse sono.

Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fufus,

In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

10

### Ad eandem.

ALTERA *Torquatum* cepit *Leonora* Poctam,  
Cujus ab infano cessit amore furens.

Ah miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo

Perditus, & propter te *Leonora* foret !

Et te *Pierid* sensisset voce canentem

Aurea maternæ filia movere lyræ,

Quamvis *Diræo* torfisset lumina *Pentheo*

Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,

Tu tamen errantes cecâ vertigine sensus

Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ ;

Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem

Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

### Ad eandem.

CREDULA quid liquidam *Sirena Neapoli* jactas,  
Claraque *Parthenopes* fana *Achelöiados*,

Littoreamque tuâ defunctam *Naiada* ripâ

Corpora *Chalcidico* sacra dedisse rogò ?

Illa quidem vivitque, & amœnâ *Tibridis* undâ

Mutavit rauci murmura *Paufilipi*.

Illic *Romulidum* studiis ornata secundis,

Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

In *Salmafii* *Hundredam*.

**Q**UIS expedit *Salmasio* suam *Hundredam*,  
 Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?  
 Magister artis venter, et *Jacobei*  
 Centum exulantis viscera marsupii regis.  
 Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,  
 Ipse, Antichristi modo qui primatum *Papae*  
 Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,  
 Cantabit ultro Cardinalitium melos.

In *Salmasium*.

**G**AUDETE scombri, et quicquid est piscium fallo,  
 Qui frigida hyeme incolitis argentes freta!  
 Vestrum misertus ille *Salmasius* Eques  
 Bonus, amicire nuditatem cogitat;  
 Chartæque largus, apparat papyrinos  
 Vobis cucullos, præferentes *Claudii*  
 Insignia, nomenque et decus, *Salmafii*:  
 Gestetis ut per omne cctarium forum  
 Equitis clientes, scriniis mungentium  
 Cubito virorum, et capsulis, gratissimos.

**G**ALLI ex concubitu gravidam te, *Pontia*, *Mori*,  
 Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget?

## Apologus de Rustico &amp; Hero.

**R**USTICUS ex *Malo* sapidissima poma quotannis  
 Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino:  
 Hic incredibili fructûs dulcedine Captus  
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.

Haëtenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo, •  
 Mota solo affueto, protinùs aret iners.  
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,  
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.  
 Atque ait, Heu quantò satius fuit illa *Coloni*  
 (Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo ! 10  
 Possem Ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem :  
 Nunc perierè mihi & fœtus & ipsa parens.

Ad Christinam Succorum Reginam,  
 • nomine Cromwelli.

**B**ELLIPOTENS virgo, septem regina trionum,  
*Christina, Arctoi* lucida stella poli !  
 Cernis, quas merui dura sub casside rugas,  
 Utque senex armis impiger ora tero ;  
 Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,  
 Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.  
 Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra :  
 Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.



## SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno ætatis 16. In obitum Procancellarii medici.

**D**ARIERE fati discite legibus,  
Manusque *Parcæ* jam date supplices,  
Qui pendulum telluris orbem  
Iâpeti colitis nepotes.

Vos si relicto mors vaga *Tænaro*  
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ  
Tentantur incassum dolique ;  
Per tenebras *Stygis* ire certum est.

Si destinatam pellere dextera  
Mortem valeret, non ferus *Hercules*  
Nessi venenatus cruore

10

*Æmathiâ* jacuisset *Oetâ*.  
Nec fraude turpi *Palladis* in *idæ*  
Vidisset occisum Ilion *Ilectora*, aut  
Quem larva *Pelidis* peremit  
Ense *Locro*, *Jove* lacrymante.

Si triste fatum verba *Ilecaia*  
Fugare possint, *Telegoni* parens  
Vixisset infamis, potentique  
*Ægiali* soror usa virgâ.

20

Numenque trinum fallere si queant  
Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,

Non gnarus herbarum *Machaon*  
*Eurypyli* cecidisset hastâ.  
 Læfisset & nec te *Philyreie*  
 Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine,  
 Nec tela te fulmenque avitum  
 Cæse puer genitricis alvo.  
 Tuque O alumno major *Apolline*,  
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum, 30  
 Frondosa quem nunc *Cirrha* luget,  
 Et mediis *Helicon* in undis,  
 Jam præfuiſſes *Palladio* gregi  
 Lætus, superſtes, nec fine gloria,  
 Neq; puppe luſtraſſes *Charontis*  
 Horribiles barathri recessus.  
 At fila rupit *Perſephone* tua  
 Irata, cum te viderit artibus  
 Succoque pollenti tot atris  
 Faucibus eripuiſſe mortis. 40  
 Colende præſes, membra precor tua  
 Molli quieſcant cespite, & ex tuo  
 Creſcant roſæ, calthæque buſto,  
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.  
 Sit mite de te iudicium *Æaci*,  
 Subrideatque *Ætnæa Proſerpina*,  
 Interque felices p̄cennis  
 Elyſio ſpatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno ætatis 17.

**J**AM pius extremâ veniens *Iacobus* ab arcto  
*Teucrigenas* populos, latèque patentia regna  
*Albionum* tenuit, jamque inviolabile, fœdus  
 Sceptra *Caledoniis* conjunxerat *Anglica Scotis* :  
 Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat  
 In folio, occultique doli ſecurus & hoſtis :



Cum ferus ignifluo regnans *Acheronte* tyrannus,  
*Eumenidum* pater, æthereo vagus exul *Olympo*,  
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,  
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernaſque fideles, 10  
 Participes regni poſt funera mœſta futuros ;  
 Hic tempeſtates medio ciet aëre diras,  
 Illic unanimes odium ſtruit inter amicos,  
 Armat & invictas in mutua viscera gentes ;  
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,  
 Et quoscuque videt puræ virtutis amantes,  
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magiſter  
 Tentat inaccessum ſcleri corrumpere pectus,  
 Infidiaſque locat tacitas, caſſeſque latentes .  
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, ſeu *Caspia Tigris* 20  
 Inſequitur trepidam deſerta per avia prædam  
 Nocte ſub illuni, & ſomno niſtantibus aſtris.  
 Talibus infeſtat populos *Summanus*<sup>1</sup> & urbes  
 Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.  
 Jamque fluentiſonis albentia rupibus arva  
 Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,  
 Cui nomen dederat quondam *Neptunia* proles  
*Amphitryoniaden* qui non dubitavit atrocem  
 Æquore tranato furiali poſcere bello,  
 Ante expugnatae crudelia ſæcula *Troia*. 30

At ſimul hanc opibusque & feſtâ pace beatam  
 Aſpicit, & pingues donis *Cerealibus* agros,  
 Quodque magis doluit, venerabilem numina veri  
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem ſuſpiria rupit  
 Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia ſulphur.  
 Qualia *Trinacriâ* trux ab *Jove* clauſus in *Ætna*  
 Efflat tabifico monſtroſus ab ore *Tiphæus*.  
 Ignescunt oculi, ſtridetque adamantinus ordo  
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, iſtaque cuspide cuspis.

<sup>1</sup> *Summanus*] i. e. *Pluto*. *Ov. Faſt.* vi. 731. *Warton*.

Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo  
 Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,  
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostrâque potentior arte.  
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt.  
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta,  
 Hactenus; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;  
 • Quà volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,  
 Densantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat alpes,  
 Et tenet *Ausoniæ* fines, à parte sinistrâ  
 Nimbifer *Appenninus* erat, priscique *Sabini*,  
 Dextra veneficiis infamis *Hetruria*, nec non  
 Te furtiva *Tibris* *Thetidi* videt oscula dantem;  
 Hinc *Mavortigenæ* consistit in arce *Quirini*.  
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,  
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,  
 Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum  
 Evehitur, præeunt submisso poplite reges,  
 • Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum;  
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,  
 Cimмериis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.  
 Tempa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis  
 (Vesper erat sacer iste *Petro*) fremitusque canentum  
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.  
 Qualiter exululat *Bromius*, *Bromii*que caterva,  
 Orgia cantantes in *Eichionio* *Aracyntho*,  
 Dum tremit attortus vitreis *Asopus* in undis,  
 Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe *Cithæron*.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,  
 Nox senis amplexus *Erebi* taciturna reliquit,  
 Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,  
 Captum oculis *Typhlonta*, *Melanchætæ*que ferocem,  
 Atque *Acherontæo* prognatam patre *Siopen*  
 Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem *Phrica* capillis.  
 Interea regum domitor, *Phlegetontius* hæres,

Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter  
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)  
 At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,  
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,  
 Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus  
 Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,  
 Barba sinus promissâ tegit, cineracea longo  
 Syrmate' verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus  
 Vertice de raso, & ne quicquam desit ad artes,  
 Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune falaces.  
 Tarda fenestris figens vestigia calceis.  
 Talis uti fama est, vastâ *Franciscus* eremo  
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustrâ ferarum,  
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis  
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, *Lybicosque* leones.

30

Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu  
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;  
 Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?  
 Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!  
 Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex  
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,  
 Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura *Britanni*:  
 Surge, age, surge piger, *Latius* quem *Cæsar* adorat,  
 Cui referata patet convexi janua cæli,  
 Turgentes animos, & fastus frange procaces,  
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,  
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavjs;  
 Et memor *Hesperia* disiectam ulciscere classem,  
 Mersaque *Iberorum* lato vexilla profundo,  
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,  
*Thermodoontæa* nuper regnante puella.  
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto  
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,  
*Tyrrhenum* implebit numeroso milite pontum,  
 Signaque *Aventino* ponet fulgentia colle:

90

100

Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit, 110  
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,  
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.

Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto *Marte* laceffes,  
 Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,  
 Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est ;  
 Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris  
 Patricios vocat, & procerum de stirpe creatos,  
 Grandævosque patres trabeâ, canisque verendos ;  
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,  
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne 120

Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.  
 Protinus ipse, igitur quoscunque habet *Anglia* fidos  
 Propositi, factique mone, quisquâne tuorum  
 Audebit summi non iussa faceffere Papæ.  
 Perculsofque metu subito, casumque stupentes  
 Invadat vel *Gallus* atrox, vel sævus *Iberus*.

Sæcula sic illic tandem *Mariana* redibunt,  
 Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis *Anglos*.  
 Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas  
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis. 130  
 Dixit & adscitos ponens malefidus amictus  
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea *Ioas* pandens *Tithonia* portas  
 Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras ;  
 Mæstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati  
 Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis ;  
 Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ  
 Nocturnos visus, & somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis  
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti, 140  
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Proditæque bilinguis  
 Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.  
 Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque saxa,  
 Ossa inhumata virum, & trajecta cadavera ferro ;

Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,  
 Jurgiaque, & stimulis armata Calumnia fauces.  
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,  
 Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,  
 Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes,  
 Exululant, tellus & sanguine conscia stagnat. 150  
 Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penctralibus antri  
 Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum  
 Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris  
 Diffugiunt fontes, & retrò lumina vortunt,  
 Hos pugiles *Romæ* per sæcula longa fideles  
 Evocat antistes *Babyloni*, atque ita fatur.  
 Finibus occiduis circumfufum incolit æquor  
 Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit  
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo :  
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu, 160  
 Tartareoque leves diffentur pulvere in auras  
 Et rex & pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago  
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ  
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.  
 Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos  
 Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,  
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,  
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quâ diſtat ab Afide terra 170  
 Fertilis *Europe*, & spectat *Mareu. idas* unſdas ;  
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ<sup>1</sup>  
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis viciniqꝛ astris  
 Quàm superimpositum vel *Athos* vel *Pelion* *Oſſæ*  
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,  
 Amplaque per tenues tranſlucent atria muros;

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<sup>1</sup> *Titanidos Famæ*] *Fame* is the sister of two of the *Titans*.  
*Æn.* iv. 179. *Warton*.

Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata fufurros;  
 Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis  
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,  
 Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen 180  
 Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,  
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,  
 Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat  
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.  
 Nec tot Aristoride servator inique juvencae  
 Ifidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,  
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,  
 Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.  
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe  
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli. 190  
 Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis  
 Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax  
 Nunc minuit, modò confictis sermonibus auget.  
 Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes  
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,  
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit  
 Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet *Angli*  
 Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.  
 Te Deus æternos motu qui temperat ignes,  
 Fulmine præmissò alloquitur, terræque tremante: 200  
 Fama files? an te latet impia Papistarum  
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque *Britannos*,  
 Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata *Iacobo*:  
 Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,  
 Et satis antè fugax stridentes induit alas,  
 Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis;  
 Dextra tubam gestat *Temeseo* ex ære sonoram.  
 Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,  
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,  
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit: 210  
 Et primò *Angliacas* solito de more per urbes

Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,  
 Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat  
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,  
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis  
 Infidiis loca structa filet; stupuere relatis,  
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,  
 Effæti que senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ  
 Sensus ad ætatem subitò penetraverat omnem  
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto  
 Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit ausis  
 Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;  
 At pia thura Deo, & grati solvuntur honores;  
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;  
 Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque *Novembris*  
 Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratior anno:

220

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum Præfulis  
 Eliensis.

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,  
 Et sicca nondum lumina;  
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant falis,  
 Quem nuper, effudi pius,  
 Dum mœsta charo iusta; ersolvi røgo  
*Wintoniensis* præfulis.  
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali  
 Cladisque vera nuntia)  
 Spargit per turbes divitis *Britanniæ*,  
 Populosque *Neptuno* fatos,  
 Cessisse morti, & ferreis sororibus  
 Te generis humani decus,  
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ

10



Quæ nomen *Anguillæ*<sup>1</sup> tenet.  
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus  
 Ebulliebat fervidâ,  
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam :  
 Nec vota *Naso* in *Ibida*  
 Concepit alto diriora pectore,  
*Grain*que<sup>2</sup> vates parciùs 20  
 Turpem *Lycambis* execratus est dolum,  
 Sponsamque *Neobolen* suam.  
 At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,  
 Et imprecor neci necem,  
 Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos  
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :  
 Cæcos furorcs pone, pone vitream  
 Bilemque & irritas minas,  
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,  
 Subitoque ad iras percita. 30  
 Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,  
*Mors* atra *Noctis* filia,  
*Erebóve* patre creta, sive *Erinnye*,  
*Vastóve* nata sub *Chao* :  
 Ast illa cælo missa stellato, Dei  
 Messes ubique colligit ;  
 Animasque mole carneâ reconditas  
 In lucem & auras evocat :  
 Ut cum fugaces excitant Floræ diem  
*Themidos* *Jovis*que filia ; 40  
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris ;  
 At justa raptat impios  
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa *Tartari*,

*Anguillæ*] 'Ely,' so called from its abundance of eels.

Warton.

*Grain*] *Archilochus*. Warton.

Sedesque subterraneas  
 Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò  
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,  
 Volatileque faustus inter milites  
 Ad astra sublimis feror :  
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum fenex  
*Auriga* currus ignei, 50  
 Non me *Boötis* terruere lucidi  
*Sarraca* tarda frigore, aut  
 Formidolosi *Scorpionis* brachia,  
 Non ensis *Orion* tuus.  
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,  
 Longèque sub pedibus deam  
 Vidi triformem, dum coercebat suos,  
 Franis dracones aureis.  
 Erraticorum syderum per ordines,  
 Per lacteas vehor plagas, 60  
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,  
 Donec nitentes ad fores  
 Ventum est *Olympi*, & regiam ChrySTALLINAM, &  
 Stratum smaragdis Atrium.  
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat  
 Oriundus humano patre  
 Amœnitates illius loci, mihi  
 Sat est in æternum frui.

Naturam non pati senium.

**H**EU quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit  
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisq; immersa profundis  
 Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!  
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum  
 Audet, & incisas leges adamante perenni  
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo  
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet fulcantibus obsita rugis  
 Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater  
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilefcet ab ævo?  
 Et se fassa senem malè certis passibus ibit  
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas  
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque  
 Sidera vexant? an & insatiabile Tempus  
 Esuriet Cælum, rapietque in viscera patrem?  
 Heu, potuitne suas imprudens *Jupiter* arces  
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, & temporis isto  
 Exemisse malo, gyroque dedisse perennes?  
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo  
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu  
 Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut *Olympius* aulâ  
 Decidat, horribilisque relectâ Gorgone *Pallas*.  
 Qualis in *Ægeam* proles *Junonia Lemnon*  
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cæli.  
 Tu quoque *Phæbe* tui casus imitabere nati  
 Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ  
 Pronus, & extinctâ fumabit lampade *Nereus*,  
 Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.  
 Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus *Hæmi*  
 Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro  
 Terrebunt Stygium dejectâ *Ceraunia* Direm  
 In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.  
 At pater omnipotens fundatis foctius atris  
 Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit  
 Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo  
 Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.  
 Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;  
 Raptat & ambitos sociâ vertigine celos.  
 Tardior haud solito *Saturnus*, & æter ut olim  
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside *Mavors*.  
 Floridus æternùm *Phœbus* juvenile coruscat,  
 Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras

Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ  
 Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum,  
 Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab *Indis*  
 Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit *Olympo*  
 Mane vocans, & ferus agens in pascua cœli,  
 Temporis & gemino dispertit regna colore.  
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno *Delia* cornu,  
 Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis. 50  
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitôque fragore  
 Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.  
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure *Corus*,  
 Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore *Gelonos*  
 Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.  
 Utque solet, *Siculi* diverberat ima *Pelori*  
 Rex maris, & raucâ circumstrepit æquiora conchâ  
 Oceani *Tubicen*, nec vastâ mole minorem  
 Ægæona ferunt dorso *Balearica* cete.  
 Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti 50  
 Priscus abest, servatque suum *Narcissus* odorem,  
 Et puer ille suum tenet & puer ille decorem  
*Phæbe* tuusque & *Cypri* tuus, nec ditior olim  
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum  
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum  
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,  
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, late  
 Circumplexa polos, & vasti culmina cœli;  
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

## De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.

**D**ICITE sacrorum præfides nemorum deæ,  
 Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis  
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul

Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,  
 Monumenta fervans, & ratas leges Jovis,  
 Cælique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,  
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine  
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,  
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,  
 Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei?  
 Haud ille *Palladis* gemellus innubæ  
 Interna proles infidet menti Jovis;  
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,  
 Tamen seorsûs extat ad morem unius,  
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;  
 Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes  
 Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,  
 Citimumve tefris incolit Lunæ globum:  
 Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens  
 Obliviosas torpet ad *Lethes* aquas:  
 Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plagâ  
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,  
 Et iis tremendus erigit celsum caput  
 Atlante major portitore syderum.  
 Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit  
*Dircæus* augur vidit hunc alto finu;  
 Non hunc silenti nocte *Plëiones*<sup>1</sup> nepos  
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;  
 Non hunc sacerdos novit *Assyrius*, licet  
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos *Nim*,  
 Priscumque *Belon*, inclytumque *Osiridem*.  
 Non ille trino gloriosus, nomine  
 Ter magnus *Hermes* (ut sit arcani sciens)  
 Talem reliquit *Isidis* cultoribus.  
 At tu perenne ruris Academi decys

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<sup>1</sup> *Plëiones*] *Mercury*. *Ov. Heroid.* xv. 62. *Metam.* ii. 743.  
*Faß.* v. 83. 663. *Warton*.

(Hæc monstra si tu primus induxit scholis)  
 Jam jam pöetas urbis exules tuæ  
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,  
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

### Ad Patrem.

**N**UNC mea *Pierios* cupiam per pectora fontes  
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora  
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum ;  
 Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis  
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis:  
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen  
 Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi  
 Aptius à nobis quæ possunt munera donis  
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint  
 Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis  
 Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.  
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,  
 Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,  
 Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea *Clio*  
 Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,  
 Et nemoris laureta sacri *Parnassides* umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,  
 Quo nihil æthereos orus, & semina cæli,  
 Nil magis humanam commendat originē mentem,  
 Sancta *Promethææ* retinens vestigia flammæ.  
 Carmen amant superi, trenebundaque *Tartara* carmen  
 Ima ciere valet, diuosque ligare profundos,  
 Et triplici duos Manes adamante coercet.  
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri  
*Phæbades*, & tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ ;  
 Carmina sacrificus solennes pangit ad aras  
 Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum ;

Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris  
 Consulit, & tepidis *Parcam* scrutatur in extis.  
 Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus *Olympum*, 30  
 Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,  
 Ibimus auratis per cæli templa coronis,  
 Dulcia suaviloquo fociantes carmina plectro,  
 Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.  
 Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,  
 Nunc quoque sydereis intercinit ipse choreis  
 Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;  
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,  
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit *Orion*;  
 Stellarum nec sentit onus *Maurusius* Atlas. 40  
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,  
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago  
 Nota gulæ, & modico spumabat cœna *Lyco*.  
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates  
*Æsculeâ* intonfos redimitus ab arbore crines,  
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,  
 Et chaos, & positi latè fundamina mundi,  
 Reptantesque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,  
 Et nondum *Ætneo* quæsitum fulmen ab antro.  
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit, 50  
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?  
 Silvestres decet iste choros, non *Orphea* cantus,  
 Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures  
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functa canendo  
 Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.  
 Nec tu purge precon, sacras contemnere Musas,  
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus  
 Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,  
 Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram  
 Doctus, *Arionii* meritò sis nōminis hæres. 60  
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam  
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti



Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur :  
 Ipse volens *Phæbus* se dispertire duobus,  
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,  
 Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse camœnas,  
 Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas  
 Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,  
 Certa que condendi fulget spes aurea nummi :  
 Nec rapis ad leges, malè custodita que gentis  
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.  
 Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,  
 Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis  
 Abductum *Aeniæ* jucunda per otia ripæ  
*Phæbæo* lateri comitem finis ire beatum.  
 Officium chari taceo commune parentis,  
 Me poscunt majora, tuo pater optime sumptu  
 Cùm mihi *Romuleæ* patuit facundia linguæ,  
 Et *Latii* veneres, & quæ *Jovis* ora decebant  
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula *Graiiis*,  
 Addere suasisi quos jactat *Gallia* flores,  
 Et quam degeneri novus *Italus* ore loquelam  
 Fundit, *Barbaricos* testatus voce tumultus,  
 Quæque *Palæstinus* loquitur mysteria vates.  
 Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo  
 Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluus aer,  
 Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitable marmor,  
 Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.

Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,  
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,  
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I, nunc, confer opes quisquis malefanus avitas  
*Austriaci* gazas, *Perüana* que regna præoptas.  
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse  
*Jupiter*, excepto, donâisset ut omnia, cœlo?  
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuissent,

Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato  
 Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei,  
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram. 100  
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima cætervæ  
 Victrices liederas inter, laurosque sedebo,  
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertī,  
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.  
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,  
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirq̃uo,  
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende Calumnia rictus;  
 In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,  
 Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus  
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu. 110

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti  
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,  
 Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato  
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,  
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,  
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,  
 Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub *Orc̃o*,  
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis  
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo. 120

### Psalm CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παιδὲς, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φύλ' Ἰακώβ  
 Αἰγύπτου λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,  
 Δὴ τότε μῦνον ἦν ὅσιον γένος υἱὲς Ἰουδα·  
 Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.  
 Εἶδε, καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα  
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ροθίῳ, ὃδ' ἄρ' ἐσυφελίχθη  
 Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν.  
 Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,

Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόντες εὐτραφεῶς ἐν ἁλώῃ.  
 Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκιρτήσαν ἐρίπναι, 10  
 Οἷα παρὰ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.  
 Τίπτε σύγ', αἰνὰ θάλασσα, πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρῶντας;  
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐσυφελίχθης  
 Ἴρὸς Ἰορδάνῃ ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν;  
 Τίπτ', ὄρεα, σκαφμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε,  
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόντες εὐτραφεῶς ἐν ἁλώῃ;  
 Βαιότεραι τί δ' ἄρ' ὕμμες ἀνασκιρτήσατ' ἐρίπναι,  
 Οἷα παρὰ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;  
 Σείεο, γαῖα, τρέεσα θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα,  
 Γαῖα, θεὸν τρεῖς ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαο, 20  
 Ὃς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμοὺς χέε μορμύροντας,  
 Κρήνην τ' αἰέναν πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόεσσης.

Philosophus ad regem quendam qui eum  
 ignotum & infontem inter reos forte captum  
 infcius damnaverat τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ  
 πορευόμενος, hæc subito misit.

ὦ ἄνα, εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τὸν ἐννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν  
 Δεινὸν ὅλως δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον  
 Ῥηϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αἴθι νοήσεις,  
 Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἐπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῇ,  
 Τοιόνδ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώνυμον ἄλγος ὀλέσσας.

In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem.

Ἀμάρθει γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα  
 Φαίης τάχ' ἂν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυὲς βλέπων.  
 Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγνόντες, φίλοι,  
 Γέλᾳτε φαῦλα δυσμίμημα ζωγράφου.

Ad Salfillum poetam Romanum ægro-  
tatem.

SCAZONTES.

**O** MUSA gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,  
*Vulcani*que tarda gaudes incessu,  
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,  
 Quàm cum decentes flava *Dæiope* furas  
 Alternat aureum ante *Junonis* lectum,  
 Adesdum & hæc s'is verba pauca *Salsillo*  
 Refer, camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,  
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.  
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille *Londini Milto*,  
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum  
 Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,  
 Infanientis impotensque pulmonis  
 Pernix anhela sub *Jove* exercet flabra)  
 Venit feraces *Itali* soli ad glebas,  
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ  
 Viroſque doctæque indolem juventutis,  
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa *Salsille*,  
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum;  
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,  
 Præcordiisſque fixa damnosum spirat.  
 Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu *Romano*  
 Tam cultus ore *Lesbium* condis melos.  
 O dulce divum munus, O salus *Ilebes*  
*Germana*! Tuque *Phæbe* morborum terror  
*Pythone* cæso, five tu magis *Pæan*  
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.  
 Querceta *Fauni*, vosque rore vinoso  
 Colles benigni, mitis *Evandri* sedes,  
 Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,

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Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.

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Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis

Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.

Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos

*Numa*, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,

Suam reclivis semper *Ægeriam* spectans.

Tumidusque & ipse *Tibris* hinc delinitus

Spei favēbit annuæ colonorum :

Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges

Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro :

Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,

40

Aduſque curvi falsa regna *Portumni*.

### Manſus.

*Joannes Baptista Manſus Marchio Villensis vir ingenii laude, tum  
literarum studio, nec non & bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in  
primis est. Ad quem Torquati Taſſi dialogus extat de Amicitia  
ſcriptus; erat enim Taſſi amiciffimus; ab quo etiam inter Can-  
paniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Geruſa-  
lemme conquiſtata, lib. 20.*

Fra cavalier magnanimi, e cortesi

Risplende il Manſo——

*Is authorem Neapoli commorantem ſumma benevolentia proſecutus  
eſt, multaſque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque  
hoſpes ille antequam ab ea urbe diſcederet, ut ne ingratum ſe oſtē-  
deret, hoc carmen miſit.*

**H**ÆC quoque *Manſe* tuæ meditantur carmina laudi  
*Pierides*, tibi *Manſe* choro notiffime *Phæbi*,  
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo eſt dignatus honore,  
Poſt *Galli* cineres, & *Mecænatis* *Hetrufci*.  
Tū quoque ſi noſtræ tantùm valet aura *Camænæ*,  
Victrices hederas inter, lauroſque ſedebis.  
Te pridem magno felix concordia *Taſſo*  
Junxit, & æternis inſcripſit nomina chartis,

Mox tibi dulciloquum non inſcia Muſa Marinum  
 Tradidit, ille tuum dici ſe gaudet alumnum, 10  
 Dum canit *Aſſyrios* divûm proluxus amores ;  
 Mollis & *Auſonias* ſtupefecit carmine nymphas.  
 Ille itidem moriens tibi ſoli debita vates  
 Offa tibi ſoli, ſupremaque vota reliquit.  
 Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,  
 Vidimus arridentem operoſo ex ære poetam.  
 Nec ſatis hoc viſum eſt in utrumque, & nec pia ceſſant  
 Officia in tumulto, cupis integros rapere *Orco*,  
 Quâ potes, atque avidas Parcarum cludere leges :  
 Amborum genus, & varjâ ſub ſorte peractam 20  
 Deſcribis vitam, moreſque, & dona *Minervæ* ;  
 Æmulus illius *Mycale*n qui natus ad altam  
 Rettulit *Æoli* vitam facundus *Homeri*.  
 Ergo ego te *Cliûs* & magni nomine *Phæbi*  
*Manſe* pater, jubeo longum ſalvere per ævum  
 Miſſus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.  
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aſpernabere muſam,  
 Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita ſub *Arcto*  
 Imprudens *Italas* auſa eſt volitare per urbes.  
 Nos etiam in noſtro modulantes flumine cygnos 30  
 Credimus obſcuras noctis ſenſiſſe per umbras,  
 Quâ *Thameſis* late puris argenteus urnis  
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.  
 Quin & in has quondam pervenit *Tityrus* oras.  
 Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile *Phæbo*,  
 Quâ plaga ſepteno mundi ſulcata *Trione*  
 Brumalem patitur longâ ſub nocte *Boöten*.  
 Nos etiam colimus *Phæbum*, nos mupera *Phæbo*  
 Flaventes ſpicas, & lutea mala caniſtris,  
 Hâlantemque crocum (perhibet niſi vana vetuſtas) 40  
 Miſimus, & lectas *Druidum* de gente choreas.  
 (Gens *Druides* antiqua ſacrîs operata deorum  
 Heroum laudes imitandaque geſta canebant)

Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu  
 Delo in herbosâ *Graia* de more puellæ  
 Carminibus lætis memorant *Corineïda Loxo*,  
 Fatidicamque *Upin*, cum flavicomâ *Hecaërge*  
 Nuda *Caledonio* variatas pectora fuco.  
 Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem  
*Torquati* decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens, 50  
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama *Marini*,  
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plaufumque virorum,  
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.  
 Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitâsse penates  
 Cynthius, & famulas venisse ad limina Musas:  
 At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit  
 Rura *Pheretiadæ* cœlo fugitivus *Apollo*;  
 Ille licet magnum *Alciden* suscepit hospes;  
 Tantùm ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,  
 Nobile mansucti cessit *Chironis* in antrum, 60  
 Irriguos inter saltus frondosæque tecta  
 Peneium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ  
 Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici  
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.  
 Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nex fixa sub imo,  
 Saxa stetero loco, nutat *Trachinia* rupes,  
 Nec sentit solitas, inmania popdora, silvas,  
 Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,  
 Mucenturque novo riaculosi carmine lynces.  
 Diis dilecte senex, te *Jupiter* æquus oportet 70  
 Nascentem, & miti lustrarit lumine *Phæbus*,  
*Atlantis*que nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu  
 Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.  
 Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus  
 Vernat, & *Æsonios* lucratur vivida fusos,  
 Nondum deciduus servans tibi frontis honores,  
 Ingeniumque vicens, & adultum mentis acumen.  
 O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum



*Phæbæos* decorâsse viros qui tam bene nôrit,  
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,  
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem ;  
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ,  
Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo spiritus ad fit)  
Frangam *Saxonicas Britonum* sub *Marte* phalanges.  
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permenfus tempora vitæ,  
Annorumque fatur cineri sua jura relinquam,  
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,  
Astanti sat erit si dicam sim tibi curæ ;  
Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos  
Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ.  
Forfitan & nostros ducat de marmore vultus,  
Nectens aut *Paphiâ* myrti aut *Parnasside* lauri  
Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiescam.  
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa honorum,  
Ipse ego cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,  
Quò labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus  
Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo  
(Quantum fata sinunt) & totâ mente serenûm  
Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus  
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus *Olympo*.

## Epitaphium Damonis.

## ARGUMENTUM.

*Thyrsis* & *Damon* ejusdem viciniae Pastores, eadem studia sequuti a pueritia amici erant, ut qui plurimum. *Thyrsis* animi causa profectus peregrè de obitu *Damonis* nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, & rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. *Damonis* autem sub persona hîc intelligitur *Carolus Deodatus* ex urbe *Ætruriæ Luca* Paterno genere oriundus, cætera *Anglus*; ingenio, doctrina, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

**H**IMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos & *Daphnin* & Et plorata diu meministis fata *Bionis*) [ *Hylan*,  
Dicite *Sicelicum Thamesina* per oppida carmen:  
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura *Thyrsis*,  
Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,  
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,  
Dum sibi præreptum queritur *Damona*, neque altam  
Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.  
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,  
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,  
Ex quo summa dies tulerat *Damona* sub umbras,  
Nec dum aderat *Thyrsis*; pastorem scilicet illum  
Dulcis amor Musæ *Thūsca* retinebat in urbe.  
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ  
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ sedîtque sub ulmo,  
Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,  
Cœpit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,  
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere *Damon*;  
Siccine nos linqvis, tua sic sine nomine virtus  
Ibit, & obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?

At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,  
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,  
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo antè videbit,  
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,  
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longùmque vigebit  
Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo  
Solvere post *Daphnin*, post *Daphnin* dicere laudes  
Gaudebunt, dum rura *Pales*, dum *Faunus* amabit:  
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piùmque,  
Palladiâsque artes, fociùmque, habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia *Damon*;  
At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus  
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas  
Frigoribus duris, & per loca fœta pruinis,  
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?  
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones  
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;  
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

40

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit  
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem  
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni  
Molle pyrum, & nucibus strepitât focus, at malus auster  
Miscet cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. 50  
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,  
Cum *Pan* æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,  
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ.  
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,  
Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tura mihi risus,  
*Cecropios*que sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,  
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,  
 Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber & *Eurus* 60  
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Heu quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis  
 Involvuntur, & ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!  
 Innuba neglecto marcescit & uva racemo,  
 Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ  
 Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
*Tityrus* ad corylos vocat, *Alpheſbeus* ad ornos,  
 Ad salices *Aegon*, ad flumina pulcher *Amyntus*, 70  
 Hîc gelidi fontes, hîc illita gramina musco,  
 Hîc *Zephiri*, hîc placidas interstrepit æbutus undas;  
 Ista canunt furdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
*Mopsus* ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat  
 (Et callebat avium linguas, & sydera *Mopsus*)  
*Thyrsi* quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improbabilis?  
 Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,  
 Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,  
 Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo. 80

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te *Thyrsi* futurum est?  
 Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ  
 Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,  
 Illa choros, lususque leves, & semper amorem  
 Jure petit, bis ille miser qui ferus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Venit *Hyas*, *Dryopéque*, & filia *Baucidis Aegle*  
 Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,  
 Venit *Idumanii*<sup>1</sup> *Ghloris* vicina fluenti; 90

Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,  
 Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,  
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,  
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum  
 De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,  
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;  
 Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore *Proteus*  
 Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum 100  
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum  
 Farra libens volitet, ferò sua tecta revisens,  
 Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco  
 Lata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,  
 Protinus ille alium focio petit inde volatu.,  
 Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis  
 Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore discors,  
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,  
 Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,  
 Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ 110  
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Illeu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras  
 Ite per aëreas rupes, *Alpem*que nivofam!  
 Ecquid erat tanti *Roman* vidisse sepultam?  
 Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum visceret olim,  
 Tityrus ipse suas & oves & rura reliquit;  
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,  
 Possem tot maria alta; tot interponere montes,  
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes. 120  
 Ah certè extremum licuisset tangere dextram,  
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,  
 Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit

Pastores *Thusci*, Musis operata juvenus,  
 Hic *Charis*, atque *Lepos* ; & *Thuscus* tu quoque *Damon*.  
 Antiquâ genus unde petis *Lucumonis* ab urbe.  
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad *Arni*  
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba, 130  
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,  
 Et potui *Lycidæ* certantem audire *Menalcam*.  
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum  
 Displicui, nam sunt & apud me munera veili :  
 Fiscellæ ; calathique & cerea vincla cicuta,  
 Quin & nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos  
 Et *Datis*, & *Francinus*, erant & vocibus ambo  
 Et studiis noti, *Lydorum* sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna, 140  
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.  
 Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,  
 Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia *Damon*,  
 Vimina nunc textit, varios sibi quod fit in usus ;  
 Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura  
 Arripui voto ievis, & præsentia finxi ;  
 Heus bone numquid agis ? nisi te quid forte retardat,  
 Imus ? & argutâ paulum recubamus in umbra,  
 Aut ad aquas *Colni*, aut ubi jugera *Cassibelauni* ?  
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tuæ gramina, succos, 150  
 Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hyacinthi,  
 Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentum,  
 Ah pereant herba, pereant artesque medentum  
 Gramina, postquam ipsi nil proficere magistro.  
 Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat  
 Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,  
 Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis,  
 Diffiluere tamen rupta compage, nec ultra  
 Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim  
 Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite silvæ. 160

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Ipse ego *Dardanias Rutupina* per æquora puppes  
 Dicam, & *Pandrasidos* regnum vetus *Inogeniæ*,  
*Brennùmque Arviragùmque* duces, priscùmque *Belinum*,  
 Et tandem *Armoricos Britonum* sub lege colonos;  
 Tum gravidam *Arturo* fatali fraude *Jögernen*  
 Mendaces vultus, assumptaque *Gorlöis* arma,  
*Merlini* dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,  
 Tu procul annosa pendebris fistula pinu  
 Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis 170  
*Brittonicum* strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni  
 Non sperâsse uni licet omnia, mi fatis ampla  
 Merces, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum  
 Tum licet, externo penitúsque inglorius orbi)  
 Si me flava comas legat *Ufa*, & potor *Alauni*,  
 Vorticibusque frequens *Abra*, & nemus omne *Treantæ*,  
 Et *Thamesis* meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis  
*Tamara*, & extremis me discant *Orcades* undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri, 180  
 Hæc, & plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula *Mansus*,  
*Mansus Chalcidicæ* non ultima gloria ripæ  
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,  
 Et circùm gemino cælaverat argumento:  
 In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver  
 Littora longa *Arabum*, & sudantes balsama silva;  
 Has inter *Phœnix* divina avis, unica terris  
 Cæruleùm fulgens diversicolōribus alis  
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.  
 Parte alia polus omnipatens, & magnus *Olympus*; 190  
 Quis putet? hic quoq; Amor, pictæq; in nube pharetræ,  
 Arma corusca faces, & spicula tineta pyropo;  
 Nec tenues animas, pectúsque ignobile vulgi  
 Hinc ferit, at circùm flammantia lumina torquens  
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes



Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,  
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum,

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica *Damon*,  
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret  
Sanctâque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus? 200  
Nec te *Lethæo* fas quæsisse sub orco,  
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,  
• Itē procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera *Damon*,  
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppuit arcum;  
Heroûmque animas inter, divósque perennes,  
¹ Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat  
Ore Sacro. Quin tu cœli postjura recepta  
Dexter ades, placidúsque fave quicumque vocaris,  
Seu tu noster eris *Damon*, five æquior audis  
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti 210  
Cœlicolæ nôrint, sylvisque vocabere *Damon*.  
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juvenus  
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,  
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;  
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,  
Letâque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ  
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;  
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,  
Festa Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia Thyrsō.

Jan. 23, 1646.

Ad Joannem Roufium Oxoniensis Academiae Bibliothecarium.

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliothecae publica reponeret, Ode.

*Strophe 1.*

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,  
 Fronde licet geminâ,  
 Munditiâque nitens non operosâ,  
 Quam manus attulit  
 Juvenilis olim,  
 Sedula tamen haud nimii Poetae;  
 Dum vagus *Ausonias* nunc per umbras  
 Nunc *Britannica* per vireta lufit  
 Infons populi, barbitoque devius  
 Indulfit patrio, mox itidem pectine *Daunio*  
 Longinquum intonuit melos  
 Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede;

10

*Antistrophe.*

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus  
 Subduxit reliquis dolo?  
 Cum tu missus ab urbe,  
 Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,  
 Illustre tendebas iter  
*Thamesis* ad incunabula  
 Cærulei patris,  
 Fontes ubi limpidi  
 Aonidum, thyasusque sacer

20

Orbi notus per immensos  
 Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,  
 Celeberque futurus in ævum ;

*Strophe 2.*

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo  
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem  
 (Si fatis noxas luimus priores  
 Mollique luxu degener otium)  
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,  
 Almaque revocet studia sanctus  
 Fæt relegatas sine sede Mûsas  
 Jam, penè totis finibus *Angligenûm* ;  
 Immundasque volucres  
 Unguibûs imminentes  
 Figat *Apollineâ* pharetrâ,  
*Phinéam*que abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo.

30

*Antistrophe.*

Quin *Æol*, libelle, nuntii licet malâ  
 Fide, vel oscitantiâ  
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,  
 Seu quis te teneat specus,  
 Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili  
 Callo tereris institoris infulsi,  
 Lætare felix, en iterum tibi  
 Spes nova fulget posse profundam  
 Fugere Lethen, vehique Superam  
 In *Jovis* aulam remige pennâ ;

40

*Strophe 3.*

Nam te *Roisius* fui  
 Optat peculû, numeróque justo  
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,

Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta  
 Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ:  
 Téque adytis etiam sacris  
 Voluit reponi quibus & ipse præfidet  
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,  
 Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,  
 Quàm, cui præfuit *Iön*  
 Clarus *Erechtheides*  
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis  
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque *Delphica*  
*Iön Aetæa* genitus *Crenisæ*.

, 50

60

• •  
*Antistrophe.*

Ergo tu misere lucos  
 Musarum ibis amœnos,  
 Diamque *Phœbi* rursus ibis in domum  
*Oxonii* quam valle colit  
 Delo posthabitâ,  
 Bifidóque *Parnassi* jugo:  
 Ibis honestæ,  
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem  
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.  
 Illic legéris inter alta nomina  
 Authorum, *Graie* simul & *Latinae*  
 Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

70

•  
*Epodos.*

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,  
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,  
 Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo  
 Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas  
 Quas bonus *Hermes*  
 Et tutela dabit solers *Roussi*,  
 Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè

Turba legentum prava faceſſet ;  
 Ad ultimi nepotes,  
 Et cordatior ætas  
 Judicia rebus æquiora forſitan  
 Adhibebit integro ſinu.  
 Tum livore ſepulto,  
 Si quid meremur ſana poſteritas ſciet  
*Roſiſio* favente.

Ode tribus conſtat Strophis, totidémque Antiſtrophis unâ  
 demum epodo clauſis, quas, temetſi omnes nec verſuum numero,  
 nec certis ubique colis exahtë reſpondeant, ita tamen ſecuimus,  
 commodè legendi potius, quam ad antiquos concinendi modos  
 rationem ſpectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasſe dici  
 monſtrophicum debuerat. Metra partim ſunt κατὰ σχῆμα,  
 partim ἀπολελειμένα. Phaleucia quæ ſunt, ſpondæum tertio loco  
 bis admittunt, quod idem in ſecundo loco Catullus ad libitum  
 fecit.

*End of Vol. I.*



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## APPENDIX.

*“Mr. Milton’s Agreement with Mr. Symons for Paradise Lost, dated 27th April, 1667. (The original is in the possession of Mr. S. Rogers.)*

**T**HESE Presents made the 27th day of Aprill 1667 between John Milton, gent. of the one part, and Samuel Symons, printer, of the other part, wittness that the said John Milton in consideration of five pounds to him now paid by the said Samuel Symõns, and other the consideracõns herein mentioned, hath given, granted and assigned, and by these pñts doth give, grant and assign unto the said Sam<sup>ll</sup> Symõns, his executors, and assignees, All that Booke, Copy, or Manuscript of a Poem intituled Paradise Lost, or by whatsoever other title or name the same is or shall be called or distinguished, now lately licensed to be printed, together wi<sup>th</sup> the full benefitt, profit, and advantage thereof, or w<sup>ch</sup> shall or may arise thereby. And the said John Milton for him, his ex<sup>rs</sup> and adm<sup>rs</sup>, doth covenant w<sup>th</sup> the said Sam<sup>ll</sup> Symõns, his ex<sup>rs</sup> and afs<sup>s</sup> that he and they shall at all times hereafter have, hold and enjoy the same and all impressions thereof accordingly, without the lett or hindrance of him the said John Milton, his ex<sup>rs</sup> or afs<sup>s</sup>, or any person or persons by his or their consent or privity. And that he the said John Milton, his ex<sup>rs</sup> or adm<sup>rs</sup> or any other by his or their meanes or consent, shall not print or cause to be printed, or sell, dispose or publish the said book or manuscript, or any other book or manuscript of the same tenor or subject, without the consent of the said Sam<sup>ll</sup> Symõns, his ex<sup>rs</sup> or afs<sup>s</sup>: In concideracon whereof the said Sam<sup>ell</sup> Symõns for him, his ex<sup>rs</sup> and adm<sup>rs</sup> doth covenant with the said John Milton, his ex<sup>rs</sup>, and afs<sup>s</sup> well and truly to pay unto the said John Milton, his ex<sup>rs</sup>, and adm<sup>rs</sup> the sum of five pounds of lawfull english money at the end of the first Impression, which the said Sam<sup>ll</sup> Symõns, his ex<sup>rs</sup>, or afs<sup>s</sup> shall make and publish of the said copy or manuscript, which impression shall be accounted to be ended when thirteen hundred books of the said whole copy or manuscript imprinted, shall be sold and retailed off to particular reading customers. And shall also pay other five pounds, unto the said John Milton, or his afs<sup>s</sup> at the end of the second impression to be accounted as aforesaid, And five pounds more at the end of the third impression, to be in like manner accounted. And that the said three first impressions shall not exceed fifteen

hundred books or volumes of the said whole copy or manuscript, a peice. And further, that he the said Samuel Symons, and his ex<sup>rs</sup>, adm<sup>rs</sup>, and afs<sup>s</sup> shall be ready to make oath before a Master in Chancery concerning his or their knowledge and belief of or concerning the truth of the disposing and selling the said books by retail, as aforesaid, whereby the said Mr. Milton is too be entitled to his said money from time to time, upon every reasonable request in that behalf, or in default thereof shall pay the said five pounds agreed to be paid upon every impression, as aforesaid, as if the same were due, and for and in lieu thereof. In witness whereof, the said parties have to do this writing indented, interchangeably sett their hands and seales the day and yeare first above written.

JOHN MILTON. (Seal).

Sealed and delivered in } John Fisher.

the presence of us, } Benjamin Greene, serv<sup>t</sup> to Mr. Milton.

April 26, 1669.

Rec<sup>d</sup> then of Samuel Simmons five pounds, being the Second five pounds to be paid—mentioned in the Covenant. I say rec<sup>d</sup> by me,

JOHN MILTON.

Witness, Edmund Upton.

I do hereby acknowledge to have received of Samuel Symonds Cittizen and Statōner of London, the Sum of Eight pounds : which is in full payment for all my right, title, or interest, which I have or ever had in the Cappy of a Poem Iptitled Paradise Lost in Twelve Bookes in 8vo.—By John Milton, Gent. my late husband. Witness my hand this 21<sup>st</sup> day of December, 1680.

ELIZABETH MILTON.

Wittness, William Yopp, Ann Yopp.

Know all men by these pssents that I Elizabeth Milton of London Widdow, late wife of John Milton of London Gent: deceased—have remissed released and for ever quitt claimed And by these pssents doe remise release & for ever quitt clayme unto Samuel Symonds of London, Printer —his heirs Execut<sup>rs</sup> and Administrators All and all manner of Accoñ and Accoñs Cause and Causes of Accoñ Suites Bills Bonds writinges obligatorie Debts dues duties Accompts Summe and Sumes of money Judgments Executions Extents Quarrels either in Law or Equity Controversies and demands—And all & every other matter cause and thing whatsoever which against the

said Samuel Symonds—I ever had and which I my heires Executors or Administrators shall or may have clayme & challenge or demand for or by reason or means of any matters cause or thing whatsoever from the beginning of the World unto the day of these pssents. In witness whereof I have hereunto sett my hand and seale the twenty ninth day of Aprill in the thirty-third Year of the Reigne of our Sovereign Lord Charles by the grace of God of England Scotland France and Ireland King defender of the ffaith & Anno Dni. 1681.

ELIZABETH MILTON.

Signed and delivered in  
the pssence of  
Jof. Leigh W<sup>m</sup> Wilkins.

(The above three articles are, I believe, in the possession of Mr. Dawson Turner.)

*Alterations by Milton from the first edition in ten Books, for the second edition in twelve.*

Book viii. V. 1.

“The Angel ended, and in Adam’s ear,  
So charming left his voice, that he a while  
Thought him still speaking; still stood fix’d to hear:  
Then, as new wak’d, thus gratefully reply’d.”

The latter part of the verse was taken from the line in the first edition—

“To whom thus Adam gratefully reply’d.”

Book xii. V. 1.

“As one who in his journey bates at noon,  
Though bent on speed: so here th’ arch-angel paus’d,  
Betwixt the world destroy’d, and world restor’d;  
If Adam ought perhaps might interpose:  
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes.”

Some few additions were also made to the Poem, the notice of which will interest the critical reader.

Book v. V. 637.

“They eat, they drink, and with refection sweet  
Are fill’d before th’ all-bounteous king,” &c.

were thus enlarged in the second edition;

“They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet  
Quaff immortality, and joy, (secure

Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds  
Excess) before th' all-bounteous king," &c.

Book xi. V. 484. after

"Intestine stone, and ulcer, cholic-pangs,"

these three verses were added :

"Dæmoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy,  
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy;  
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence."

And ver. 551, of the same book (which was originally thus :

Of rendring up. Michael to him reply'd)

received this addition :

"Of rendring up, and patiently attend  
My dissolution. Michael reply'd."

## LETTERS.

No. i. ii. Greek letters of C. Deodati to Milton, formerly in the possession of Toland, who says they are very handsomely written, now in the British Museum, additional MS. No. 5017\*, folio 64, &c. (see *Toland's Life of Milton*, p. 23.)

No. iii. an Italian letter to Milton, from Florence, without the name of the author affixed. Carlo Dati was the principal correspondent of Milton: and I should have supposed that he had been the writer of this letter; but that he is represented as a nobleman of large fortune, and in this letter the writer speaks of his being appointed to the professorship of Belles Lettres in the academy of Florence, on the death of Doni. If not from Carlo Dati, I should presume it must be from Bonmattei, his other Florentine correspondent. Since writing the above, I have discovered that Carlo Dati succeeded Doni in the professorship. He therefore is the writer. Doni died Dec. 1647, aged fifty-three; he left C. Dati the office of publishing his works. Heinsius says, "DATIVM, amicissimum mihi juvenem Donius impensè diligebat." C. Dati died in Jan. 1675, aged fifty-six. Dati took the name in the Acad. della Crusca of "Smaritto." He wrote the Lives of the Antient Painters, 4to. 1667, and other small works. See *Salvino Salvino in Fast. Consularibus*, p. 536, and *Bandini Comm. de vitâ Donii*, p. xci. very interesting mention of C. Dati occurs repeatedly in the *Epistles of N. Heinsius*. Bayle says he was very civil and officious to all learned travellers who went to Florence. Chimentelli thus speaks of him, "Clarissimus et amicissimus Car. Datus, nostræ flos illibatus urbis, suadæque Etruscæ



medulla, quam omni literarum parata quotidie auget, atque illustrat." Nic. Heinsius dedicated a book of his Elegies to Carlo Dati, in which he mentions his acquaintance with Gaddi, Coltellini, Doni, Frescobaldi and other of Milton's friends. Carlo Dati received him with the same hospitality, which he had showed to Milton. He also mentions his reception by Chimentelli at Pisa. Among *Alex. Mori Poemata* is one to C. Dati, p. 166.

No. iv. Letter from Peter Heimbach. To this letter, an answer by Milton is found among his Epistles, p. 65. There is an address to Cromwell in Latin written by Heimbach, printed in London, 1656. This letter was sent after an interval of nine years in their correspondence; and was an affectionate inquiry concerning Milton's safety, during the plague of the preceding year.

No. v. Letter from Leo Ab Aitzema, informing Milton that he was causing a Dutch translation of his book on Divorce to be made at the Hague, see Milton's answer, p. 42, Feb. 1654. Leo or Lieuwe van Aitzema was a gentleman of Friesland, who was born at Doccum in 1600, and died at the Hague, where he was the resident for the Hanse towns, in 1669. He printed some Latin poems, and was the author of several works in Dutch; the most important of which is the "Saken van Staet en Oorlogh," a book of memoirs on the history of Holland, from 1621 onwards, of which there are two editions, in fourteen volumes quarto and in ten folio. The British Museum possesses both, and the folio copy, which formerly belonged to Southey, contains a very interesting note on the fly-leaf, from the pen of the laureate. It is as follows: "The Lord Keeper Guildford learnt Dutch for the sake of reading this book, Sir Peter Lely having recommended it to him, 'as if there needed no other to make men exquisite scholars and politicians.' Roger North however is mistaken in calling it 'such a sort of book as our Rushworth.' It is much better. Aitzema is as much above Rushworth as he is below Thuānus, but not less indispensable in an historical library than either. R. S."—*Mr. Thos. Watts.*

#### No. 1.

Θεόσδοτος Μίλτωνι ευφραίνεισθαι.

(Condoling with him on the bad weather, and anticipating a meeting on the return of the fine.)

Ἡ μὲν παρούσα κατάστασις τοῦ ἄερος δοκεῖ φθονερώτερον διακεῖσθαι, πρὸς ᾧ ἡμεῖς πρῶτ<sup>1</sup> διαλυόμενοι ἐθέμεθα, χειμάζουσα, καὶ ταρασσομένη

<sup>1</sup> πρῶτ<sup>1</sup> in Marg. in Milton's handwriting.

δύο ἤδη ὅλας ἡμέρας, ἀλλ' ὅμως τοσοῦτον ἐπιθυμῶ τῆς σῆς συνδιαίτησεως, ὥστ' ὑπὸ ἐπιθυμίας ἡδὴ εὐδίαν, καὶ γαλήνην, καὶ πάντα χρυσᾶ εἰς τὸν αὐριον ὄνειρώττειν, καὶ μόνον οὐ μαντεύεσθαι, ἵνα λόγων φιλοσόφων, καὶ πεπαιδευμένων εὐωχώμεθα ἔξ αλλήλων, διὰ τοῦτο οὖν ἡβουλόμην πρὸς σὲ γράφειν, τοῦ προκάλεισθαί, καὶ ἀναθαρσύνειν χάριν, δέισας μὴ πρὸς ἕτερα ἅττα νοῦν προσέχης ἀπελπίσας ἡλιασμοὺς, καὶ ἡδυπαθείας, εἰς το παρόν γε ἀλλά συ θάρσει ὦ φίλε καὶ ἔμμενε τῷ δόξαντι συναμφοῖν, καὶ ἀναλάμβανε διάθεσιν τῆς ψυχῆς ἐορταστικὴν, καὶ φαιδρύτεραν τῆς καθημερινῆς· καὶ γὰρ ἐσαύριον ἔσται πάντα καλῶς, καὶ ὁ αἷρ, καὶ ὁ ἥλιος, καὶ ὁ πόταμος, καὶ δένδρα καὶ ὀρνίθια, καὶ γῆ, καὶ ἄνθρωποι ἐορτάζουσιν ἡμῖν, συγγελαστοῦσιν, καὶ συγχορεύσουσι, τὸ δὲ ἀνεμέσητως λελέχθω· μόνον σὺ ἔτοιμος γίνου, ἢ κληθεὶς ἐξορμᾶσθαι, ἢ καὶ ἄκλητος ποδοῦντι ἐπέλθειν. "Αὐτομάτος δὲ οἱ ἦλθε<sup>2</sup> βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος. "Ερῶσο.

## No. II.

Θεόδωτος Μιλτωνι χαιρεῖν.

(Describes the pleasantness of his situation, and of the season, and exhorts Milton to relax from his studies, and take recreation. This letter was probably sent from Cheshire to Milton at Horton, or in London; it must have been written about May.)

Οὐδὲν ἔχω ἐγκάλειν τῇ νῦν διαγωγῇ μου, ἐκτὸς τούτου ἑνὸς, ὅτι στερίσκομαι ψυχῆς τίνος γενναίας λόγον αἰτεῖν, καὶ δίδónαι ἐπισταμένης, τοίην τοι κεφαλὴν ποθέω. τὰ δ' ἄλλα ἀφθονα πάντα ὑπάρχει ἐνταῦθα ἐν ἀγρῷ· τί γὰρ ἂν ἔτι λείποι, ὅπóταν ἡματα μακρὰ, τόποι κάλλιστοι ἄνθεσι, καὶ φύλλοις κυμῶντες, καὶ βρύοντες, ἐπὶ παντὶ κλάδῳ ἀηδῶν ἢ ἀκανθίς, ἢ ἄλλο τὶ ὀρνίθιον ὠδαῖς, καὶ μινυρισμοῖς ἐμφιλοτιμείται, περίπατοι ποικαλώτατοι, τράπεζα οὔτε ἐνδεής, οὔτε κατὰκορος, ὑπνοὶ ἀθόρυβοι; εἰ ἐσθλὸν τίνα ἐταῖρον τούτεστι πεπαιδευόμενον, καὶ μεμυῆμενον ἐπὶ τούτοις, ἐκτώμην,<sup>3</sup> τοῦ τῶν Περτῶν βασιλέως εὐδαιμονέστερος ἂν γενοίμην· ἀλλ' ἐστὶν αἰεὶ τί ἐλλίπες ἐν τοῖς ἀνθρωπίνοις πράγμασι· πρὸς ὃ δεῖ μετρίότητος· Σὺ δὲ ὦ θαυμάσιε, τί καταφρόνεις τῶν τῆς φύσεως δωρημάτων; τι καρτερεῖς ἀπροφασίστως βιβλίοις, καὶ λογιδίοις παννύχιον, πανῆμ<sup>4</sup> ἢ προσφύόμενος; ζῆ, γέλα, χρῶ τῇ νεότητι, καὶ ταῖς ὥραις, καὶ παυοῦ<sup>4</sup> ἀναγινώσκων τὰς ὀπύδας, καὶ τὰς ἀνέσεις, καὶ ραστώνας τῶν πάλαι σοφῶν αὐτὸς κατατριβόμενος τέως. Ἐγὼ μὲν ἐν ἀπασιν ἄλλοις ἥττων σοῦ ὑπαρχων, ἐν τούτῳ τῷ μέτρον πόνων εἰδέναι κρείττων, καὶ δοκῶ ἑμαυτῷ, καὶ εἶμι. Ἐρῶσω, καὶ παῖζε, ἀλλ' οὐ κἄτα Σαρδανάπαλον τὸν ἐν σόλοις.

Note.—These two Greek letters are printed in exact conformity with the original MS.

<sup>2</sup> Vide *Hom. II. B.* 408.

<sup>3</sup> *ἐκτώμην*—so in MS.

<sup>4</sup> *ἀφίς*, erased in text.

## No. III.

Illmo Sig. e Pron. Ofs<sup>o</sup>.

Fino l'anno passato risposi alla cortesissima ed elegantissima lettera di V. S. Illma affettuosamente ringraziandola della memoria che per sua grazia si compiace tenere della mia osservanza. Scrissi, come fo adesso in Toscano, sapendo che la mia lingua è a lei sì cara, e familiare che nella sua bocca non apparisce straniera. Ho di poi ricevuto due copie delle sue eruditissime poesie delle quali non mi poteva arrivare donativo più caro, perchè quantunque piccolo, racchiude in se valore infinito per esser una gemma del tesoro del Signor Giov. Miltoni. E come disse Theocrito ;

ἡ μεγάλη χάρις  
δῶρω ξὺν ὀλίγῳ, πάντα δὲ τιμαῦτα τὰ παρ φίλων.  
Gran pregio ha picciol dono, e merta onore  
Ciò che vien da gl' amici.

Le rendo adunque quelle grazie che maggiori per me si possono e prego il Cielo che ma dia fortuna di poterle dimostrare la mia devozione verso il suo merito. Non asconderò alla benevolenza di V. S. Illma, alcune nuove che son certo, le faranno gratissime. Il Serenissimo Granduca mio Signore s'è compiaciuto conferirmi la cattedra, e lettura delle lettere umane dell'Accademia fiorentina vacata per la morte dell'Eruditissimo Signor Gio. Doni gentiluomo Fiorentino. Questa è carica onorevolissima, e sempre esercitata da gentiluomini e letterati di questa Patria, come già dal Poliziano, da' due Vettori,<sup>5</sup> e due Adriani<sup>6</sup> lumi delle Lettere. La passata Settimana, per la morte del Serenissimo Principe Lorenzo di Toscana, Zio del Granduca Regnante, feci l'orazione funebre; come ella sia publicata, farà mia cura inviarne copia a V. S. Illma. Ho alle mani diverse opere, quali a Dio piacendo tirerò avanti per farne quello giudicheranno meglio i mie' dotti e amorevoli amici. Il Signor Valerio Chimentelli è stato eletto da S. Altezza per Professore delle lettere Greche in Pisa, con grande aspettazione del suo valore.

I Signori Frescobaldi, Coltellini, Francini, Galilei,<sup>7</sup> et altri in-

<sup>5</sup> Petrus, and, I believe, Franciscus ViCTORIUS. See the *Life* of the latter by *Bandini*.

<sup>6</sup> The two Adriani were Marcello, and his son Giambattista, both professors of literature at Florence, and both Secretaries of State. The father died in 1521, the son in 1570. Giambattista wrote the *Storia de' suoi Tempi*, a work highly praised by *De Thou*.

<sup>7</sup> The *great Galileo* died at Arcetri, 9 Jan. 1642, aged seventy-eight; he is said to have been born at Pisa, the very day that M. Angelo died at Rome. The Galilei mentioned above was 'Vincenzo,' his natural son. There is

finiti unitamente le inviano affettuosi saluti, ed io, come più d'ogn' altro obbligato, con ricordarle il desiderio de' suoi comandi mi ratifico per sempre vivere.

Di V. S. Illma.

Firenze, 4 xbre 1648.

*Extra.*—All' Illmo Signor e Pron Ofs<sup>o</sup>. Il Sig.  
Giovanni Miltoni, Londra.

No. IV.

Viro supra laudem  
Jano Miltonio suo salutem p. d.  
Petrus Heimbachius.

Si citius constitisset nobis, te, Jane Miltoni, vir omni ex parte summe, mortalium cœtui interesse adhuc, citius quoque Londinum reversus, nostrum amicissimum animum testatus fuisset. Ferebant enim te nostris nugis exemptum, patrio cœlo redonatum esse, terrisque sublimiorem quavis nostra despicere. Ad hoc regnum, ut non datur aditus, sic calamum meum satis ad tui similes scripturientem hætenus cohibere, ac reprimere debui. Ego certe qui non tam virtutes ipsas quam virtutum diversarum conjugium in te admirabar, cum alia multa in te suspicio, tum quod gravitatis quam præ se fert dignissima viro facies, cum serenissima humanitate, charitatis cum prudentia, pietatis cum politica, politica cum immensa eruditione, sed, addo, generosi, nec minime timidi spiritus, etiam ubi juniores animos<sup>b</sup> laberentur, cum sollicito pacis amore, raram omnino, et præter fas sæculi mixturam feceris.

Hinc Deum veneror, tibi ut omnia ex voto, et animi sententia rursus eveniant, sed uno excepto. Nam tu quidem<sup>9</sup> saturus annis, plenus honoribus, iis etiam quos recusasti nihil ultra exoptas quam quietis præmium, ac justitiæ coronam, tuumque idem, quod olim Simeonis videtur votum: Demitte, Domine, nunc servum tuum in pace. Ast nostrum longe ad hoc alienissimum est, nempe ut D. T. O. M. te diutissime interesse rebus nostris literariis, ac præesse patiatur. Sic vale, doctissime Miltoni, longum et feliciter cum omnibus tuis, plurimum a nobis salutatus. Dabam postridie nonas Junii vulgaris Æræ Christianæ clb. loc. lxvi. Clivopoli ubi Electorali folio vivimus à consiliis. Iterum vale,

strong evidence that he was the first to apply the pendule to the clock. He seems to have done so in 1649, while Huygens' invention was of later date.

<sup>a</sup> Animi.

<sup>9</sup> Satur.

et nos quod facis adamare persevera, ac quam primum jucundissimo omnium responso bea.

No. V.

S. P.

Partim quia Morus in suo scripto quædam tibi asperfit ex libro tuo de divortiis Anglico, vir nobilis et cl : partim quia multi curiose quæfiverunt de argumentis quibus opinionem adstruis tuam: dedi cuidam tractulum illum totum in Hollandicum sermonem vertendum: cum desiderio, ut quanto ocius imprimatur. Nescius autem an quicquam in eo correctum vel additum velis; non potui quin hoc verbo te admoneam et de animo tuo, ut me certio-rem facias, rogem.

Vale, et Salve a

Hagæ die

Tui Observantis.

29 Jan. 55.

Leo Aizema.

*Extra.*—Nob. Cl. viro Dno Joh. Miltono Consilio  
Status à Secretis Londini.

## EXTRACT OF THE PASSAGES

*In the Correspondence of Nic. Heinsius and Isaac Vossius, where Milton is mentioned.*

(v. Burmanni Syllogon, vol. iii.)

*Letters of Heinsius.*

P. 257. Jussus ille (Is. Vossius) *Miltonianum* scriptum, simul ac allatum in aulam esset, Salmasio sistere, quod invitatus credo, fecerit. Quà fronte exceptum sit, vellem simul monuisset amicissimus Wullenius, qui ejus rei certio-rem me fecit.

P. 259. Salmasius post acceptum *Miltoni* scriptum, fremit ac frendet, auctoremque ejus se cum toto parlamento perditurum palam minatur. Sed illos primos impetus sufflaminabit credo, non nihil, respondendi molestia ac labor.

P. 267. Salmasius in Miltono defricando totus est, quem a me subornatum instigatumque palam prædicat, magnumque mihi ac patri malum hoc nomine minatur in apologiâ quam parat, nobis tribus simul insultaturus. Mira profecto est hæc hominis infania, quam impune tamen non fecit. Vidi freneticam ejus epistolam, qua existimationi nostræ dira quævis portendit.

P. 270. *Scribonii Largi* (i. e. Salmasii) atrox contra rempublicam Anglicanam scriptum, prælo Holmienti jam commissum ferunt. Miser iste senecio prorsus delirat ac insanit. Misit duas

in hanc urbem nuper epistolas, rabiei sycophanticæ non inanes, quibus omne se virus in me conversurum minatur, quod Miltoni scriptum probari a me intelligat. Ego vero, et dixi, et dicam porro, malam a *Miltono* causam tam bene actam, quam regis infelicissimi causam pessimè egit Scribonius. Hanc meam libertatem si ferre non potest, rumpatur. Adulatoris a me partes, non est, quod exigit. Cum nescire non debeat quam me servilis obsequii clientem hætenus non sit expertus. Hoc etiam maligne et Salmasiane quod regibus non minus ac *Miltonum* me infensum fingit, cum publice jam bis testatus sum, quid de parricidio Anglicano senserim. Inter *regicidas*, si locum mihi dat, ut omni procul dubio daturus, videbis brevi pro meritis ornatum et depexum. Nihil neque senectuti ejus, neque valetudini adversariæ parcam. Ita illum excipiam, ut parentem meum ille jamdudum excepit, pejus etiam, si potero.

P. 271. Salmasii in *Miltonum* invektivæ jam eduntur. Grafwinckelius noster etiam regum causam suscepit defendendam contra eundem *Miltonum*.

P. 276. Ludimagistrum vocat Scribonius passim *Miltonum*, qui tamen et nobili loco natus, ut ferunt, qui hominem norunt, et in re lautâ constitutus, variis peregrinationibus, assiduisque studiis privatus ætatem, quam quadraginta annis grandiore vix numerat, exegisse narratur, donec a consilio status Anglici ad scribæ provinciam in isto collegio suscipiendam invitatus est. Virum esse miti, comique ingenio aiunt, quique aliam non habuisse se causam profitetur, Scribonium acerbè insectandi, quam quod ille et viros e maximis celeberrimisque multis nihil benignius exceperit, et quod in universam Anglorum gentem, convitiis atrocissimis injuriis valde fuerit. Si quis Anglorum versibus illis meis, quos tu nosti, aliquid reponeret, numquid ridiculus tibi viderer si illum a Scribonio instigatum asseverarem?

P. 286. *Miltoni* liber Londini auctior, et augusta forma iteratur. Ingens rumorum materia discessus eodem tempore τοῦ δεινὰ (Salmasii) Freinshemii, Boecleri, Moucheronis; exhaustas arcas alii, alii gentis ferunt invidiam.

P. 303. Prodiit et "Clamor regii sanguinis," sine auctoris nomine, quem tamen intelligo facile esse *Morum* qui etsi vult videri se causæ id dedisse, satis prodit se potius id dedisse patrono hospiti, ut *Miltono* frigidam suffunderet in antecessum, dum alter mare, aut lacum criminum undique conductum parat.

P. 305. *Æthiops* (A. Morus) sociennus ejus [Alastoris] triumphum egit, ut audio, in amici sui ædibus de subactis Britannis. *Gazettæ* certe Londinenses fabellam narrant lepidissimam: palmam eam præreptam sibi dolet Alastor quare similtates cum *Æthiope* nunc strenuas exercet, siquid famæ creditur.



P. 307. 'Clamorem regii sanguinis' ab Anglo scriptum nescio quo, sed a Moro editum intellexeram. Morum tamen parricidæ pro auctore ejus libri habent, ac egregie in Gazettis, ut vocant, Londinensibus defricarunt, tanquam compressa sit ab illo, Alastoris (Salmasii) pedisequæ, addito hoc epigrammate.

Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Bontia, Mori  
Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget?

Agnoscis in illo Ouweiani acuminis ineptias, quod *Vlitius* heros mecum communicavit. Alastoris (Salmasii) scriptum contra Anglos avide expecto: de meo enim tergo, quin illic comitia sint habenda nullus dubito. Sic promisit certe, cum Miltonum a me armatum persuaderi sibi passus sit.

P. 323. Magnus ille Pan (Salmasius) qui secundam Vossio ex Suecia fugam minabatur, mihi quoque mala multa, ac ipsi dominæ exitium, nisi nos a se abigerit, ut ex Moro intelligebas nuper, nunc ad plures abiit. Alii Spadæ, alii Aquisgrani in balneo mortuum ferunt. Trajecti ad Mosam sepultum certe constat. Nimirum qui armis tantopere delectabatur, inter arma sepeliri voluit. Hunc casum accidisse mihi non valde lugubrem fateor, non quod minas hominis edentulas timerem, sed quod tranquillitatem animi unice amem, quam ille mihi propriam ac perpetuam haud quaquam reliquisset. Erat etiam eâ ætate, ut nihil solidi aut eruditi ab eo amplius sperari posset.

*Letters of Vossius.*

P. 595. Liber *Miltoni* heri huc est allatus. Exemplar meum petiit a me regina. Ipse non nisi cursim dum perlustravi. Nihil tale ab Anglo expectaram, et certe nisi me animus fallit, placuit quoque, uno tantum excepto, incomparabili nostræ Dominæ. Dicit tamen Salmasius se perditurum auctorem cum toto parlamento.

P. 596. *Miltoni* apologiam pro parlamento suo, priori accepi-mus hebdomade. Legit istud scriptum incomparabilis nostra domina, et, nisi fallor, valde ei placuit. Certe et ingenium istius viri, et scribendi genus, multis præsentibus collaudavit. Salmasius jam sese ad respondendum accingit quamvis necdum a diuturno morbo convaluerit, ira tamen satis ei suppeditabit roboris et armorum.

P. 600. Virulentum *Miltoni* librum jamdudum ad vos perlatum confido, ejus editiones quinque jam hîc vidimus: Belgicam etiam versionem, Gallicam nunc adornari ferunt.

P. 603. Ex *Miltoniano* libro unicum tantum exemplar Holmiam perlatum miror, cum tria una eodemque tempore, fuisse



missa sciam. Est hic liber in omnium hîc manibus ob argumenti nobilitatem, et jam quatuor, præter Anglicanam, editiones vidimus, unam in quartâ ut vocant formâ Goudæ editum, tres in duodecima, quarum primam L. Elzevirius, secundam J. Jansenius, tertiam Trajectensis nescio quis edidit, quinta in octava forma editio Hagæ sub prælo sudat ut monet Elzevirius. Belgicam versionem video etiam circumferri, Gallicam expectari ferunt. *Miltonus* ille quis sit non satis constat. Vidi qui adfirmarint, infimo loco natum, eruditum tamen, et plebeiorum factione ad maximam dignitatem promotum. L. Elzevirius adfirmat, certo sibi constare, hominem esse et nobili loco natum, et opulentum, a reipublicæ muniis negotiisque omnibus remotum, ac sibi in rure suo viventem. Refutavit Anglico sermone Iconem Basilicam, qui liber inter Parlamentarios maximo est in pretio. Poemata etiam Latina edidit, sed quæ in manus meas hæcenus non pervenerunt. Si certiora cognovero, faciam ut ex me intelligas.

P. 605. Valde quoque gratum erit, si porro significaveris, quis et qualis sit iste *Miltonus*. Iconoclastem, si habeas, rogo ut transmittas.

P. 606. Salmasius totus est in meditatione operis contra *Miltonum*. Lepidum est, quod de Graswinckelio narras, male mulctabitur, si *Miltonum* adtigerit.

P. 607. Gronovii adversam valetudinem ægre admodum fero. At vero plus ægrotat Graswinckelius, si cum Anglo isto molosso, *Miltano* dico, sese commiserit.—Ipse (Salmasius) totus nunc est in confutando scripto *Miltoni*, cui totidem reddit convitia nec patietur, ut a minore, vel hæc in parte superetur.

P. 621. Graswinckelio interdictum esse, ne pergat in *Miltano* confutando, ægre fert Salmasius. Verum idem ex animo gaudet librum *Miltoni* Lutetiæ publice a carnifice esse combustum. Non opus, ut meum de hoc scripto interponam judicium, interim hoc scio, fatum esse bonorum fere librorum, ut hoc modo vel pereant vel periclitentur. Homines plerumque præter scelera et pravitatem manus carnificum subeunt, libri vero virtutis et præstantiæ ergo. Soli fatuorum labores tales non metuunt casus. Sed sane frustra sunt, qui se hoc modo extirpare posse existimant *Miltoni* et aliorum scripta, cum potius flammis istis, mirum quantum clarescant et illustrentur. Quæ autem de *Miltoni* conditione, ad me scribis, illa convenire puto cum iis, quæ tibi ante hebdomades aliquot significavi.

P. 643. De motibus Anglicanis certiora procul dubio ex illo intelligere possis. Ego quippe raro in publicum prodco, et non me multum immisceo publicis rumoribus. *Miltonum* cæcum esse factum, jam tibi significavi, addunt alii etiam mortuum.

P. 647. De Æthiope (Moro) et Anglâ (Bontiâ famulâ Salma-

ſii) lepida ſunt et feſtiva quæ reponis. Sed nunc negant ea vera eſſe, et ſparſa eſſe ab malevolis quibuſdam. Sane conſtant mihi Anglam iſtam omnes Æthiopi (Moro), reddidiſſe amatorias ſuas. Inter ipſum et Salmaſium lis forte orietur (quænam inter tales poſſit eſſe diuturna concordia), propter librum quendam hîc excuſum, cui titulus “Clamor Sanguinis Regii in Cœlum.” Scriptus ille videtur a quovis anonymo Anglo, tranſmiſſus vero Salmaſio, divulgatus vero ab Æthiope (Moro). Propter ſexaginta exemplaria, quæ permiſit typographus, iuter ipſos eſt contentio, &c. &c.

P. 649. De “Moro” vero quæ ſcribis, quam ſunt ea lepida, quam venuſta. Auſtor ſane ei ſim, ut nummum det cum hâc inſcriptione, “Subacta Britannia.” Verum vide quam ingratus ſit iſte heros erga Æthiopem, cujus tamen clavæ iſtam debet victoriam : quoniam is non cupit eam uxorem ducere, acerrime nunc illum perſequitur. Mihi ſane Æthiops multo rectius facturus fuiſſe videtur, ſi ex Ovidii tui præcepto a Domina incipiſſet. Minor quidem voluptas iſta fuiſſet, ſed longe majorem iniviſſet gratiam. Divulgata eſt paſſim hæc fabella etiam in gazettis publicis Londinenſibus. Addita etiam epigrammata.

P. 651. De Salmaſio nihil omnino habeo, quod tibi ſignificem. Credo enim etiamnum cum ſolito ſuo malo conſictari. Retulit tamen non nemo, eum nunc meliuſcule valere. Lis ipſi eſt cum Moro. Cupit enim ut is Anglicanam ſuam in uxorem ducat, quod alter recuſat. Verum iſti duo boni amantes, qui nuper tam ſuaviter et amice oſcula jungebant, valde nunc ſibi invicem ſunt inſenſi. Ante quatrimum ſiquidem, cum forte Maurus huic noſtræ occurreret in vaſtâ iſtâ areâ, quæ ædibus Salmaſii adjacet, ſtatim illa capillitium ejus invaſit, pluribuſque adfecit verberibus ; neque eo contenta, etiam fuſte in illum ſævire conabatur, niſi bonus ille ſocius in horreum confugiſſet, ſuper ſtruicem quandam, jaſtuque ſe vindicaſſet cæſpitum. Huic ſpectaculo non defuit iu-gens ſpectatorum numerus, qui ex vicinia paſſim eo confluerant. Vides quam omnes iis in ædibus ſunt γυναικοκρατούμενοι. Facile hinc poſſis conjicere, falſos fuiſſe rumores qui de “ſubaſta Britannica” paſſim fuere ſparſi, cum illa potius Maurum ſubegerit, vel, ſi verus ſit rumor, adparet non ſatis fuiſſe ſubaſtam.

P. 662. Salmaſius totus eſt in reſponſo ad Miltonum. Cœp-tus eſt jam excudi, qui mole non erit minor priori. Miltonum paſſim *Catamitum* vocat, aitque cum in Italiâ viliffimum fuiſſe ſcortum, et paucis nummis nates proſtituiſſe. Examinat quoque paſſim carmina ejus Latina. Diffidium vero quod exercet cum Moro, indies creſcit, præſertim poſtquam in juſ vocavit Anglicam. Inſenſus quoque eſt alio nomine, nempe quod ipſum Morus cor-nigerum vocarit.

P. 669. Miltonum mortuum credideram, sic certe nunciaras. Sed præstat in vivis illum esse, ut Sycophantæ cum Sycophantis committantur. Poemata ejus mihi ostendit Holstenius. *Nihil illa ad elegantiam apologiæ. In prosodiam peccavit frequenter.* Magnus igitur Salmasianæ crisi campus hîc est apertus, sed quâ fronte alienos iste versus notabit, cujus musis nihil est cacatius? Quod ait adversarium (Miltonum) nates Italii vendidisse, mera est calumnia. Utinam ejus malæ tam tutæ fuissent a pugnis uxoriis, quam posticum *Milioni* os a sicariis Hetruscis! Imo invisus est Italii Anglus iste, inter quos multo vixit tempore, ob mores nimis severos, cum et de religione libenter disputaret, ac multa in Pontificem Romanum acerbe effutiret, quavis occasione.

Benhall, 1851.

